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COLLECTION SPREADS  
Hippolyte de Quincey  
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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
The Annual Commencement.....	1
The Rector's Address .....	3
Valedictory .....	5
Leo XIII: A Retrospect.....	9
"Sins of a Saint".....	16
Eileen's Protégé.....	20
 POETRY :	
Our New Pope.....	26
Pius X.....	27
The Late Cardinal Vaughan.....	28
 EDITORIALS :	
Welcome .....	31
To the Graduates of the Staff.....	32
Athletics.....	33
Various.....	34
Of Local Interest.....	36
Book Review.....	39
Exchanges .....	40
Flores Priorum Temporum.....	41
Among the Magazines.....	43
Athletics.....	44
Junior Department.....	46

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# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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No. I

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

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## THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

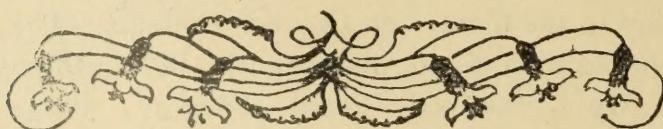
**A**S the May-June number of the REVIEW had to be printed and placed in the hands of its readers before College closed for vacation, naturally the chronicle of certain events, since grown remote, must be made in the present issue. Among others is the Annual Commencement, the details of which are presented to us by the Ottawa Morning *Citizen* of June 17th. The account is as follows:—

The fifty-fifth annual commencement of the University of Ottawa, held yesterday, marked a red letter day in the history of the institution. The students and their friends were out in force, and at regular intervals the convocation hall rang with the time honored cry of V-a-r-s-i-t-y, rah, rah, rah. It was a memorable occasion, marking as it did the close of one of the most successful scholastic years in the history of Ottawa College. The proceedings were honored by a distinguished gathering. Amongst those present were Mgr. Sbarretti, Papal Delegate; Judge Curran, Montreal; Rev. Father Emery, Rector of the University; Fathers Valiquette, Lacoste, Gervais, Nilles, Antoine, Gauvreau, T. Murphy, O'Boyle, Fulham, Sherry, Fallon, Herwig, Kirwin, McGurty, Fortier, Duvic, and Prof. Stockley. Father Emery in his address, made an important and interesting announcement. He said that Ottawa University had been placed on the list of

Universities entered in the competition for the Rhodes' scholarship. In alternate years the students will compete for the prize money. On the list of Canadian universities are Toronto, Queen's McMaster, Victoria and Ottawa. The successful competitor will by the conditions governing the granting of the scholarship be entitled to full tuition at Oxford University for a term of years. Rev. Father Emery referred in congratulatory terms to the success which had attended the year's work at the University and wished the students a pleasant vacation.

Mgr. Sbarretti addressed the student body at length, giving much good advice. His Excellency impressed the necessity of working conscientiously and earnestly during school hours in order to secure a proper training and equipment for after life. His remarks were frequently applauded by the students. The conferring of degrees was the signal for repeated demonstrations of enthusiasm.

The valedictory was delivered by Mr. Joseph McDonald of Ottawa, a member of the graduating class. It was an able effort well received by the fellow students. In the course of his remarks he referred to the very pleasant relations that existed between teachers and students and the profit from an intellectual standpoint gained by the latter during the course at college. A couple of selections by the college orchestra were well rendered. The convocation hall was lavishly decorated with flags and bunting. Above the platform were the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes entwined with the Irish and Papal flags. The variety of patriotic colors lent an inspiring touch to the scene.



## The Rector's Address

*Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers, Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

The kind Providence that guides the trend of human affairs, sweetly but surely, in the order predestined from all time, has been bountiful, indeed, during the past year. Prosperity has beamed on the face of a progressive world, and the twentieth century has entered on its course under the aegis of good fortune.

In a special way, has the University of Ottawa been favored. To-day she is particularly grateful, for she too, has felt the fostering care of kind Providence and God has deigned, in a singular manner, to consider the humility of His handmaid. Hence, on this solemn occasion, in the presence of so distinguished an audience, she magnifies the Lord even as the Virgin Mother in the Canticle "for the great things He hath done in her."

There is, indeed, much to be thankful for. Looking back, we find with gratification, that in the scholastic year, just closing, the attendance in the halls of Ottawa University has sensibly increased. The quality of our student-body, it would seem, has gone on refining, and if we are to judge from the fact that this year no dismissal has found place on our records, notwithstanding a strict though paternal discipline, the conclusion is, that the boys of 1903 are among the worthiest sons of this Institution. Add to this the ever-evident cheerfulness of the professorial staff, their sympathy with their students, together with the excellent relations existing with the parents, and we feel that to-day we should express our grateful recognition of it all.

Gratitude, then, is due, not only to these our friends, more closely related, but also to our well-wishers. And from this category of well-wishers, I believe none are excluded.

As a powerful incentive to our earnest desire to fulfil an arduous task, both the General and the Provincial Administration of the Oblate Order have vied with each other in encouraging substantially the noble work.

With them the civil power has co-operated in a striking

manner. It may not be unknown to you, that the University of Ottawa has been conceded equal rights with the sister Universities of Ontario, with respect to the Scholarships founded by the late Cecil Rhodes. And, in pursuance of the founder's plans, she expects to be able, in the future, to send, every few years, a representative student to Oxford. The Imperial Government has honored the Faculty, by extending an invitation to the Rector, to assist at the first re-union of the Colonial Universities' Conference, to be held shortly in London, under the chairmanship of the Premier of England, a mark of esteem all the more to be appreciated since our direct co-operation has been solicited.

But in the summary of the year's events, there is one feature, it seeme to me, that forms a fitting climax to the other favors. I allude to the presence among us, of the first representative of His Holiness, on whom our beloved Institution directly depends. The presence of His Excellency, Mgr. Sbaretti, means much to the University of Ottawa, which is Catholic *first, last and always*, attached heart and soul, to the See of Peter, craving for no favor that she cannot obtain as a Catholic institution; yet, the measure of her zeal is the measure of Christ's devotedness to humanity.

Nevertheless, if we consider the points from which one can form a judgement, her program, her ever-growing staff, her equipment, it is evident, that in her own sphere no apology is needed for the assertion that in every respect she is second to none.



—In the service of mankind to be  
A guardian god below ; still to employ  
The minds brave ardor in heroic aims,  
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,  
And make us shine for ever—that is life.

THOMSON.

# Valedictory

[By JOSEPH H. McDONALD, B.A.]

*Your Excellency, Your Honor, etc.,*

**T**HE time has come when we must take of you a final and affectionate farewell. Fate ordained that we should meet in mutual friendship to pass together the blissful days of our college career which comes to a close this morning. For seven years we have partaken of the rich fruits tendered us by Alma Mater, but now she has finished with us, not however without leaving prepared us to engage with some hope of success in the battle of life. We have reached the goal towards which we directed our humble efforts; hence the feeling of calm satisfaction which pervades our hearts to-day.

Glancing in retrospect on the life we are now about to leave, sweet memories of all the happy scenes, that have brightened the path by which we mounted, crowd one upon the other in our thought-sick brain. Now we behold the tearing asunder of those ties of friendship which have bound us together. It would indeed be a pleasure for us to tarry longer to live our college days again, but duty, whose calls we must obey, would have us enter into other and larger spheres. If we go forth this morning with the blessing of a Catholic education, we must realize the responsibilities with which we are burdened. We are conscious that the course of studies pursued by us has brought its reward, accompanied nevertheless with grave and serious obligations. We must be, and I am safe in saying for my classmates, we are prepared to espouse the cause of truth and right against contending foes. In this supreme crisis, when rationalism and various other forms of unbelief, have raised their voices in persistent endeavors to hurl from his eternal throne, God himself, who shall be found ready to valiantly struggle for the supremacy of truth and justice? Who, I say, unless the Catholic student, educated by devout Catholic teachers? Our course of philosophy has prepared us to discern the true from the false; that which has but external show,

from that whose merit comes from its inner worthiness. The study of history of philosophy has brought us in contact with the great moulders of thought of the last 2000 years. History repeats itself ; we have seen wherein lie the errors of the past, we will be therefore able to make provision for impending storms. The study of political economy has taught us to express ourselves in an open and fearless manner, when a question of division of labor, right of taxation, or the rights and duties of the working-men is involved. Such a knowledge is necessary in this age when Capital and Labor are pitted one against the other, each preparing for the intended leap at the other's throat. I do not wish to tire you with this tedious recital ; but let us hope that when an occasion to utilize the learning we have acquired offers itself, we may not be found idle boasters.

The members of the graduating class of 1903 feel that we should be wanting in our duty were we to allow this opportunity to pass without extending our congratulations to the Faculty on the completion of this the fifty-fifth scholastic year, and without expressing our thanks for their having seen fit to give us the opportunity to obtain our University Degree.

Reverend Fathers, kind professors, the class of 1903, in the name of that education which you have advanced, of those sciences which you have encouraged, of that religion which you have adorned, thank you for sacrifices undergone, and for the endeavors made for our advancement ; we pray that the smiles of a benevolent Providence will be ever upon you. Permit us now to convey to you the sincere assurance that we appreciate your efforts, and no matter how cruelly or how kindly fortune may deal with us, we shall ever look back with joy to the time when we were under your care. If it please God, that we should occupy positions of importance in the world, be assured, dear Fathers, that we shall always be anxious to refer our success in a great measure to your advice and instruction. This certificate which we have but just now received, shall serve as an irrevocable binding to this institution, which it is our pleasure to call by that sweet name Alma Mater. We will ever hail with delight the occasion which will enable us to visit our former college home, within whose

time-honored walls we have together — you to teach and we to learn — delved into the hidden mysteries of philosophic lore, studied with delight some wondrous physical phenomena, or conned some illustrious classic author. Though our sojourn with you is at an end, our tender feelings for you, kind Fathers, are lasting.

To our parents, whether absent or present, we turn with feelings of loyal affection, and we say with all our hearts: "May God bless and reward you." Permit us to publicly give expression to our sentiments of gratitude, and if we are not expecting too much, let us hope that you this morning share in our triumph.

Fellow students we are leaving you. Little wonder it is then, that a feeling of genuine regret oppresses our hearts this morning, when we realize that we must leave, perhaps never to see again, you who have been to us such soul true friends, you who have shared alike our joys and our sorrows. The fall of a leaf does not bring enduring sadness, because we know that ere long luxuriant foliage will again bedeck the trees; the decay of the beautiful flowers causes slight regret, because we know that, in a short time, they will bloom again. This resembles your position, dear comrades, but it is not ours; you go to your homes, but you will return here in two short months; we shall never return. In this hour of regrets there is a softening ray playing gently around the gloom of our hearts; there is the knowledge that the memories of pleasant years spent with you, shall help to cheer us on our way. Yours is now the duty of upholding the honor of this institution; guard it zealously, for it is a sacred trust.

To the Foot-Ball Team, we would say: "Long may the laurels of victory rest on your banner." Although we cannot be present in person, to cheer you on to victory, yet our spirit will always be with you.

Dear classmates: We have arrived at the consummation of our journey; we are now graduates of Alma Mater. But all does not end here; a harder and more difficult road lies in front of us. What the yet unborn years hold in store for us, we are not permitted to know; but this we do know: our future will be as we

make it. When we consider that we are in this sense the architects of our own fortunes ; that "where there is a will there is a way," how strongly should we be stimulated to put forth our best endeavors to achieve all that is within our reach, to elevate ourselves as men, to the highest possible point. Let me urge upon you to be faithful to Alma Mater and being faithful to her, we must be faithful to ourselves.

Fellow-students, we will not say farewell, for that were too cruel a word and our friendship has been of too sacred a nature to be shattered by the utterance of it. Permit us then to say "Au revoir."



#### ENLARGE THOU ME IN LOVE.

Enlarge Thou me in love, that I may taste  
E'en with inmost palate of my heart—  
Dissolved in love—O Love ! how sweet Thou art,  
How sweet it is to love Thee ! Love is chaste,  
Patient, unselfish. Jesu ! let me haste  
To choose, with all Thy friends, the better part ;  
Thereafter, heeding not the pain, the smart,  
Walk bravely in the path which Thou hast traced.

Enlarge Thou me in love, that I may live  
With love imbued, fulfilled, inspired ; may be  
Bathed in Thy love, Thy boundless charity ;  
Set free my heart, O Love ! that I may give  
All that I have, whatever is in me—  
All love, all homage, O my Love ! to Thee.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

# Leo XIII

## A RETROSPECT.

**L**NOTHER milestone has been set up on the road of History, and the world has just lost one of its greatest men. In the ninety-fourth year of his age, and the twenty-sixth of his Pontificate, our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. has yielded up his soul to God. Saint, scholar and statesman, he has for a quarter of a century fed the lambs and sheep of Christ. It will not be amiss for us to glance back at that long and laborious career of the great Pope. Vincenzo Gioacchino Pecci was born at Carpineto in the Volscian mountains on March 2nd. 1810. He came of a noble family of Sienese origin. His father was a colonel in the army of Napoleon I., while his mother traced her descent from Cola di Rienzi. At seven years of age young Pecci was taken to the Jesuit school at Viterbo. He remained there eight years and then proceeded to the Eternal City, to pursue his studies in the famous Roman College. In 1832 he won his Doctor's cap and was admitted to the College of Nobles to study diplomacy. In 1837 he was created Monsignor, and in 1838 Apostolic Delegate at Benevento where his success was so complete that three years later he was promoted to the Delegation at Perugia, and the following year made Nuncio at Brussels.

During those few years among the fierce and lawless people of Benevento and grim Perugia his motto had been : firmness, tempered by kindness ; chastisement, followed by reform. In Brussels his success was equally marked. He became a *persona gratissima* to the King and Queen, maintained harmony between Church and State, and began to show that interest in educational work which was to be one of the glories of his Pontificate. In 1844 Mgr. Cittadini, Bishop of Pergia died, and both clergy and people begged that Mgr. Pecci might take his place. In 1846, consequently, he left Brussels, passing through England where he dined with Queen Victoria and heard O'Connell speak in Parliament.

Having taken up his residence in Perugia he commenced to show the same activity and love of personal supervision that characterized his career as Delegate and later on as Pope. In the Consistory of 1853 he was created Cardinal by Pius IX. So far his career had been rapid and brilliant. At the age of 40 he was Bishop and Cardinal, known to many as an able scholar and wise administrator. But henceforward he seemed to disappear altogether from public view, devoting himself absolutely to his diocese from the day he took possession of his See until he became Pope. He was an energetic and zealous Bishop, and his ideal was to form a holy and learned clergy. In this as in many other undertakings he was very successful, and before long his diocese was one of the most flourishing in the peninsula. On February 7th, 1878, Pius IX. died—on February 20th, Joachim Pecci was elected Pope and took the name of Leo XIII. He had always been frail, he was now an old man of 68 years. Who in that august conclave thought that he would yet live a quarter of a century to see thrones with new occupants, nations with new frontiers and regimes; that he would force those rulers and peoples to recognize in the Church the greatest moral power that the world has ever seen!

A month after his election the new Pope published the first of that series of deep and practical Encyclicals which have kept the eyes of the Catholic world turned ever Romewards. The 'Inscrutabilis' treated at length of the dangers to which modern governments expose themselves by their hostility towards the Church and her dogma, and clearly pointed out that the Civil Power cannot maintain its dignity, nor the Law its authority, if the Church is hampered in her teaching of truth and morality. The practical application of this doctrine was shown in the 'Quod Apostolici' of the following December, condemning Communism and Socialism. The Civil Power was told in the plainest terms that this new and terrible danger could only be averted by the help of the Church. Let the world but recognize the Holy See with its divine right to teach, and it may then hope to settle legitimately and securely its own dynastic and economic problems. Time and again has this solemn warning been uttered, and despite the general indifference some governments were brought to listen to his voice. When

Leo succeeded to the Papal Chair, the Kulturkampf was at its height. He proposed a mutual understanding between Church and State, and gave practical directions to the Centrum by which it forced the repeal of every odious enactment, restored to the Prussian Hierarchy its liberty and authority and sent the Iron Chancellor to Canossa. Later the Pope was asked to arbitrate between Germany and Spain in the Caroline Islands dispute, the Emperor and Chancellor thereby emphasizing before the world their respect for the moral power of the Papacy. Leo carried out the same policy in Belgium, protesting against the abolition of the Nunciature, proposed by a Liberal Cabinet, and repelling sectarian attacks on Christian education, while at the same time exhorting the Bishops to avoid undue friction with the State. The profound respect of Belgium for the Holy See at the present day is sufficient proof of his success. Appeals were also made to the Emperors of Russia and Japan, with like results. In France too, the Pope's influence was used to reconcile all parties to the Republican form of government. Unfortunately the Catholics of that country did not rally to his counsels, thus giving the anti-religious element a chance to grasp the reins of power, with the result that at this moment we are witnessing a religious persecution which is a disgrace to Twentieth Century civilization.

The late Pope's interest in the working classes has been shown time and again. In fact, since the day when he and the German Emperor ratified the Labour Congress of Berlin, Leo has taken a most active part in the search for a clear solution of that great and delicate question of modern times—the rights and obligations of Capital and Labor. The celebrated Encyclical "On the condition of the working classes" appeared in 1891, after consultation with two eminent authorities, Cardinals Manning and Gibbons. It denounces in scathing terms abuses of Capitalism while at the same time condemning Socialism. To quote M. de Vogué "The Holy Father (in this letter) has not indeed solved the social problem, but he has stated it more precisely than was ever done before, by tracing it to those hidden sources from which the woes of humanity spring, and he has fearlessly chosen his part with the weak and feeble, appealing to ethical—nay to Christian ideas, with no less

courage in expounding principles than wise moderation in carrying them out." The result has been widespread. If Socialism has been successfully fought in Germany by the Centrum, and in Belgium held back by the Government, it is owing to the execution of the Papal programme. Under his impulse and guidance Catholic Democracy has become a power of the first magnitude in many European States, and among the grandest sights of his reign must be numbered those numerous and enthusiastic pilgrimages of working-men, notably from France, who have gone to Rome to lay at Leo's feet their homage of love and gratitude.

The Oriental Churches were treated with particular solicitude by the late Pope. He secured from the Porte a recognition of Armenian rights, put an end to several minor schisms among the Armenians and Chaldeans, and in 1880 raised the Armenian Patriarch—Antonius Hassan—to the Cardinalate. One of his cherished dreams was the re-union of the East. To this end he published in 1894 the Constitution 'Orientalium,' which going back beyond the time of Photius and Cerularius decreed to the Eastern Churches complete internal autonomy, provided they maintain the Catholic creed and acknowledge the Roman Primacy. The hoary Eastern rites have been treated by him with respect and veneration, he has established a splendid college at Beyrouth, and added to the Roman Breviary the feasts of several Eastern Saints. If the East has not yet responded to the call, still his great idea has been traced in imperishable characters, and will, no doubt, at some future date form a basis of settlement. In the West too the eyes of Leo have been turned longingly towards the dissident churches. Hence the truly Papal letter "To all Christian rulers and peoples," as also the letter "To the English" of 1895 and the Constitution on Anglican Orders. There are many who attribute to the latter the recent numerous conversions among the Anglican clergy. He has also been a zealous Propagator of the Faith; never before under any Pontiff has the Catholic Hierarchy had such extension: two Patriarchates and thirteen Archbishoprics have been created; twenty Bishoprics have become Archbishoprics; three Delegations Apostolic, one hundred and nine Episcopal Sees, seventy-five Vicariates Apos-

tolic, and thirty-five Prefectures Apostolic have come into existence during his reign ; creating fresh provinces from Scotland to Bosnia, from Egypt to China and throughout both Americas. Within the Church he has enforced and strengthened discipline by centralization. Uniformity of thought and manner, love of Roman customs and traditions have been fostered among the higher clergy by the foundation of numerous Colleges in the Eternal City to train the future priests of many nations. The Religious Orders have been bound together by closer ties, and their scattered branches drawn beneath one supreme authority. In the world of letters Leo has always been a magnificent patron, and has left nothing undone to further ecclesiastical education. He it was who raised our own Ottawa College to the dignity of a Catholic University, and conferred a similar favor on Fribourg and Washington. He increased the faculties of Maynooth and Louvain, and allowed English Catholics to attend Oxford and Cambridge. By the famous Encyclical 'Aeterni Patris' of 1879 he re-established Catholic Philosophy on a firm basis by bringing it back to the principles of St. Thomas. To foster the study of Ecclesiastical History and Archeology he threw open the Vatican Library and gave large sums to the Roman Archeological Commission. He encouraged the reading of the Classics, gave his patronage to the Fine Arts, and himself composed numerous Latin Poems which will be handed down to posterity as marvels of modern thought embodied in the rich tongue of Cicero and Horace. To quote his own words, he wished Catholics "to use the advantages which flow from education, science, civilization, wise and peaceful liberty" while at the same time he would have them remember that "a law of Providence confirmed by history shows that man cannot strike at the first principles of religion without sapping the foundations of social order and prosperity." If men thought that Leo would thrust aside the spiritual arms, aims and claims of the Church in favour of the arms of diplomacy, they were mistaken. His great arm was ever prayer and devotion. His wisdom was what the 'Imitation' calls "the foolishness of Christ." The Rosary, the Third Order of St. Francis, the Scapular of Mount Carmel have been constantly preached by him ; in

his varied writings he displays great devotion to St. Thomas, St. Alphonsus, and especially the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin.

He has often been called a Liberal Pope. Liberal he was as regards liberality of mind and absence of bigotry, magnanimity towards adversaries, friendship for true science and progress. But he had not that belief in liberty which led Pius IX in 1846 so nearly to treat with Mazzini. He had no sympathy for Free Criticism and Free Thought in everything. He did not think that modern civilization was the ideal of perfection. His attitude towards the 'Modern Spirit' is apparent in the letter on 'Americanism,' where, while sympathizing with peculiarities of national character and admitting that, even in Church practices, individualism is accorded a large scope, he nevertheless points out most strongly that the Faith of the Saints is for every age, that the spiritual life of man consists in supernatural, not merely natural virtues, that a Liberalism which ignores these facts and tries to modify doctrine to suit the times, is attacking the very foundations of the Church. As to the singularly modern problem how to combine loyalty to the ancient Faith with fidelity to advancing science and increasing intellectual light, he has shown what stand the Church takes by encouraging the labours of such men as Mercier, Lorenzelli, Farges, Cornoldi, Kleutgen and Billot in Philosophy and Theology ; Pastor, Jungmann and Grisar in History ; Bacuez, Vigouroux, Hummelauer and Knabenbauer in Biblical research, not to speak of the recently founded Biblical Commission which marks an epoch in Church annals.

Perhaps the greatest characteristic of the late Pope was his vivid and deep-rooted conviction of the reality of a Universal Church governed by a Universal Pontiff. His every word and action was imbued with this idea, whether he propounded dogma, condemned error or denounced the powers of the world with their iniquitous laws. This conviction it was which enabled him to scan the whole horizon of religious truth and thus see how far he could proceed with safety on the road of conciliation. In this lies the secret of his broad manner of treating with antagonistic governments, with non-Catholic creeds, with historical and biblical

critics, with votaries of modern science ; always searching, even amid falsehood, for the spark of truth. Go through the volumes of his Encyclicals and you will almost imagine that on the top of each page is written in strong deep character "Go ye and teach all nations." To the same source may be traced that indomitable courage with which he has ever uplifted his voice in the cause of truth and justice. In Germany he has had to face schism, in Austria the 'Los von Rom,' in France insolent infidelity, in Ireland he has had to condemn the Land League and hurt the patriotism of his best sons, in England truth has forced him to reject Anglican Orders and alienate many from the movement of re-union, in America he has repressed innovations heedless of the spirit of independance, in Italy he stands continually face to face with the heir of the revolution and calmly tells him he is a robber, despite the threats of Garibaldian hatred. What has been the result of all this ? Leo has laid the foundation of the new Christendom which takes the place of the one founded by Hadrian. That moral power which in the middle ages made Kings and divided Empires by its sway over the Christian sword, has now by its own intrinsic worth assumed a preponderating influence in the affairs of the world. Not only has Catholicity learned to look, as of yore, to the See of Peter for light and counsel, but that great world-power—the Democracy, has recognized in the Pope a true friend and champion, to whose voice nations have been made to listen in the crucial problems of marriage, citizenship, association, work and wages. Thus much has Leo done, and done it well ; he now enjoys the reward of his labors. The world has lost an amiable, courteous, conciliating, fascinating personality ; a cultured scholar, deep philosopher and eminent theologian ; a man simple in his habits, devoted to work, "living on a franc a day and earning it," singularly austere in his daily life. It was impossible to approach him without loving him. To those of us especially who have experienced his welcoming smile, his gentle fatherly words and his heart-born benediction and prayer, there is a sense of loss and pain, tempered still by the thought that if the world has lost a great man and the Church a great Pope, Heaven has gained a Saint.

JOHN H. SHERRY, O. M. I., D.D.

## “Sins of a Saint”

The following review from the pen of Rev. Father Johnston, of Baltimore, is printed here by request. The student will admire not only the author's learning, but the fearlessness with which he invites verification by indicating book and page of citation, something the writers of these “romances” are not usually fond of doing.

To the President of the International Catholic Truth Society :

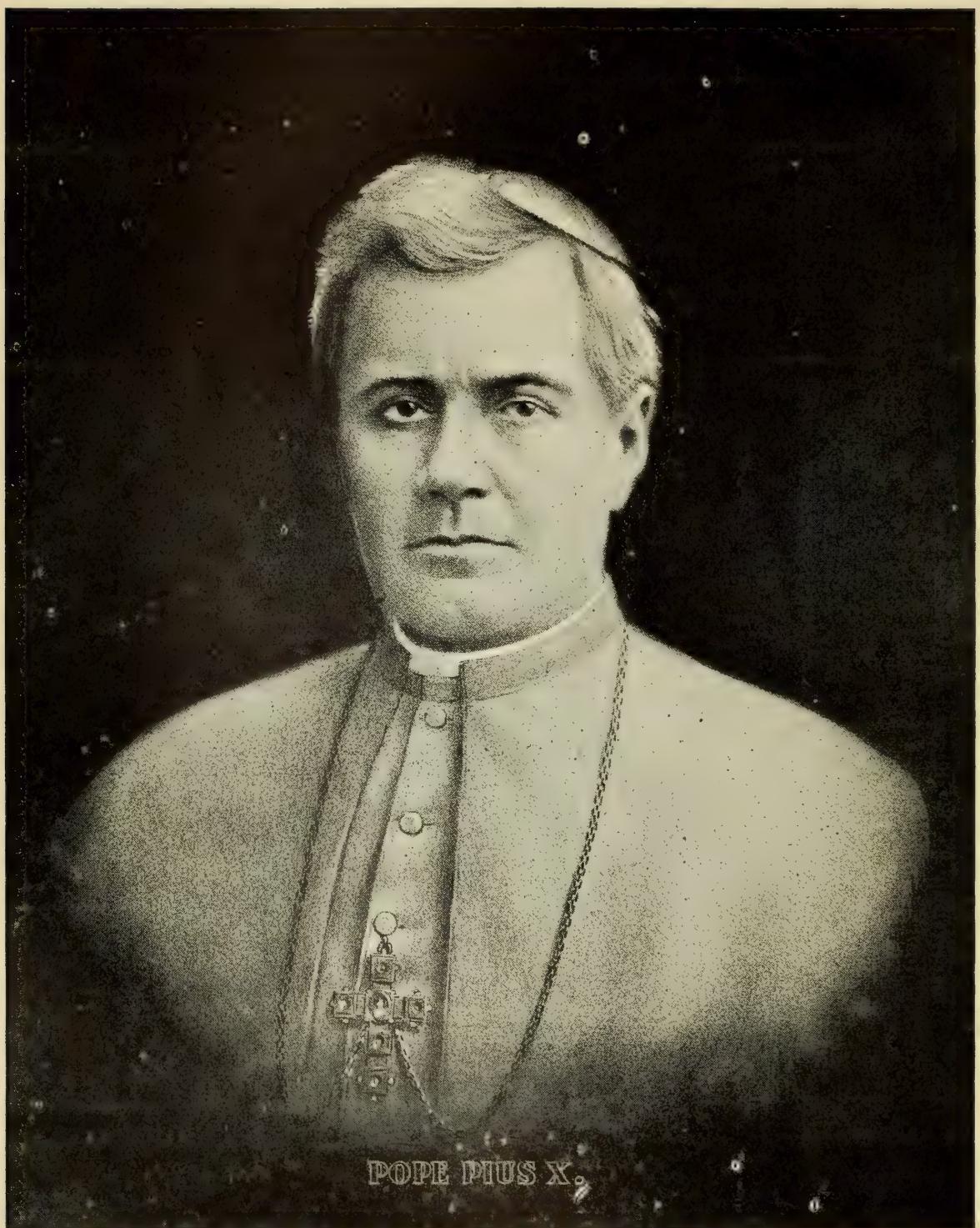
DEAR SIR—At your request I have carefully examined the “Sins of a Saint,” by J. R. Aitken. (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1903.) The following is the conclusion I arrived at regarding it :

It strikes me as amateurish as a novel or romance, and it is beyond all doubt a slander both upon a great man and upon the Catholic Church, of which he is an honored saint. This is strong language, but I use it deliberately and for these reasons :

The book deals with the character of St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury. According to our author he is worse than a criminal. He is a liar, a sly diplomat who would not scruple to employ any means, however base, which would further his ends (pp. 45, 48, 57, 60, 70, 102, 288 and 302); a tyrant when in power (55, 97); revengeful, (60, 73); Satanic,” demonical in disposition (38, 39, 203), capable even of counselling a young monk to break his vow of chastity in order to further his own political purposes (45 to 50, 71), a disturber of the realm, treacherous to his king, prosecutor and murderer of an innocent maiden—in a word an incarnation of political ambition unchecked by any consideration of honor, virtue or even humanity. So much for Dunstan.

The Papacy is also the target for the most savage abuse of the tone to which we are accustomed in the reading of such books as the alleged “Confessions of Maria Monk,” et al (pp. 44, 56, 74, 75, 97, 102, 162, 105). The monks are painted in colors which





POPE PIUS X.

would make even "Friar Tuck" ashamed. They are drunken, revengeful, cruel, murderous, and so on. Every person and everything dear to Catholic members is held up to scorn and abused in language which at times is so foul, so intemperate as to excite our pity for the writer.

Now what justification in history is there for such awful charges against English Catholicism of the Tenth Century? None. Before the time of Lingard, Dunstan's character had, it is true, been a favorite theme for the attacks of anti-Catholic writers like Hallam, Hume, Turner, Southey, Henry, Rapin, Carte. The charges of these men were fearlessly and successfully met by Lingard, chiefly in chapter XIII. of his "History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church" (2 vols., 1845). Since that time the tide has almost completely turned in favor of Dunstan; anyhow, the old virulence of style has entirely given place to moderate criticism, even in quarters most anti-Catholic. Since Mr. Aitken makes a great show of historical learning I will mention some leading writers in proof of my statement.

To begin with the authorities cited by our author. He refers us chiefly to Green, Kemble and Milner. Milner is not an authority. He is not mentioned in the latest and best Bibliography of English History by Charles Gross. But Green and Kemble are authorities. Now if you pick up Kemble's "Saxons in England" at pp. 558, 461 (edition of 1876) of chap. IX., vol. II., you will find an estimate of Dunstan completely adverse to that given by our author. The same with Green, who pays a flattering tribute to Dunstan, both in his "History of the English People" (chap. IV., vol. I.) and in his "Short History of the English People" (chap. 1, p. 57, et seq., edition of 1899). Mr. Aitken even quotes Stubbs, a great authority on this matter. Here again the same story. Stubbs in his "Memorials of St. Dunstan" (R. S., London, 1874) gives a glowing picture of the saint, as glowing as the most sensitive Catholic could desire, fully as flattering as that given by Lingard (see pp. 103 to 109 and 117 to 120. Introduction). Finally, our author has the effrontery, on p. 321, to quote even Lingard for the substantiation of "the main facts of the conduct imputed to him," i.e., Dunstan, the conduct referred to consisting

in the bloody mutilation of a woman. On the contrary Lingard distinctly states the opposite. Mr. Aitken's reference is nothing less than an outrage upon all historical decency.

So much for the authorities cited by the author. I have gone further and examined others of even a more recent date. In them I can find nothing whatever to justify such an attack upon Dunstan and early English Catholicity. And these authorities are all Protestant. Foremost is one of the latest and in most respects the ablest one volume "History of the Church of England," by H. O. Wakeman (1897). His estimate of Dunstan and of Dunstan's works, both as Archbishop and as statesman is highly flattering (pp. 67 to 72). A similarly favorable judgment is found in "The English Church in the Middle Ages" (pp. 45 to 52) by the Rev. William Hunt (1895). The "Student's History of England," by no less a competent and fair writer than Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1900) says enough in its brief way (pp. 65 to 79) to entirely discredit Mr. Aitken's romance. A very recent and able "History of England" by E. F. Powell and T. F. Tout (pp. 39 to 43) gives a favorable estimate of Dunstan and his work. Lastly, even an habitually anti-Catholic historian like W. F. Hook, says of Dunstan ("Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," vol. 1, p. 403, 1882), whom he freely criticises, that despite his "many and great faults," he was "nevertheless a good and virtuous man, deserving, though often our censure, yet always our respect."

From the preceding you can therefore see very plainly that Mr. Aitken's book is a romance pure and simple. He is utterly ignorant of or ignores all the history written in the last fifty years or more. The latest English historians give the lie direct to his story, and even the bigoted and uninformed writers anterior to Lingard would blush at the foulness of Mr. Aitken's language and thought. Moreover, it must be plain that he either did not read the authors cited by him or else maliciously misquoted them. In the case of Lingard he utters a plain falsehood. He terms his story an "historical romance." It may be romance, though a poor thing even at that, but it surely is not "historical."

I am sorry to have spent so much time over such a worthless and really venomous book. But I have done so for good reasons.

In the first place the author has made such a show of historical knowledge that the incautious are likely to bow down before his superior wisdom. A prominent morning newspaper here in Baltimore spoke of the book in very flattering terms. The reviewer was evidently scared by the pretentious array of English authorities quoted in the foot-notes.

Then, too, the book at bottom and in intention is not so much a romance as an attack upon the Catholic Church in the form of a novel. As such it is sure to have a large circulation, particularly among Anglicans. Lastly, it is issued by a well known firm—Appleton & Co.—whose prestige alone can win a large audience for almost any book. Why this firm should lend its name to such an infamous attack upon its Catholic patrons is rather hard to see. Had the book any real literary merit one could understand. But it is decidedly amateurish, even as a novel. In the absence of any proof of intentional anti-Catholic bias on the part of this firm I suppose the most charitable conclusion to come to is that the scholarship of its literary critics is of a very low order, whilst that of its historical critics is simply beneath contempt.

LUCIAN JOHNSTON.



### THE WAVE

(*From Tiedge.*)

“ Whither, thou turbid wave?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou?”  
“ I am the wave of Life,

Stained with my margin’s dust :  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream, I fly  
To the sea’s immensity,  
To wash from the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time.”

—LONGFELLOW.

# Eileen's Protégé.

"Well, the fire is no enemy this morning, Mike," remarked Father Tim, to his curate, as he divested himself of his heavy overcoat. "I tell you Mike," he continued a minute later as he threw himself into his big easy chair and proceeded to toast his feet before the bright grate fire. "I tell you, the cold of those sharp winter mornings goes right through my *ould* bones. I'm not as young as I used to be, and the early Mass begins to bother me a little."

"Faith, 'tis your own fault, Tim," replied the other, "I've been craving you for the last year to let me say Mass in the morning; but, no, you must needs go yourself every morning or the church will fall down."

"But Mike, what would the poor *crayturs* do if I didn't go? There's *ould* Pat O'Toole, *shure*, he'd die if I didn't talk to him at the door every morning about that cancer that he thinks he has; and there's *ould* Biddy Malone, poor *craytur*, and then there's Miss Eileen from the big house — do you know, Mike, that girl is more like an angel than an earthly being."

"Faith she is that same, Tim, and I suppose the squire will be marrying her to one of those *fine* Englishmen that visit the big house so often."

"Not he. She may be his *ward*, Mike, but thanks to her father's foresight, she has a free hand in her choice of a husband and you may be sure she will —"

R-r-r-r-r-ring ! !

"Well, who can this be, here so early!" exclaimed Father Tim, "Biddy will be moaning about keeping the breakfast and I can't —"

"Father Tim! Miss O'Halloran wants to see you, if your Reverence is not too busy," and Biddy dropped her usual curtsey.

As the priest stepped into the hall he was greeted by a vision of female loveliness. Eileen O'Halloran was indeed striking by beautiful, yet her beauty was of a character that the heart feels,

more than the eye sees. A little above the ordinary height, transparently fair, with dark hair, brow serene and well defined, and a contour decidedly Grecian, she appeared to the good old priest like an angel about to bless him. A lady she was in grace, form and feature.

"Good morning ! the top o' the morning to you, Miss Eileen !" exclaimed Father Tim giving her a hearty handshake.

"Good morning, Father, I intended to see you at mass but you were away before I could catch you so I decided to walk over and see you here."

By this time they had reached the warm sitting room ; Father Mike having meanwhile betaken himself elsewhere.

"Sit down, Miss Eileen, and rest yourself," said the priest kindly. "It's quite a walk from the church. What's the news ?

"Why I've been to Dublin, Father."

"Now have you indeed" said the priest, with a smile.

"Indeed I have, and I've brought something for you. I thought you might like some cigars, [cigars were Father Tim's one weakness] so I brought you a box of——they call them Havanas ;" with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Ah, Miss Eileen ! You are going to ruin a poor *ould* priest with your luxuries," and a tear glistened in his eye as he took the proffered treasure.

"But I have something else I wish to speak to you about, Father."

"What is it ?" asked the priest, "something you want Joe to take over to widow Malone ?"

"No Father, it's about a poor unfortunate I picked up in Dublin."

"Hem ! Hem !" said Father Tim becoming interested at once, "what kind of an old lady is she ?"

"But she's not an old lady, Father."

"Ho ! is she very young ?"

"Oh it's not a lady at all, Father : it's a young man," blushing deeply.

"Hem !" said the priest, "that sounds romantic. Where did you get him ?"

"Why I went out slumming it alone yesterday morning, and

as I was passing a rum shop in the 'Liberties' a young man was thrown out, right at my feet. I — well to make it short, Father, he is now over at the lodge with James. I have come over to get you to see him and to see the Squire, my guardian, and get him some work on the estate ; you know if I asked Squire Foley he would only laugh at me, but you could do anything with him. Now Father will you not try to help me."

"With all my heart, Miss Eileen ;" replied the good natured priest, "but how old might your protégé be."

"He is twenty-four ; and do you know, Father, he appears to be every inch a gentleman."

"A rather rash statement for so recent an acquaintance, Miss Eileen ; but, however, bring him up this afternoon. We will work together, and, if with God's help we can rescue another soul, why praised be His Holy Name."

## II.

Father Tim was upstairs reading his office after lunch when Joe Mulloy, his factotum, interrupted him with the news : "Miss O'Halloran and a gentleman are in to see you, your Reverence."

"A gentleman !" exclaimed the priest.

"Well his clothes may be a little out, your Reverence, but he's a gentleman, every inch of him."

"This is Mr. Burton, Father,—my friend Father O'Connell, Mr. Burton."

As the priest looked at the stranger the words he had already heard from Eileen and Joe came back to his mind—"Every inch a gentleman."

His clothes were dirty and ragged, his face drawn and bleared from riotous living but there was that subtle indefinable something in his face, his carriage and his tall commanding figure that declared the gentleman.

"Humph !" thought Father Tim to himself. "We have no street rough here."

"Father, I am going to the kitchen to see Biddy and I will leave you two gentleman here to talk together if you have no objections."

The words sounded far away to Father Tim so deep was his

abstraction ; but quickly collecting his thoughts he gave his attention to the matter on hand.

Here was a soul to be won and Father Tim resolved to win it.

Few knew men better than Father Tim O'Connell and he had a manner about him that was simply irresistible. Immediately on Eileen's departure he advanced toward the stranger and grasped his hand cordially. "Pardon my presumption, Mr. Burton," he said. "but something tells me you are not what you seem to be. Surely you are not an ordinary street loafer."

"I am afraid, Father, that is all I am," replied the other.

"How long have you been leading such a life?" asked the priest.

"Well, Father, mine is a dreadful story of vice. My real name is Gerald O'Donnell. My father is a millionaire banker in San Francisco, and I am the younger of two sons. Immediately on the completion of my college course my father took me into his business ; but, I fell into dissipation and utterly heart—broken as well as angered at my conduct he gave me money and ordered me to leave the country. I came to Ireland, the land of my youthful dreams and to Dublin. Here I assumed another name and plunged anew into vice. Although in Dublin only one year, I've lodged in the 'cells' a turn or two. On Thursday, my last cent was gone, and on Friday morning when, in a half drunk condition, I begged for a drink in the rum shop where I had spent my last penny, they threw me out. I lay in the street stunned by the fall and when I came to my senses, a fair vision of loveliness with the face of an angel was bending over me with tender words of sympathy. Miss O'Halloran could have done anything she wished with me that day, and— and—well the result is that I am here, Father, ready to begin life anew ; hoping to make amends for my past errors by a life of reparation."

"Truly an excellent resolution, my son," said the old priest kindly. "Now the best way to begin is to kneel down and, with an humble and contrite heart, repeat in the holy sacrament of penance all that you have already told me."

When Eileen returned an hour later she was greeted by a pair of happy faces, and she heard with much surprise that during that

time her protégé's name had changed from James Burton to Gerald O'Donnell. This however, was all of the story she was told.

That evening Father Tim paid a visit to Squire Foley and as a result Gerald O'Donnell became assistant gardner' much to the joy of James who cordially welcomed his new assistant.

### III.

The winter, spring and summer had gone, and the bright September days had half passed away. It was autumn, that sweet Irish autumn with all its indescribable beauties. The afternoon sun shone warmly down and Mr. O'Donnell,—strange, no one not even the Squire himsel had dared to call him by his Christian name as they did the other servants—Mr. O'Donnell, as I said, was trimming a rose bush near the house and looking particularly downcast and discontented, when Eileen's laughing voice behind him interrupted his thoughts.

‘Why, Mr. O'Donnell ! What on earth makes you look so glum? Will you please cut me a few roses ; I want to take some over to Peggy Farrell, poor creature, she is very sick.’

“ Yes Miss, just in a minute ” replied O'Donnell. Of late, much to her annoyance he had ceased calling her Miss Eileen. Today that *Miss* positively angered her. The smile vanished, she took the flowers and whisked up the path without even thanking him. Entering the house, she rushed up to her room and throwing herself on the bed burst into tears.

At length composing herself with an effort she asked herself why had she been angry? Why had she acted so foolishly over such a trifle? [Little Dan Cupid chuckled] now she began to grow angry with herself. Why had she been so rude to Mr. O'Donnell? Suddenly, without waiting to answer her own question, she arose and quickly wiping away her recent tears, she donned her hat and started for a walk to the little church ; here at least she could find refuge from troublesome thoughts.

As she came up the walk, between the great oaks interlaced with ivy, and neared the entrance of the little church, she espied O'Donnell's familiar figure coming out.

“ Now I must apologize for my rudeness,” she said to herself.

"I didn't think you were a regular visitor Mr. O'Donnell ;" she said pleasantly as they met ; its a beautiful day isn't it ? "

"It is indeed, Miss."

"Oh ! There it is again ; "she said half aloud with a little stamp of her feet, "I can get nothing from him but "Yes Miss," "No Miss,"—

"But you must not forget, Miss Eileen, that I am only a servant," said O'Donnell overhearing her exclamation, "and it is with much pain, Miss Eileen," he continued, "that I tell you I must leave here, leave Ireland, at once."

"Leave here, Mr. O'Donnell !" she exclaimed with a little start, "Why what's the matter.

"Father Tim has just got word from San Francisco that my father is dead and that I am an heir to millions."

"Oh, indeed ! "Money quickly makes you forget Ireland, Mr. O'Donnell."

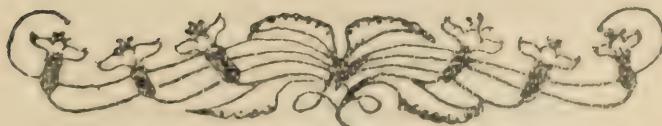
"No, believe me, Miss Eileen, I must leave anyway. Hear me a moment, Eileen," he continued passionately, "I know you will think me a fool, but I have forgotten my place so far as to love you."

"But what if I do not think you a fool, Gerald ?"

"Eileen ! is it possible that you ——" He looked into her eyes for one sweet moment and then — well then —

The marriage, which took place, in the little church, about the end of September, and Father Tim said the Mass and married the couple in all the glory of a brand new set of vestments.

THOMAS J. TOBIN, '06.



## OUR NEW POPE.



AIL, Pius Tenth ! Our chosed Pope ;  
By God's high will ordalned to guide  
His holy church still forward on  
Through troubled time's high surging tide.

Like Leo, virtu'us, humble learned ;  
Thou Vicar of our Christ—our God :  
Apostle Chief ! Take up thy cross  
And tread the path s thy Master trod.

Not titled blood, but merit true  
Had'st thou thy choice to recommend ;  
The brothers learned thy worth to know  
The Holy Spirit grace did send.

While noble mien and culture broad  
Would mark thee an aristocrat,  
Thy life, thy labors and thy wish  
Proclaim thee e'er democrat.

See here a sign of Christ's true Church ;  
Her humblest son may be her chief :  
Alike to her are serf and lord  
Who acquiesce in her belief.

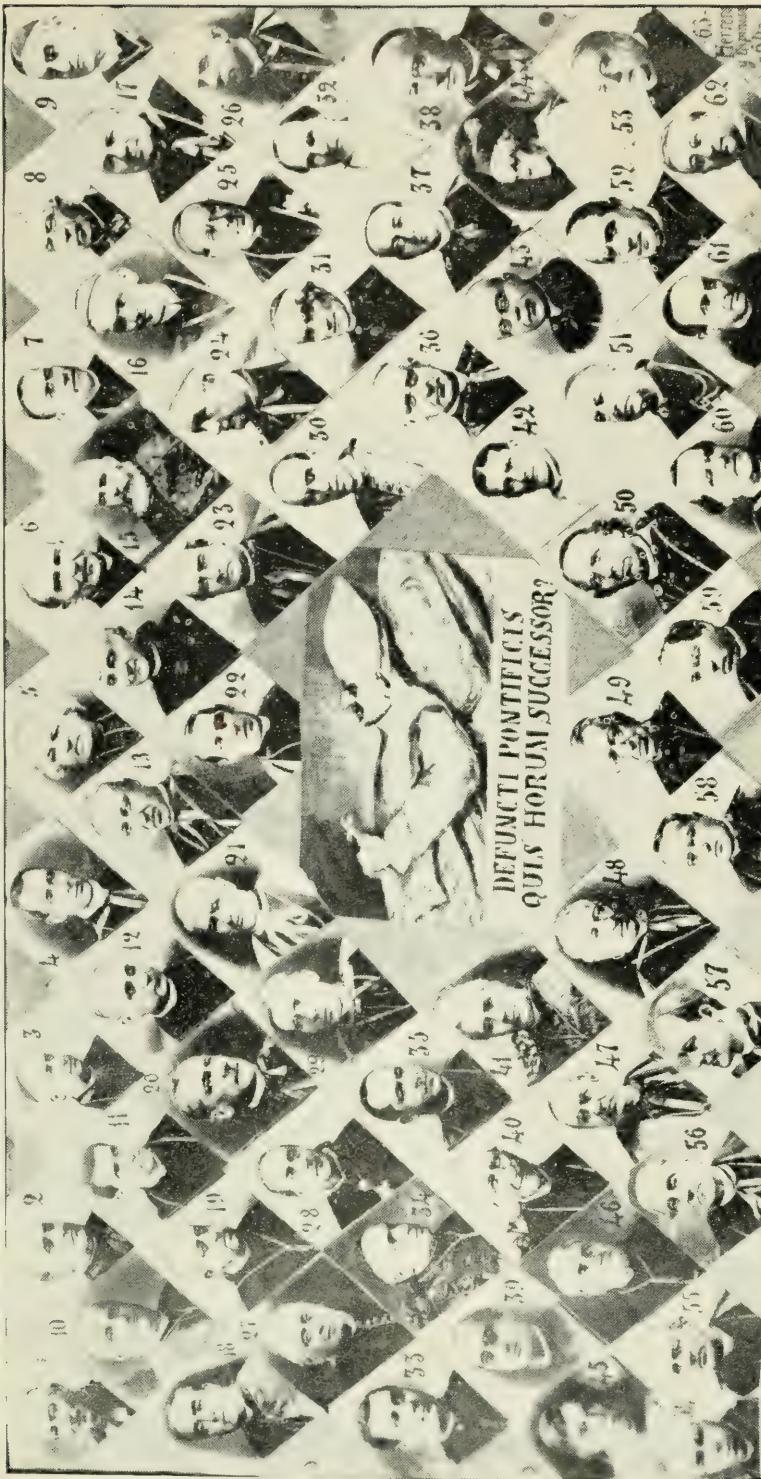
From every form of rule She takes  
The features best her ends to aid :  
Republics, monarchies combine  
Their virtues in a system made.

A *Theogarchy*—rule by God—  
A form by which are men controlled  
In things of earth ; by which they're brought  
Within the pale of Christ's true fold.

Hail, Pius Tenth ! Go fearless forth  
To heed the mandate from above ;  
To work for Christ, convert his sons  
And lead them to the throne of love.

May God vouchsafe to grant thee years  
E'en to the term of Leo's reign,  
And when thou too must meet thy God  
May all mankind know Christ again.





DEFUNCTI PONTIFICIS  
QUIS HORUM SUCCESSOR?

1 Casili, 2 Cavicchioni, 3 Cassetta, 4 Moran, 5 Lecot, 6 Cavagnis, 7 Satolli, 8 Fisher, 9 Sancha, 10 Respighi, 11 Martinelli, 12 Prisco, 13 Agliardi, 14 Gennari, 15 Vives, 16 Vassary, 17 Taliani, 18 Labouret, 19 Manara, 20 Macchi, 21 Gotti, 22 Rampolla, 23 Svampa, 24 Boschi, 25 Gruscha, 26 Puryna, 27 Pierotti, 28 Herrera, 29 Gibbons, 30 Portanova, 31 Peraud, 32 Koppe, 33 Aulti, 34 Ferrata, 35 S. Vannutelli, 36 Steinhuber, 37 Della Volpe, 38 Noella, 39 Netto, 40 Richard, 41 Sarto, 42 Skrbensky, 43 Segna, 44 Mathieu, 45 Mocenni, 46 Couillier, 47 Crettoni, 48 Di Pietro, 49 Capocetato, 50 Oreglia, 51 Sammisinatelli, 52 Casanay, 53 Trinopina, 54 Logue, 55 Bachieri, 56 Celestia, 57 V. Vannutelli, 58 Ferrari, 59 Francica Nava, 60 Langueux, 61 Richelmy, 62 Croossani, 63 Herrera y Espinosa, 64 Katschthaler.

Bagazzini e Blasetti. Fotografi. Roma.

## PIUS X.

HE death of Leo XIII was received throughout the world with sincere and profound emotion. Twenty-five years of genius and virtue has crowned him with a halo of greatness. With him has disappeared the grande figure of the nineteenth century.

The name of Pius X, however, without altering our regrets for the deceased Pontiff, permits us to change our sorrow into joy, for in him the Church once more renews her eternal youth. The Vicar of it on earth, the present Head of the Church will be his ambassador among men to transmit the divine grace and blessings. Prisoned in the Vatican, he will, like his predecessor, draw to him the nations and peoples of the world, showing thereby the unique place the Papacy occupies in the world of thought.

Pius X was born June 2nd, 1853, at Riese in the diocese of Treviso. His preliminary studies were made at the ecclesiastical college of Castelframo. After a successful course in the classics and Theology at Padua, he was raised to the priesthood September 18th, 1858. Until 1875 he acted as parish priest and administered at different times to the spiritual wants of several parishes in Venice. In the same year he was appointed episcopal chancellor at Treviso, then director of the seminary. And at the death of the Bishop of this diocese he was named his successor. In the important charges of his ecclesiastical administration, his varied and superior qualities of mind and heart won for him this elevation and on November 10, 1884 he received the Shepherd's ring.

Later he became Bishop of Mantua and in his new field of labors he gave a renewed impulse to clerical studies. His career in this district was short but brilliant and fruitful.

On June 12, 1893, Monsignor Sarto was created Cardinal by his deceased predecessor. And in the consistory of June 15th of the same year Leo XIII made him Patriarch of Venice. A conflict soon arose between the Italian Government and the Holy See. The former claimed to have inherited from the Republic of Venice

the privilege of naming the Patriarch directly. After his installation, however, the differences were settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

To Pius X has Christ confided the care of His Church and at the feet of His Holiness does the Catholic world at large place the homage of their religious respect. With one accord they assure him of absolute obedience, most filial attachment and their fervent prayers that God protect him and preserve him long at the helm of the Church.

C. M.



### The Late Cardinal Vaughan.



N the death of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan, on June 20th, the Catholic Church lost one of its most saintly and zealous prelates and humanity at large a most useful worker. Though not so popular as his predecessors, Cardinal Manning and Wiseman, yet he gave evidence of possessing most of the great qualities which so distinguished them both. All the truly religious, patriotic and philanthropic movements of the time received his able and characteristically energetic support. His contributions to the press attest how earnest an advocate he was of temperance—though not total abstinence—and of Catholic popular education.

Herbert Vaughan was born in April 1832 in Gloucester, Eng., being an oldest son of thirteen children. His father, Col. John Francis Vaughan, belonged to an old English family, which remained true to the faith during all the persecutions. His mother, a remarkably gifted woman, made use of her ascendancy over her children to form their hearts according to the best ideals of Christianity. Six of her sons became priests and five of her daughters nuns.

Herbert was destined for the army. He enlisted as volunteer in the Crimean war, but the priestly vocation asserting itself, he entered the Academia Ecclesiastica at Rome for his theological studies. Here he studied with Father Manning, afterwards Car-

dinal, who in his notes thus refers to the event : " My companions in the Academia were. . . Then came Herbert Vaughan. He served my mass at six o'clock all the time he was there. We became very intimate and our affection has grown and lasted till this day. "

After his ordination in 1854, Father Vaughan joined the Oblates of St. Charles an association of secular priests founded by Manning. The great work of this portion of his career was the erection of the Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill of which he was also the first superior as well as founder. To collect the necessary funds he spent two years travelling over the whole of North and South America begging, literally from door to door. The result of his labors may be seen in the missionaries at work in the East Indies, Japan, China and among the colored people of the States.

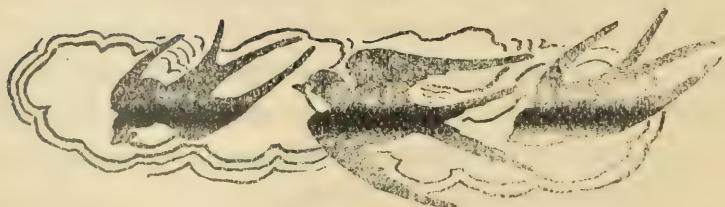
In 1872 Father Vaughan became Bishop of Salford. Here he set on foot a movement for the reclamation and education of poor and neglected Catholic children. Through his " Rescue and Protection Society, " and his speeches and writings, he aroused and trained public opinion, till even the Protestants realized that the Catholic ratepayers had the right to care for and educate the poor children of their own faith.

Cardinal Manning dying in 1882, the Bishop of Salford was made Archbishop of Westminister and a year later went to Rome to receive the red hat. His cardinalate has been marked by an incessant activity in all directions which might tend to the furthering of Catholic interests. In 1894 an address which he delivered on the validity of Anglican Orders led to a prolonged and heated controversy in the press. Three years afterward, on the occasion of the Catholic celebration of the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine at Ebbsfleet, he delivered a speech which was regarded as a formal reply to the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference of 1897. He was eminent both as a preacher and controversialist and was a frequent contributor to the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review*, of both which he was proprietor.

" Cardinal Vaughan as a literary man says *The Westminister* appears to have been overlooked by the obituary writers ; and yet in that capacity he occupies no less than four pages of the British

Museum Catalogue. It is true that most of the entries relate to prefaces and introductions he contributed to a large number of works of piety and controversy. The last of these little essays appeared at the beginning of a recent book written by Lady Lovat on "The Catholic Church from Within." But the late Cardinal had also some substantial works of his own to his credit, written during his Salford period, when he had more leisure than was possible at Westminister. He was one of the army of controversialists who entered the field against Mr. Gladstone's famous pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees," his reply bearing the title of 'Submission to a Divine Teacher neither Disloyalty nor the Surrender of Freedom.' His ten lectures in reply to the present Anglican Bishop of Manchester on 'The Roman Claims' make a pretty bulky book ; but his exposition of "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, ' judging from sales, is his most popular and successful work, for it is in its 100th thousand."

The last great work of the Cardinals was the erection of the new Byzantine Cathedral at Westminister. It is one of the largest and costliest church in Europe, a fitting memorial of his life and work.



# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

Vol. VI

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WELCOME.

Time rolls quickly by. The holidays have come and gone, and from the four points of the compass "the boys" are returning to old Varsity for another year. To one and all the Review extends a hearty welcome. To our old acquaintances—those who have been with us before—we are glad to extend the right hand of good-fellowship, and in the spirit of renewed associations, continue to tread the stony path to knowledge. To the new-comers—our acquaintances to be—we have also a word to say. We are glad to welcome you to our midst. And why? Because we feel confident that, having come to join us at this foremost centre of Catholic education you will be ever ready to avail yourselves of the glorious opportunities which are yours; because we know

that you will prove yourselves worthy in every way of the appellation, which you now assume—students of Ottawa University—and that ere long you will form an honored supplement to the already glorious roll of Alma Mater's graduates. Remember that the privilege which has come to you—that of acquiring a thorough Catholic education—is yours from on high. The Divine mind sees fit to use every one of his creatures for a special end. Your work has been marked out from you all eternity, it must soon be done, and none save you can do it. It is to fit you for the accomplishment of this task that the Almighty has ordained that you be accorded the privilege of making a course of studies in this University, a privilege of which many less favored though equally qualified youths are pining in fruitless expectation. Behold, then, your blessed privilege—a sacred trust from the dispensary of Providence, a trust for which you will one day render a strict and exact account. It is, then, because we know by an inward sense akin to instinct that you will in your several spheres of study faithfully correspond with your opportunities, and prove worthy of yourselves, your families and your Creator, that we now bid you welcome, and promise to accord you the generous assistance ever obtainable in the student brotherhood of a Catholic college. One word more. The REVIEW is always glad and ready to receive contributions from the students. It is for you primarily that it exists. Write for its columns and help to make it a journal thoroughly representative of yourselves, of the student body in general and of the University to which you belong.

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#### TO THE GRADUATES OF THE STAFF.

“ Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

It is indeed a fact that everything in this world is transitory, but nowhere is this truth more evident than in the department of college journalism. The editors of '03, with few exceptions, have gone forth from Alma Mater to enter on new careers in life. The faces so familiar to us during the past year are no more to be seen in our Sanctum ; the desks at which our old companions in

a labor of love were so often occupied, are filled by new personages, who, for a year or more, will continue the work of publication. When we consider that the REVIEW has been the object of an almost parental solicitude, so to speak, with the departed editors ; that it owes its success, whatever it may have been during the past year, to their untiring efforts and ceaseless care and that the life of the Editor of a College paper is one which calls for many sacrifices and much self-denial, it is little wonder that we avail ourselves of this opportunity to extend our sincere and most earnest thanks to the retired members of the staff. That your efforts in every direction in life may be crowned with success is our heartfelt wish. May you be with us in spirit during the coming year and may your past efforts inspire us to imitate you ! Farewell, dear associates ! May the choicest and rarest blessings of heaven be showered upon you.

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#### ATHLETICS.

To the new arrivals for academic honors at the University, the songs, long since sacred to the O. U. A. A., will, without doubt, be heard with varying and different emotions. Some listening to the yells and other manifestations of enthusiasm so manifest at all times on the campus, but especially during a League match will themselves become enthused, and long for the time when they too may appear on the gridiron arrayed in the glorious old "Garnet and Gray" and help to chase the pigskin to victory. Others, perhaps more retiring in their disposition may marvel at what seems to them a great waste of time, time during which no books are conned ; no attention paid to the studies which should, say they, be the sole thought of the student. It is proper then that we outline the position of Athletics in our College which for years has been the foremost advocate and ablest exponent of manly sport, in Canada. It must be understood therefore, that Athletics in the daily programme arranged for us, occupy and ever will occupy a second place, the studies in the various departments always being given first rank and precedence. And well it is that this should be so. Athletics are only a means to an end, especially in a College, the end in view being the upbuilding of a sound physical manhood, and the training of the youth towards the per-

fection of his constitution in order that the knowledge, scientific and otherwise, which he accumulates may be stored in a body as near physical perfection as possible. The student's aim should be to acquire the "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" Hence it is the duty of every young man in the University to take some part in Athletics. Nor need this interfere with his studies. On the contrary we know from experience that the effects of proper exercise cannot be other than to brighten the faculties and render the brain more active, so that the student who knows how to work and how to play, can even when equality of talent is admitted, outclass him who remains in his room from morning till night, and pays no attention to his physical development. It should be the student's aim to do everything in earnest. When in his study he should study ; when on the campus he should play ; and he should put his whole soul and energy into each in its proper place. If he does this and avoids commingling the one with the other, as, for example, by trying to think out some problem in Philosophy or Mathematics while playing a game, or by dreaming of football while in his study ; he can safely engage in Athletics not only without detriment to the pursuit of his studies, but on the contrary, with great benefit to himself as a student. It is therefore the duty of everyone in the University to recreate himself by taking part in one or other of the various games played on the campus. Let all join the Athletic Association, which for a small fee procures the privilege of admission into every kind of sport participated in by the students. Let all work for the success of the O. U. A. A. so that the wearing of the "*Garnet and Gray*" may be not a useless formality or merely a fashion, but the glorious emblem of real men, whose aim is to educate themselves, not only intellectually, but physically as well.

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#### VARIOUS.

The *Catholic News* of New York comes regularly to gladden the Sanctum. By one of those lapses to which even the most thoughtful are subject we failed to acknowledge our obligations to this most valuable exchange in the June *Review*.

The Chartreuse monks, recently expelled from France, are about, it is said, to re-establish their convent and the distilleries of their famous liqueur at Cameron-Casteau, in Belgium.

College Idiot (in the lunch-room)--There's one good thing I can say about these sandwiches.

Kind Friend—What's that?

College Idiot—That they're college bred.—*The Columbia Jester.*

The death of Thomas William Allies removes one of the last participants in the famous Oxford Movement. An intimate friend of Newman and Manning, he resigned a handsome living in the Church of England to become a Catholic layman and enter upon a hard struggle with poverty. He wrote many valuable books,—his *Formation of Christendom* being the finest contribution to the philosophy of history which we possess in the English language.

Humanity, says the *Republic*, has been benefited a second time. The first time was when a personage destined to be known to intimates as P. F. Dunne, and to an admiring universe as "Mr. Dooley" came into the world. Now the mirth germ of Christendom is the father of a second "Mr. Dooley." A talk entitled, "Mr. Dooley On Raising a Youngster" would be eaten alive.

The late William Ernest Henley was one of the most distinguished poets and critics of the day. He was editor of the *National Observer* when Robert Louis Stevenson addressed through columns of that paper his famous letter to Dr. Hyde in defence of Father Damien.

A small parishioner in Aberdeen brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning.

"Thank you, my little girl," he said: "they are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day?"

"No, sir," replied the child; "I picked them this morning. But they was growing all yesterday."—*Tid-Bits*.

The present session of the Dominion Parliament is the longest on record. In 1885 Parliament sat for six months. That was the year of the Northwest Rebellion. Moreover, the members of the

present government, then in the opposition were fighting the Dominion Franchise Act. On the twelfth of September last Parliament had been sitting for six months. Apparently prorogation is not in sight, The next longest session was in 1891.

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## Of Local Interest.

The REVIEW wishes every student within the walls of Varsity a happy and prosperous year.

Many important changes affecting the student body were made during the holidays. Rev. Father Gervais, who for the past three years so ably discharged the arduous duties of Prefect of Studies in the Arts Course, has retired. The progress made, in every direction, in this department during the incumbency of Father Gervais was such as merited the highest praise from everyone interested in the University and it was with genuine regret that we learned of his resignation. Regrets, however, soon gave way to hope when the name of his successor—the Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse—became known. Father Lajeunesse brings to his new responsibilities not only high classical attainments, but also an intimate knowledge of human nature, which with a gentlemanly bearing in his manner, and a natural kindness towards young men augur well for his success in the new sphere to which his talents have secured his promotion. We entertain no doubts of the success of the Arts Course under his supervision. Rev. Dr. Lacoste, for some years Professor of Philosophy has been transferred to the Faculty of Theology. He has accepted the chair of Dogma. His successor in the department of Philosophy is Rev. Father Herwig, late Professor of Philosophy at Hümtfeld, Germany. Professor Stockley has vacated the chair of English and goes to Halifax, where he has been made Principal of Archbishop O'Brien's College. He is succeeded by Mr. F. W. Grey, a well-known elocutionist and writer, of Bath, England. Mr. Grey is a nephew of Lord Grey and a near relative of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto. In addition to his appointment to the chair of English, Professor Grey has been

made master of Elocution. Professor Bélanger, the well-known mathematical scholar, has resigned to take up the study of Law in Toronto. His classes have been distributed between Fathers Antoine, Gauvreau and O'Boyle.

Say ! Has that fellow, in No. 2 dormitory, *Gagné* the chicken yet?

Professor, (illustrating a phenomenon in physics with a cent)  
"What would happen if the cent fall ?

Jack. "A case of de *cent*."

It was with pleasure that the students of last year learned, on their return, of the elevation of Rev. H. E. Ouimet to the priesthood. The REVIEW joins them in extending the warmest congratulations to the Rev. gentleman.

That was a *smoking* good drop that Ch - - - s kicked the other day ; but too bad it was returned before he had time to follow up.

The Reading Room has been re-opened with the following officials : President, J. V. Meagher ; Secretary-Treasurer, Alex. McDonald ; Curators, J. Walsh, J. B. Macdonald, R. Filia-treault ; Librarians, J. Downey, Hugh Donahue.

During the holidays Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., President of the University, made an extended trip through Europe, returning a few days prior to the resumption of studies on the second inst. The objects of the visit were to attend the Colonial Educational Conference in London, and also to visit the leading cities and universities of Europe with a view to examining and studying the the various educational systems of the Old World. Dr. Emery speaks highly of the benefits to be derived from the conference and looks forward to happy results to be derived, reciprocally, by all parts of the Empire. From London he went to Paris where he visited the Oblates' house at that place. Referring to the condition of France with respect to the future of the Catholic Church he expressed his confidence in the work being done by the church to educate people up to the use of the franchise, and ventured the

opinion that ere long the band of Infidels, Jews and Freethinkers who rule at Paris must give way to the expression of Catholic opinion as conveyed through the medium of the ballot. With regard to the enforcing of the edict against Religious Orders, Dr. Emery expresses the hope that public spirit may, in the near future, force Combes and his faction to rescind the disgraceful and anti-human measure. From Paris the Reverend tourist journeyed to Turin, thence to Genoa, and on to Rome, where he was an eye-witness of the scenes enacted at St. Peter's during the interval between the death and obsequies of our late Holy Father. From Rome he travelled to Florence, the home of art and the native city of Raphael and other names illustrious in the history of painting and sculpture ; onward to Venice, where he was when Cardinal Sarto, now Pius X, left to attend the conclave ; thence to Milan, the seat of the famous cathedral ; through charming Switzerland by way of Lugand and Lucerne ; through Germany up the Rhine to Frankfort ; on to Berlin ; from thence to Hümfeld where he visited the Oblate House ; and through Holland and Belgium where he spent a few days at another famous Oblate house at Liege. Dr. Emery looks to be in splendid health after his travels. We feel assured that to Ottawa University will accrue rich benefits as the result of his observations.

On their arrival the Senior students learned with regret that Rev. Fr. Kirwan, for the past year and a half chief disciplinarian had withdrawn from among them. Fr. Kirwan was universally beloved and respected by all "the boys" and his removal from active association with them is a loss, which, however, we hope, has been retrieved by the appointment of Rev. Fr. Fulham as his successor. Father Fulham's personality and disposition are his best recommendations, and we feel confident that his labors at his new post of duty will procure him a title similar to the one which he enjoyed during five years in St. Joseph's College, Ceylon, viz.—"The most beloved priest in Ceylon." Congratulations, Father Fulham ! The Review wishes you success and trusts that every student will co-operate with you in making this scholastic year a pleasant and profitable one to all concerned.

Monday, Sept. 20th, was a holiday at the University, it being the occasion of the official visit of the Chancellor, Mgr. Duhamel. High Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated at 9 A.M. by Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, his Grace assisting from the throne. Just before the singing of the "Credo" the venerable Archbishop addressed a few inspiring words to the students, impressing on them in his forcible manner the true import and dignity of Catholic Education. His references to the University showed that he does not look upon the office of Chancellor as an honorary title, and throughout his remarks were fraught with zeal for the success of the work in which the Oblates in Ottawa were engaged. At the conclusion of the service an impressive scene took place when the members of the Faculty, each arrayed in the robes indicative of the degrees which he holds, marched solemnly up the centre aisle of the chapel to the altar steps, and kneeling at the feet of the Archbishop read aloud their profession of faith. The Chancellor's visit is one which this year will, we feel sure, be productive of good results, and we trust that every student will endeavor to put into practice the precepts of study imposed on them by the Spiritual Chief of the University.

K.—"I must watch for that eclipse of the moon to-night."

O'B.—"You'll see it in about 20 minutes."

K.—Observing attentively the heavens—"Say, isn't it strange how the earth gets between us and the moon."

O'B.—"Pshaw! that's impossible."

K.—Seeing his mistake—"Well, anybody can make a mistake. I confess I do not know much about Geology."

Monday, Sept. 20th.

ED. I. D., '04

## Book Review.

"CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS: A DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH." By Rev. W. Devivier, S.J., Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$1.75.

This is the best, because the most detailed, presentation of the Catholic Faith in opposition to what is called "modern thought",

that is, the atheistic, agnostic, patheistic, and materialistic philosophizing, so common today. The book deals lucidly with the quips and questions which Catholics in contact with people of many creeds, may find hard to answer, not through lack of brains, but of the necessary knowledge. The student will learn from such a work what manner of struggle the very condition of things may prepare for him.

DODGE'S GENERAL ZOOLOGY with illustrations. Price \$1.50. American Book Co.

Orton's Comparative Zoology, such as revised and rearranged by Charles Wright Dodge, M.S. is a book which is entitled to a prominent place in the library as a teacher of Natural History. In colleges and schools where much time can not be devoted to the study Zoology, it may be too comprehensive to be used as a text book, but it will be found everywhere to be a most useful book for reference. The rearrangement of the former edition is certainly an improvement. In the natural order of things, Structural and Systematic Zoology should indeed precede Comparative Zoology. Animals can be compared only inasmuch as they are known. The printing and engraving are excellent.

FOA'S LE PETIT ROBINSON DE PARIS. Edited by Louise de Bonneville. Price 45 cents. American Book Company, New York.

This is not only one of the earliest, but also one of the best dog stories in literature. It recounts the adventures of a boy and a dog, alike waifs of the great city of Paris. The interest of the story, a simple easy style should render the book suitable for college preparatory work. The notes explain all difficult points and the vocabulary is complete.

## Exchanges.

Commencement numbers are usually inclined to be rather local in interest. However, we find a few exchanges containing editorials which show not only considerable literary merit, but are also exceedingly interesting.

*The Abbey Student* for August is to be commended for its well written and scholarly editorials and also for its beautiful specimens of poetical composition which are far above the ordinary in quality. "Star of the Sea" and "The Ray" are especially worthy of notice, while even the tiny piece entitled "Life's Joys" is not to be despised.

The three essays on Government in the *S. V. C. Index* deserve special mention. The first is an interesting disquisition of the "Origin and Grounds of Government"; the second a treatise on "The Forms of Government"; while the third "Our Government" is a very clever eulogy on the American Constitution. All three are well written and reflect much credit on their respective authors.

*The Stylus* contains an excellent article on "Liquid Air," which denotes earnest thought and deep research. "Reason and Religion" is a masterpiece.

The closing number of *The Fordham Monthly* has several stories that are quite readable, and its poetry is also good. "On A Jaunt with Hermes" is well told and bears the stamp of originality. The article on Satire and American Satirists is both interesting and instructive.



## Flores Priorum Temporum.

Messrs. R. A. Carey, J. H. McDonald and J. J. Keeley of last year's graduating class; J. Harrington '06; W. H. Dooner and H. Letang '05 have gone to the Grand Seminary, Montreal to enter upon a course of Theological Study.

J. T. Warnock, J. R. O'Gorman '01 and L. M. P. Staley of '05 visited their friends at the University for a few days. They were on their way to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

G. I. Nolan '03 has been entered at the Oblate Novitiate in Tewkesbury, Mass.

W. J. Collins '03 has entered the Lachine Novitiate.

J. J. Cox '06 is a student of the American College in Rome, Italy.

Messrs. J. O. Dowd, J. Lebeau and E. Richard of '03 have all returned to the University to enter upon their Theological studies.

M. F. Burns '03 is studying Theology in the Seminary of Louvain, Belgium.

Mr. W. Clancy of the class of '94 is at present in the city, the guest of his brother, "King" Clancy.

Mr. T. Day '03, before leaving for the Grand Seminary at Montreal, spent a few days with old friends at Varsity.

Rev. Father Campeau '90, of St. Regis Falls, N.Y., took occasion of a short visit to the University recently, to renew many old friendships.

At the Emmet Centennial Celebration to be held in St. Patrick's Hall, Ottawa, on Sept 28th, the oration of the evening will be delivered by the Rev. Alphonsus Leyden, M.A., of the class of '81.

Rev. T. P. Holland, '96, who for the past two years has been taking a post graduate course at the Catholic University of Washington has left for Rome where he will spend a few weeks before entering upon a further course of studies in Paris. Father Holland has joined the Sulpicians.

Albert Bédard, '93, a notary in St. Remi, accompanied to Ottawa his four nephews and saw them registered as students at College. Mr. Bédard expressed himself as much pleased to see the progress his Alma Mater has made in late years.

Rev. Father McGovern of Chelsea has resigned from his parish owing to ill health. He will reside in St. Patrick's Asylum Ottawa. Rev. Father Carriere of Cantley has been appointed his successor.

J. Gookin '02 is a student at the Scholasticate in Ottawa East.

Rev. Father F. X. Brunet of "the Brook," Ont., who for the last two months was ill with a severe attack of typhoid fever is able to be around again. He visited the University a few days ago. We congratulate the Rev. Father upon his recovery.

The Review extends to the Hon. F. R. Latchford its heartfelt sympathy for the loss he has recently sustained in the death of his father, Mr. Jas. Latchford.



## Among the Magazines.

With a deep sense of pleasure we find ourselves among our charming friends of the year, the magazines.

*Donohoe's* for September treats at great length the history of Robert Emmet and his family. Some of the illustrations have been obtained from originals that are extremely rare. It is an Irish number all through. The priestly Jubilee of Lawrence C. P. Fox, O.M.I. is commemorated therein by a neat cut and article.

*THE Messenger* for the month gives to the public an address entitled "The North American Indian and the Catholic Church" delivered by Rev. H. G. Ganss before the American Federation of Catholic members at Atlantic City, N.J., August 4. It is an appeal to do some justice to the unfortunate aborigine.

Another welcome visitor to the sanctum, *Success* unfolds with art worthy of its name, by fiction, biography, essay, the achievements of men whose noble example may nerve us to strenuous effort. We read with interest an article in the October issue entitled "Turning back to the Dominion." There are some good cuts showing forth our two principal cities and our public men.

The "Missionary Record O.M.I." for this month begins with some very interesting reflections on the two Popes, Pius and Leo XIII. In "The Isles of Lerins" Dr. Gohiet, O.M.I., well

remembered here as professor of Philosophy, guides us over an historic bit of Europe.

One of the greatest attractions to readers of the *Catholic World* has been "Joyce Josselyn, Sinner," a serial by Mary Sarsfield Gilmore. It is truly a "very unusual story." The reader gets vivid pictures of the scenes and actors of the plot, and as he views the varying fortunes, good and evil, of men he is taken behind the scenes to witness the mysterious but inevitable workings of Providence.

Other magazines shall be referred to in future numbers of the Review.



## Athletics.

Rugby and the prospects of the "Garnet and Grey" are once more live topics. Friends of the Varsity predict a year as full of success and glory as any year preceding. To make it such, much, of course, depends on ourselves, whether as members of the Association, of the Executive, or of the Foot-ball team. Remember the keynote to success is our old motto "Ubi Concordia, Ibi Victoria." Loyally support the Executive in their efforts to uphold the record which previous years have made.

Physical force is requisite to win a game but moral support is just as necessary, and victory can only be expected from the union of the two. This support every member of the O.U.A.A. has it in his power to give, and judging by the past records of our Association we feel confident that this essential feature will not be lacking for the season of 1903-'04.

We might here speak of a body which has great influence in regard to the condition of our Foot-ball team. We allude to the Second team, many members of which may be led to think that their work is of little value. This is a mistaken idea as their play has more to do with the making of a Senior fourteen than the work of any other body connected with the Association.

That we have this year a splendid reserve as well as the best prospects for our Seniors to carry off the highest honors of the Canadian Rugby gridiron needs but time and conscientious train-

ing to make evident. So let us hope that, when the season of 1903-'04 comes to a close, it shall see the "Garnet and Grey" banner of old Ottawa Varsity with the proud title of "Champions" blazoned upon it.

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#### SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE O.U.A.A.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Monday the 14th inst. for the purpose of filling a number of vacancies. All the officers were elected unanimously, a fact which shows the spirit of union and good-will which exists among the members. The Executive as now constituted is as follows.

President—Mr. R. T. Halligan.

1st Vice-President—Mr. R. O. Filiatreault.

2nd Vice-President—Mr. J. V. Meagher.

Treasurer—Mr. H. J. Macdonald.

Rec. Sec'y—Mr. Thos. Sloan.

Cor. Sec'y—Mr. A. L. McDonald.

Councillors—  
  { Mr. F. W. Nagle.  
  { Mr. C. J. Jones.

After the elections the Director, Rev. Father Fulham, made a pleasant speech pointing out how the boys could best support their Executive and teams in retaining the high reputation of the College in the athletic world. The Reverend gentlemen's words were repeatedly cheered. A vote of thanks to the retiring Executive was unanimously adopted. Then with a rousing V-A-R for the success of the new Executive the meeting came to a close.

The Executive met immediately afterwards and elected Messrs. H. J. Macdonald and C. Jones managers of the first and second teams respectively.

The boys are already practising hard though the loss of such men as Cox, Harrington, Dooner, Callaghan, and Letang will be severely felt, yet there seems to be many good candidates to fill the vacancies. The re-appearance of Eddie Gleeson behind the line has also put great confidence in the team as well as in the supporters of the "Garnet and Grey."

The schedule of the Quebec Rugby Union is as follows.

Date.	Teams.
Oct. 3.	—Ottawa College at M. A. A. A.
" 3.	—Britannia at Brockville.
" 10.	—Brockville at Ottawa College.
" 10.	—M. A. A. at Britannia.
" 17.	—M. A. A. at Brockville.
" 17.	—Ottawa College at Britannia.
" 24.	—M. A. A. at Ottawa College.
" 24.	—Brockville at Britannia.
" 31.	—Brockville at M. A. A. A.
" 31.	—Britannia at Ottawa College.
Nov. 7.	—Ottawa College at Brockville.
" 7.	—Britannia at M. A. A. A.



## Junior Department.

The Junior Editor aware what a difficult, through noble office, it is to chronicle faithfully the doings of the junior department, was at his desk the first day of College. His trained instinct soon showed him that a rich harvest was awaiting his reportorial pen. Therefore, to lose no time, he set forth, always incognito like his favorite hero, Haroun-al-Rarebird. The small yard was already filling with numbers of the knickerbocker tribe, who, stowing away their precious class-cards within their hat-bands, were turning their whole minds to games of 'scrub,' or to the wanderings of a football, not without danger of being involved in some rather rapid mass-plays and in some other adventures of a less pleasant nature from which his own alacrity and his good genius saved him, the Junior Editor went from group making pleasant acquaintance with new-comers, and giving the glad hand to old friends. Looking for missing faces, &c., learned with regret that these had sought and secured admittance to senior companion by means of a trifling addition to their nether garments. In fact, the deserters could be descried beyond the pickets casting wistful eyes towards the "old camping ground," from which arose the strains of the time-worn ditty "You can't play in our yard any more."

Some changes have become apparent in the staff of the commercial department. Rev. Fr. Legault who for two years discharged the duties of prefect with ability and devotedness is replaced by Father Boyer, who has already gained the affections of his young clients. His assistants are Fr. Boyon and Bros. Binet and Verronneau. Fr. Latulip looks after the comfort of the midgets during their sleeping hours.

In the course of his rambles the Junior Editor, accompanied by the affable Prefect, visited the quarters occupied by the Juniors. The first stop on the way was at the Dark Room. The usual three knocks admitted us to its palatial precincts. For a moment we fancied we were in the *Lyons* den, but *Mistai* calmed our fears by pointing to a bucket of *coal-water* held in Case(y) of emergency. Having wrung from *Fatty* a promise that things would be in a *Rosy* condition for our next visit, we passed on from the photo gallery to the recreation hall. Here a peep at a Ke(y)ho(l)e revealed that something was going on. The scene before us as we entered shall not be quickly forgotten. The boys were all on tiptoe watching an exciting exhibition of the manly art given by two of their heroes. As soon as we could recover our breath we learned that the contestants were none other than *Le Gris* and champion (?) *Mull Aghain*. The face of the latter was a curious study, its contortions portraying every mood, joyous and tearful. After the exercise had continued awhile, *Grey* was declared victor and the ex-champion was borne off on the shoulders to the nearest tap to cool off. Utter confusion following, the Editor, seeing his life in danger, fled to the new sanctum for safety.

The annual retreat began on Sept. 16th in the Chapel, Rev. Fathers Gill, O.P., and Portelance, O.M.I., being the preachers. The Juniors conducted themselves throughout with an earnestness that one could not help admiring.

*Mull Aghain* can't understand why the *Powers* should be allowed to dig ditches through the small yard. He fears it may be a grave prepared for his foot-ball reputation.

On Tuesday, 15th, at 5 p.m. took place the annual election of officers for the executive of the J. A. A., amid a storm of excitement. The candidates were numerous and energetic in their canvas. Amid rounds of applause and ringing of bells on the

tower of the Junior ball alley, the following gentlemen were declared elected:—President, I. Labrosse; First Vice-President, H. Bastien; Second Vice-President, A. Gamache; Secretary, O. Lefebvre; Treasurer, H. Fleming; Councillors, Berlinguette, Monder and Joron; Director is Rev. J. B. Boyer, O.M.I., and General Manager, Rev. Bro. Binet, O.M.I.; Assistants, H. McHugh and T. Galipeau; Mascot, A. *Good-win*.

C. Car(y)on relates how during the vacation his blind friend went to a carpenter's shop took up a board and *saw*.

Now is the time for football and good use is made of it. Most members of last year's team are ready for battle again. There are few big gaps in it, but the material to fill them is of the best. There are plenty of honors to be won as the Juniorates are forming a team and the "kids" of the senior department are getting into trim.

The Junior Scribe may seem to be very zealous for football but he does not mean that studies are to be neglected. The chief end of coming here to college, he is aware, is to study. Football and sports of all kinds are out of place in the study hall where class work alone should be done. The two may be properly combined and he who so combines them will succeed.

At a regular meeting of the Executive a schedule of games was arranged to be played under the following *Faur(e)* captains:

Sept. 21.—Labrosse vs. Bastien.	Oct. 3.—Dion vs. Bastien.
Sept. 23.—Dion vs. Lefebvre.	Oct. 10.—Bastien vs. Lefebvre.
Sept. 27.—Labrosse vs. Lefebvre.	Oct. 14.—Labrosse vs. Dion.

As the Junior Editor realizes that he is engaged in the pleasant task of chronicling the doings of "Kiddom" for the last time, a cold sweat breaks over him. The editorial staff has authorized him to state that tenders, signed and sealed, for the exalted position of Junior Editor will be received up to the 15th of October. The conditions are few viz.: 1st, the application must be made by a *bona fide* student of the small yard; 2nd, the sizes of his shoes must not be more than 7, for he would then have too much understanding: 3rd, he must be fleet of foot in order to preserve his life during critical times. Midgets not having the above requisites need not apply.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
The Scot in Canada .....	49
POETRY :	
On Lake Deschenes.....	53
Mission Fields.....	55
Lord Bacon.....	58
The English Education Bill ..	61
An Unfortunate Outing.....	66
The Holy See and the Irish Party.....	69
Was Hamlet Mad?.....	72
EDITORIALS :	
A Question of Spelling..	75
What French-Canada Owes to Britain.....	76
A Complaint and an Appeal .....	77
The Student's Work.....	78
Obituary.....	81
Of Local Interest.....	82
Book Review.....	85
Exchanges .....	87
Among the Magazines.....	89
Athletics.....	90
Junior Department.....	94

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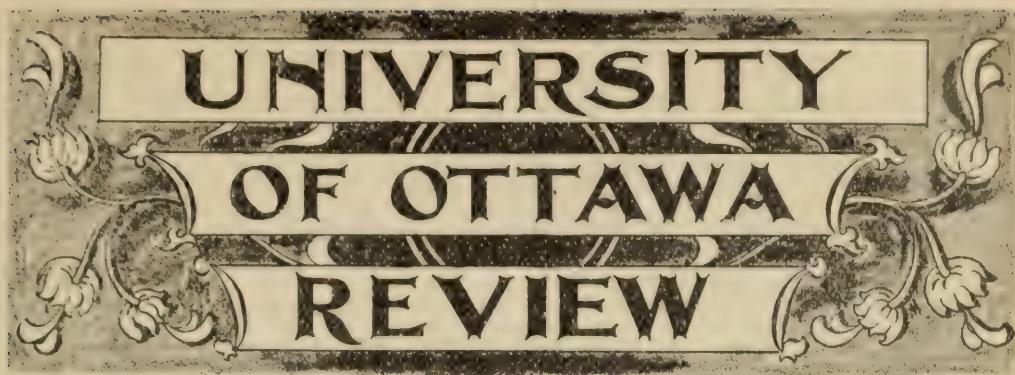
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# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 2

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Vol. VI

## The Scot in Canada.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said ;  
This is my own, my native land !”

**G**LANCING over the records of Canada's history during the few years of her political career, the most remarkable feature, probably, is the line of illustrious country-men who have been the guardians of her destiny as a nation. The patriotic spirit which actuated many of her statesmen, clergy and men of other stations in life, to devote their time and labor for Canada's advancement, is worthy of every Canadian's admiration. Nor are those distinguished individuals the adherents of any particular creed or nationality ; men of various races and religious beliefs have performed likewise their part in the development of this fair Dominion of ours, and have won prominence by their labors and ability. It is our purpose in this short treatise to note briefly the share which the Scottish race has taken in building up and promoting Canada's prosperity.

The advent of the primitive Scotch settlers into Canada deserves special note. Towards the latter half of the eighteenth century there landed on our shores, then a semi-wilderness, a band of Scotland's most worthy sons in search of an abode, where they might enjoy unmolested civil and religious freedom. These members of historic clans and noted families came not as con-

querors nor seekers after wealth, but, persecuted for their faith and their loyalty to their Sovereign, they abandoned their beautiful homes amidst the romantic highlands of Scotland in order to obtain that refuge which Canada gladly afforded them. About the year 1745, after the downfall of the Stuarts, for whose cause many of the highlanders nobly fought, their lands despoiled and forfeited to the victors by that infamous decree the "Highland Clearances," many Scotlanders sailed for Canada. Firstly, a large migration, consisting of about twenty thousand, settled in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Later, a colony under Selkirk's leadership formed settlements in the North-West Territory and Hudson Bay district. But perhaps the most interesting immigration was that of the famous Clan Macdonell, which about the year 1803 established homes for themselves in the Province of Ontario, around the district now called Glengarry. These Macdonells, being to a large extent of the Roman Catholic faith, migrated under the guidance of Alexander Macdonell, a Scotch priest, who afterwards became the first Catholic Bishop of Ontario. Glengarry at the present day is the centre of thousands of Scotch families, worthy descendants of these former colonizers, and loyal and faithful citizens of the Dominion. From these facts it is evident that a large element of Canada to-day, comprising the majority of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, the Glengarry district as well as many scattered settlements throughout the Dominion, is of Scotch origin.

Since their coming into Canada, these Highlanders and their descendants have upheld nobly the gallant traditions of their forefathers by their industry and loyalty to church, country and king. From the ranks of these men Canada has been provided with many of her most worthy statesmen, soldiers and clergymen. The Scotch-Canadian has occupied many seats of prominence in the Federal and Provincial houses of government. He is found among Canada's most progressive professional class as well as among the names of her bravest warriors and most esteemed clergymen and divines.

Scotchmen may well feel proud of their political standing in Canada, since she has become a factor in the world's politics. The highest position in honor and rank, that of Governor-Generalship

several times has been attributed to a son of Scotland. Such men as Aberdeen and Minto, and their accomplishments need no eulogy before a Canadian public. The office most sought after and attained by Canada's most intellectual and ablest men, the Premiership, has not unfrequently been the possession of a Canadian Scot. Leaving aside all partisan sentiments and feelings, but viewed solely as a Canadian statesman, none ever deserved a higher place in the hearts of his countrymen than the Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald. He it was who led the Fathers of Confederation in their grand achievement for Canada's future political and social welfare. Among the other Scotchmen who have been eminent in Canadian politics the names of Alexander Mackenzie and Sandfield Macdonald, are known by none but to be admired as statesmen of the highest type.

When the din of battle has resounded in Canada, Scotchmen have ever been at the fore fiercely opposing the enemy, who may have threatened our frontier. As the prowess of the famous Scots' Greys and the magnificent accomplishments of Highland regiments are well known wherever the British flag has attained honor and fame in warfare, so in Canada Scotland's sons have proven themselves soldiers of the highest degree. Not only in the front ranks but conspicuously among the leaders do we find the Scot, as Col. John Macdonell who at the expense of his life in that celebrated encounter at Queenston Heights upheld the honor of his country. At the beginning of the war of 1812, among the first volunteers to answer their country's call was a regiment of Glengarry young men under the leadership of General Macdonell, who afterwards did excellent service for his country. When the Rebellion of 1837 broke out, His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, as far as his clerical duties would permit him, exerted his influence to gather and organize the Glengarry Fencibles, who did much to maintain unimpaired Canada's peace and prosperity. That distinguished gentleman and warrior, the Earl of Dundonald, who at present is Commander of His Majesty's forces in Canada, is a soldier of some fame as well as a very efficient general. As the Scotch have done in the past, so in the future may we reasonably expect that they will answer as readily their country's call and respond as energetically.

As a race without religion is rather a curse than a benefit to a nation, it would be less than useless for us to attempt to justify the Scotchman's exalted position in Canadian affairs, if he lacked that great essential of good citizenship, of morality and prosperity. To verify the Scot's reverence for God and religion, we need only recall the fate of Clan Macdonell, which rather than submit to heresy, sacrificed their native land and homes that they might practice the religion of their ancestors. The Scotch clergyman has been no small factor in planting the Catholic faith on Canadian soil. Bishop Alexander Macdonell, who by his untiring energy and zeal for his faith succeeded in establishing his Catholic colony in Ontario, built the first Catholic church in this province, and he himself was honored by being appointed the first Catholic Bishop of Ontario, with his See at Kingston. While holding this dignified position he managed by his superior diplomacy with the British Government to ensure the maintenance of his church in this Dominion.

Considering these facts as well as his influential position in numerous other vocations, we must admit that the Scot holds no insignificant place in Canada's citizenship. True, it is to the freedom and liberty of our Dominion that we must attribute much of his success, but in no small measure to the character of the race. The rapidity of the Scot's advancement in the past justifies our esteem of him and leads us to hope that in the future he will continue to work harmoniously with his fellow-countrymen of various nationalities in developing our young nation. In conclusion we wish to assert that in recording the deeds of the Scot in Canada, we wish in no way to diminish the merits of the other Canadian nationalities, who have contributed so admirably to the growth and prosperity of this country. As we have said already Canada's celebrated sons belong to no particular race, but she offers equal advantages to every class, and it is upon her generosity in this respect that she hopes to establish herself in the hearts of her subjects.

O. J. McDONALD, '04.

## On Lake Deschenes.

THE woods of March in a stiff gale shiver,—  
My main-mast bends, and the lee shrouds slacken,  
The stays are taut, and the lithe boom quivers,  
And a squall-cloud lowering, the long waves blacken.

I stand at the helm and with eager eyes  
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,  
For my charge is great and I dread surprise,  
And hoarse is the order "*Full for stays!*"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,  
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays,  
And she swiftly springs to the rising seas,  
And heads for the heart of the surging ways.

And the light on Aylmer Head draws near,  
As, trumpet-winged, a heartening shout  
Through the gathering din in the air I hear,  
With the welcome call of "*Ready! About!*"

No time to spare! it is touch and go,  
When over the gale rings the yell, "*Hard down!*"  
And my weight on the stubborn tiller I throw,—  
My grip shoots white through my fingers brown.

High o'er the bow flies the ghostly spray,  
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;  
And my shoulder stiff to the rudder I lay,  
And guide my charger hard a-lee!

With the swerving leap of a startled steed  
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,  
Soon the shoals of Stony Point recede,  
And the headland's fangs we leave behind.

The topsail flutters, the jibs collapse,  
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,  
The spanker flags, and the mainsail flaps,  
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks calm breath I draw,  
While hisses the rain of the rushing squall ;  
The sails are aback from clew to claw,  
And now is the moment for "*Mainsail haul!*"

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy  
By twenty strong hands are quickly swung ;  
She holds her way and I look with joy  
For the first spray flake o'er the bulwarks flung.

To her haven and rest let the good ship hie,  
How we sing at our work grown suddenly gay,  
And we search the lockers for jackets dry  
While speeding into Britannia Bay !

MAURICE CASEY.



## Mission Fields.

**A**T the present day, when we see the minds of the majority of manhood wholly taken up with material progress—the advancement of profane science, the increase of wealth, and the growth of political power—it is a relief to turn to a question of less prominence, but of more importance to humanity—the spread and advancement of religion.

Unthinking Catholics may imagine that the days of the Apostolate are ended ; that we of the present generation have no other duty than that of preserving intact the faith confided to us by our forefathers. But this cannot be, as long as so large a part of the world is pagan, and so many Catholics, even, are not true ones.

Among the pagan nations, China is the most conspicuous. This empire has a population of four hundred million. Though conditions would seem particularly adapted for the reception of Christianity, obstacles requiring no small amount of courage on the part of the missionary, present themselves. Possessed of a religion and morality of his own and boasting of a civilization that has lasted through forty centuries, the yellow man is not particularly anxious to change good enough for better. Added to this, he looks upon the missionary in the same category with the unscrupulous European politicians and merchants who, while working for their own national or personal profit, are indifferent to the injury and insult given to Chinese power and patriotism. The massacres which recently took place in China, so destructive to Catholic missions, show how intense is the Mongol hatred for Christian converts.

India is another mission field. This country has a population of nearly three hundred millions, mostly adherents of the religion of Brahma. Here, in addition to the difficulties met with in China, are those offered by the pride of caste. On the division of the people into castes the entire social system hinges ; and as the introduction of Christianity, teaching that all men are brothers and equal, involves the destruction of modes of thought and govern-

ment consecrated by the usage of centuries, it is little wonder that the progress of conversion in India has been so slow.

There are other nations not so well prepared for the reception of the Christian religion—people to whom the missionary must teach not only the dogmas of faith, but likewise the arts of civilized life. This the Spanish Dominicans have done, and are still doing, to the Malay population of the East Indies ; this, also, are others doing to the indolent and barbarous Blacks of Africa and to the cannibal tribes of Oceanica.

In all these places, the Catholic Church has very prosperous missions, built up by years of labor, trial and difficulty, and in many instances by the blood of martyrs. And, as if God disdained to use the world's wealth for the spread of the true faith, progress has been made with comparatively little pecuniary aid from Christian lands. Still the missionaries lament the fact that the lack of funds—or rather the lack of charity among their fellow Catholics have prevented many blessings that might otherwise have been to the souls of the heathen.

But while taking an active interest in foreign missions, we should not forget that our own continent has much work to be done in the line of evangelization. No one will deny that a large percentage of the population of Canada and the United States is sadly in need of spiritual aid. Whether the degeneracy is due to the clash of racial characteristics and the mingling of immigrants from every land, the mad rush for wealth, the anxiety for political power, or radical defects in the educational system, the fact is becoming plain that the people of the United States especially, are sinking somewhat in the grade of morality. This is proved by the multiplication of divorce cases, the evident disinclination of married people to fulfil the obligations of their state technically known as race-suicide, the morbid craving after the sensational, the facility with which malefactors escape punishment, lynchings, useless strikes, etc.

Those of our own creed are the first care of the missionary. Scattered by thousands amongst non-Catholics distant from church and priest, they are in danger of falling away, if no one is by to supply fuel to the flame of faith. Work among these is of the most difficult kind as they include persons of diverse nationality—

Irish, French, Italian, etc.—and priests of their own are not available.

Then come the missions to the non-Catholics. Owing to the efforts of the Paulists and others, a more tolerant spirit is becoming manifest among Protestants. With the removal of ignorance and prejudice, they are more anxious to learn more of a religion they half admire but so little understand. In fact crowds of non-Catholics, out of curiosity, attend every Catholic mission; and herein lies the means of reaching their minds and winning their assent to the dogmas of Catholicity.

Next in the category comes the Negro element. At present there are over eight million Negroes in North America, and, as their number is by no means on the decrease, they are sure to remain an integral part of our population. Ignorance, poverty, and crime are rampant among them. It behoves us then, even for our own safety and well-being to look to the ways and means of training them up to a higher and more effective morality than that afforded by non-Catholic sects heretofore.

Lastly, we must speak of the Redman, who occupied the continent before the European came. He is being dispossessed of his heritage and driven into the inaccessible recesses of the Rocky Mountains or the bleak plains of northern Canada. As if to recompense him for the wrong he suffers, God has given him when converted, a simplicity and vividness of faith denied his proud conqueror. This fact consoles the numerous missionaries who labor among them.

There are other missions of interest to the Catholics of America. I refer to the decatholicized countries of Europe and to those parts of Asia and Africa, formerly occupied by Catholic communities, but now overrun by Mahometans. Undoubtedly the principal burden of evangelization belongs to the clergy, but the laity also can accomplish their share of the noble work by contributing to the support of the missions and by assisting Catholic societies which have for their object the propagation of the faith.

## LORD BACON.



FRANCIS Bacon, born in London, January 22nd, 1561, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Elizabeth's Keeper of the Great Seal. From his early boyhood he manifested superior powers of intellect, which, allied to an ardent love of knowledge, gave every promise of that eminence he was subsequently to attain.

Sent to Cambridge at the age of thirteen, he quitted it three years later dissatisfied with the course of study there pursued. Thence he went to Paris in the suite of the English Ambassador; and the result of his stay in the French capital was the work afterwards published, *Of the State of Europe*. Returning to England he adopted the profession of law, but did not attain success with a rapidity due to his talents, chiefly owing to the hostility of his uncle, Queen Elizabeth's first minister, Lord Burleigh, who regarded him as a dangerous rival to his own son.

But through the instrumentality of his patron, the Earl of Essex, Bacon procured some advancement, and was presented with a magnificent estate. For all this kindness, however, Bacon returned nothing but flagrant ingratitude. When Essex was subsequently brought to trial for treason, after his unfortunate expedition to Ireland, Bacon, the man who should have been his friend and defender, came forward as his accuser with tongue and pen.

In 1619, under King James, Bacon became Chancellor, with the title of Lord Verulam, and the next year that of Viscount of St. Albans. But in order to procure money wherewith to support the extravagance in which he lived, he resorted to unscrupulous and very illegal methods of increasing his revenues. Having been accused by Parliament of venality and corruption, he fully confessed the crimes laid to his charge, and was condemned to pay a fine of £40,000, and to be confined in the tower during the king's pleasure. However he was soon released by James, and procured a full revocation of his sentence. During the remainder of his

life he devoted himself to philosophical and literary works. He died in 1626, of a fever contracted while making an experiment.

Bacon's fame rests chiefly on his philosophical works. The object which he pursued throughout all his philosophical writings was a reorganization of the sciences with a view to the substitution of induction for deduction in scientific research. His plan embraced three parts: first, a general review of the whole field of the sciences; next, the doctrine of method; and lastly, an exposition of the sciences themselves and their application to new discoveries. Of the first part he treats in *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*, a general summary of human knowledge. He explained his famous doctrine of method in *Novum Organon*, a *New Instrument or Method* of studying the sciences. The work treats of the inductive method of reasoning, and dwells on the necessity of experiment in the study of natural sciences. But Bacon never made any important contribution to any particular branch of science. He also wrote a treatise, *De Sapientia Veterum*, in which he displays an immense knowledge of antiquity, and explains the ancient fables by ingenious allegories.

Concerning Bacon and his philosophical works the most contradictory appreciations have been given. Whilst it is a fact that his detractors have perhaps blamed him overmuch, it is nevertheless true that his admirers have praised him altogether too highly. One of the greatest faults in his system is that he implies everywhere that man knows nothing but through experience and observation. Now it is historically demonstrable that hypothetical interpretation of nature by means of deductions is as fruitful of scientific discovery as the use of the inductive method. But a greater objection to this principle of Bacon's is to be found in the fact that it is the first step on the road to materialism and atheism. This is evident not only from an examination of the very nature of Baconian empiricism, but much more by reference to the consequences to which it has led its followers. We can trace these principles through Hobbes, Locke and Hume, until we come to the evil doctrines taught in France in the eighteenth century by such men as Voltaire and Rousseau.

Again it may be objected against him that Bacon never made but isolated and incomplete contributions to any particular branch

of science. As fond as he was of experiment, he made and multiplied them to little profit ; and made no important advance in any branch of physical science. This seems strange when we consider that one of the strongest objections Bacon had against ancient and scholastic philosophy was its unprogressiveness and inutility. However, some writers state that Bacon's object was not to make discoveries, but to render the method of induction useful for application to scientific experiment. They say that he himself made no discoveries, but his life was employed in teaching the way in which discoveries are made.

Besides his scientific, or philosophical works, Bacon has also written a number of literary works, which have been universally commended for their depth of reasoning and literary excellence. He combined a gorgeous and energetic style, with an intellect one of the most penetrating and profound that ever appeared among men. One of the special characteristics of his style is its poetical beauty of expression. Possessing an imagination and fancy, that would have made him an honored name among the greatest poets, he preferred to make it entirely subservient to reason ; and the result is a clear, brilliant, fanciful diction, everywhere irradiated by the light of an intellect which outshines that of other men.

The best known and most popular of his literary productions are his *Essays*. They are fifty-eight in number. The style is elaborate, sententious, often metaphorical ; and possesses a degree of conciseness which renders it impossible for a reader to grasp the entire signification, except after repeated perusal. He has also written a *History of the Reign of Henry VII.*, a reliable and attractively written work, which alone would have rendered Bacon's name illustrious as an historian had not his other writings made it doubly so as a philosopher.

J. C. WALSH, '05.

## The English Education Bill.

### PART III.\*

#### (BENEFICIAL ASPECTS OF THE BILL.)

**T**NSTEAD of several conflicting authorities, as heretofore, we have now one authority for all secular education in the country. That this is an advantage cannot be denied. If any system of education is to be efficient it is necessary that all schools, from the lowest to the highest, be placed in the closest possible connection with one another. If Higher Education, for instance, is to be of any value it must be based on a sound system of Elementary instruction. Hitherto the authorities in charge of Higher and Technical Education have had no voice whatever, as regards the knowledge to be imparted in the secondary schools. The result can easily be seen. Boys entered the Technical Schools without being prepared for the work which they were to take up, and consequently they could reap little benefit from their attendance in such schools. The main educational value of the new Act lies in the fact that it offers a remedy for this evil. Who can deny that it is possible to so grade the work in each school that the course of instruction in one will not overlap that of another, and that the pupil can pass from one school to the other, without experiencing any difficulty in entering on the work of the new school?

Thus, it is apparent that the new Act is a great step towards the co-ordination of education ; towards the establishment of unity, efficiency and stability, without which it is absolutely impossible to have a good system of education.

Another advantage to be derived from the Act is decentralization from London. Heretofore the authorities at Whitehall frequently interfered with the individual schools. Now, this interference is entirely abolished. If difficulties regarding a particular school arise reference must be had to the Council, which is particularly charged with the maintenance and supervision of each

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\*The two preceding parts appeared in Vol. V, pp. 392, 396.

school within its jurisdiction. Now, in cases of difficulty as to the needs and requirements of a certain school, what body is more capable of settling the question fairly and justly, than the Local Education authority, cognizant as it should be of the condition of each school in its immediate area?

Again, considering the Act from the standpoint of the ratepayers, we notice an improvement which is most commendable. The School Boards often levied assessments in their respective districts without due regard to the amount of taxation which the ratepayers could bear. Under the new Act the town council or the county council, as the case be, will levy the rates; and no body can better gauge the weight of the rating burden than a council thoroughly familiar with every financial detail in their district.

Another point to be noted in discussing the changes effected by the Act, is the ability of the men chosen to administer the educational affairs of the district. If we consider the character of the School Boards in general as popularly elected bodies, we cannot deny that in many cases they have done noble work in the cause of education. Yet, in numerous instances, instead of being a body thoroughly representative of the ratepayers; instead of being a body chosen by a majority of electors to look after education in their respective areas, there is abundant proof that in a majority of instances these School Boards actually represented not more than forty per cent of the ratepayers qualified to vote at the Board elections. The evil effects of this state of affairs can be at once perceived. Nor is the cause beyond our knowing. The people did not take an interest in the election of the best men to the responsible position of school trustees. Moreover, the elections were often controlled by a few who, by their underhand plotting and canvassing were able to secure their elections to positions in which they hoped to reap the rewards of their narrow and selfish ambition. The fact is plain that in many of the school districts of England, the School Boards have never been a body representative of the people.

Now, experience and observation in civic affairs make it evident that no corporate body is more popularly elected, more thoroughly representative of the taxpayers of the community, or

more alive to its requirements than the town or county council. It is a fact beyond denial that the people almost without a delinquent, flock to the polls on civic election day. And it is this council, of the town or the county as the case may be, which is to be the new education authority. Assuredly this more representative body in control of education will do more for their respective districts in this connection than the School Boards, which often represented only a minority of the electorate. And the effects of this change are far reaching, for the ratepayers will be stimulated to take an interest in education, owing to the fact that it is to be administered by the civic authority, and the best men will undoubtedly be chosen to fill the positions.

With respect to the religious aspect of the Act, it is a matter for rejoicing that the British Government has publicly recognized the necessity of religious instruction in the schools of the country. Denominational schools with every privilege to impart the precepts of religion to the young, are maintained in their entirety. They possess, as heretofore, full control of religious education. Surely a government that, in the face of bitter opposition, thus sanctions the teaching of religion in the school is worthy of praise, for their action in putting through the bill is equivalent to a frank and manly admission of the fact that an education without religious instruction can not properly build up and fashion the minds of the youths who are to be the men of the future. When we contrast the Christian attitude of the British Government on the question of religious education with the basely anti-Christian and godless doings of the French Government on the same question, we cannot but be strongly impressed with the fact that the majority of the members of the Parliament of Great Britain—the greatest deliberative assembly in the world—are deeply imbued with the knowledge of the influence of Christian instruction on the minds and hearts of men.

But the point that interests us as Catholics is this, viz : the gain to the voluntary Catholic schools under the new Act. It will be found, in studying the bill with particular regard to the Catholic schools, that our brethren in England have much for which to be thankful. In the first place, they will be encouraged and stimulated to continue the good work which for years they have been

doing under difficulties and obstacles almost insurmountable ; they will take courage and persevere with a bolder determination, to impart Catholic education to their Catholic children. This will inevitably be the result of the public recognition by Parliament of their services in the cause of education. Indeed, if the Catholics of England gained nothing more than the praise bestowed upon their schools during the debate on the bill, they would have every reason to rejoice.

But to come to the facts of the case it is well known that prior to the present time, the managers and promoters of Catholic instruction in England—the supporters of the Catholic voluntary schools—had an arduous task to perform. They had not only to keep their schools in working order, to pay their teachers, and to pay every cent that went to build their schools ; but they had in addition to pay the education tax of the community in which they lived. Thus, besides being forced to pay just as much per man towards the support of the Board schools as their Nonconformist brethren, they had to maintain their own Catholic schools. Surely this was unjust, not only from a financial standpoint, but from the fact that the Catholics were compelled to pay to the support of schools from which they derived no benefit and in the teaching of which they could not confide.

Such a state of injustice and oppression bore heavily on our brethren in England during the last thirty years, but they had no choice but to bear it, unless, what they could not do, they would abandon their Catholic schools and submit their children to the teaching imparted in the Board schools, which teaching, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary, was, in many cases, grossly saturated with the foolish bigotry of a frantic and jealous Protestantism. With laudable zeal and undaunted determination, they have not only kept their schools in existence—not one Catholic school having been closed since 1870—but they have accomplished work in them not only in religious instruction but in secular education as well, which time and time again has elicited the most unstinted praise from the leading educationists of the land, and which has most undoubtedly been the means of securing the present terms from Parliament.

In this noble work, the Religious Orders played a part which

must forever commend them to their brethren in England and throughout the world, and which has done much to remove the stale prejudices which for years had been nurtured against them.

It is true that these schools received Government grants, but these were not large and were in almost every case, applied towards improving the efficiency of the schools. They in no way lightened the burden of maintenance of their schools for the Catholics. Abundant evidence has been produced by Parliament during the recent debate on the Bill to show that after the grants were made, subscriptions instead of decreasing actually grew larger.

Thus much with respect to the disabilities under which Catholics have hitherto been laboring in England. What is their position to be under the new Act?

They have indeed as heretofore to pay their share of the rate necessary to defray the expenses of education in their areas ; but while before they got nothing in return, they now get a share of this money spent on their own schools, the Local Education authority maintaining and paying all the expenses of the secular education in the Catholic schools. Thus a portion of the money which Catholics pay into the Education fund, will now be returned to them. They will still have to keep their schools in repair, the Local Authority being responsible for only "the ordinary wear and tear." Nevertheless, when all the facts are weighed, it becomes apparent that the Catholics have gained much by the new Act, for while heretofore they have had to maintain their own schools in their entirety, and to pay an education tax as well, for which they got no return, they have now to bear only the expenses of keeping their schools in repair, and of maintaining religious instruction, the Local Authority defraying the expenses of running the schools and of secular education besides. They have, moreover, the same privileges as in the past, with regard to the hiring of teachers, etc. The Local Authority can veto the appointment of a Catholic teacher on educational grounds only ; while the managers of the Catholic schools retain the right to refuse the application of or to dismiss a teacher on religious grounds.

No stronger proof of the benefits accruing to the Catholic schools under the new Act can be given than the staunch support

accorded the Bill when in course of debate, by the Episcopate and clergy of the country.

We have now outlined in brief the main features of the "English Education Act," and shown in some measure the benefit which our brethren in England will derive from its operation, indicating as well the effects which it will have on education in general in that country. The Act undoubtedly has its imperfections, but time will make improvements in its provisions. We as Catholics should rejoice at the hopes held out to our English brethren by its provisions for the effectual carrying out of the work so dear to them—Catholic education for their children. Let us hope and pray that the Act may do even more than is expected of it, and that the good precedent established by the British Government may, ere long, be followed by other countries, Australia and the United States, for example, in a just effort to remove the educational disabilities under which Catholics in those countries labor.

H. J. MACDONALD, '04.

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## An Unfortunate Outing.

EVERYBODY, they say, has a perfect right to change his mind. For the sake of my own views, I am glad this is so; for very recently I have changed one of my most pronounced opinions. Until lately it was my firm conviction that there existed in this world no such thing as good or bad "luck." I considered that the issue depended entirely on the management of the party concerned and on the circumstances of the occasion. I could never believe that what people generally designated as a "streak of hard luck" was due to conditions and venues over which the person himself had no control.

But lately, chiefly through observations made in my own personal experience, I have changed my notions on this subject; so that now I firmly believe in the saying, "misfortunes never come singly." One of the facts that have led me to this opinion is the incident I am about to relate.

During my summer holidays, I had occasion to visit one of those lake regions of the north which abound so profusely in all sorts of fish and game. Many pleasant days I spent on one of these lakes near the village where I was stopping, and generally I had very good success both when fishing and hunting in the woods along the shore.

One fine afternoon my friend and host, Mr. X. . . . ., and I decided to go to the lake to fish. We had fished almost all the preceding day with good results, and, moreover, Mr. X. . . . 's neighbor, the doctor, had caught a fine string that very morning. So, taking our fishing utensils, we went down to the lake, a distance of about a mile.

We launched the boat, put in all that we thought we needed, and gaily started forth with light hearts and high hopes. It was an ideal day for an outing, bright, clear, warm, with just enough breeze to make it exhilarating. We had drawn out a short distance from the shore, when my companion exclaimed, "Oh, we have forgotten to put in an anchor!" We discussed for a little while the advisability of going back to the boat-house, which was a considerable distance. But suddenly a thought came to me which determined my course of action. I remembered the saying, "it is unlucky to turn back on a journey." Belief in things like these I had always derided, and, in order to assure myself perhaps that I was not superstitious, I had invariably acted contrary to such practices. Consequently I said, "It is necessary; we must go back. How are we to still-fish without an anchor to keep the boat from drifting?" Accordingly we returned, procured the missing article, and started out again, rowing vigorously to make up for the lost time.

When a short distance from the shore, I thought we must have reached the shoal where we intended fishing, and to ascertain if this were so, I put out the anchor to find bottom. Scarcely was the heavy iron in the water, however, when I felt the weight suddenly relieved, and, when I pulled the rope, I found, to my intense chagrin, that the rope had broken. Not despairing, however, even in this second misfortune, we did not lose a moment in turning round and getting back to the boat-house for another anchor.

Again we had got well out near our prospective fishing grounds, and were beginning to forget all about our previous mishaps, when we ran into some weeds which retarded our progress considerably. One of my friend's oars got fast in the weeds; and, in order to free it, he found it necessary to pull the oar into the boat for the purpose of taking off the tangled masses. But in doing so he forgot to provide against giving our persistent enemy, "hard luck," an opportunity of assailing us. The iron socket in which the oar works, came out, and sank down into the water. There we were then disabled in the middle of the lake, and every moment drifting farther and farther into the weeds. By means of hard, vigorous paddling with the remaining oar, we managed, however, to reach our destination.

Throwing out our lines we held ourselves prepared to pull in whatever luckless fish should have the misfortune to nibble at our baits; but we waited in vain. We patiently watched the bobbing corks for at least three-quarters of an hour, and did not get even a bite. The fish had probably enough for that day on what we had given them.

But the dread goddess that controls the luck of fishermen was not yet propitiated. In pulling up his line, my friend found that it resisted strongly. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I've got a maskalounge, or — would it be possible my hook is caught on bottom?" The latter was the explanation. He worked and jerked until the line broke, and then, probably considering patience no longer a virtue, said,—"Come, let us go home; we shall be drowning ourselves next."

We started to do so, none to soon. A dark looking cloud in the west, that hitherto we had not noticed, was now assuming menacing proportions; and, before we could reach the shore, down came the rain, and such rain! Before we got to shelter we looked more like drowned rats than human beings. Now with all these misfortunes, I think you will agree with me that this was a most unfortunate outing. I have never since gone fishing.

J. C. W., '05.

## The Holy See and the Irish Party.

**O**NE of the glories, Ireland has retained undimmed in all her calamitous history, has been the unflinching attachment of her people, not only as individuals but even more so as a body, to the Catholic faith they received from St. Patrick. This noble characteristic of theirs received expression on innumerable occasions, and amid conditions the most critical in the life of a people. One form of it the most positive, if possible, was devotion to the eternal See of Peter. While we cannot help admiring, we are not the least surprised at the deep and active sympathy the Irish showed in consequence of the recent remarkable changes in the Vatican. It was eminently proper that under the circumstances the sentiments of Irishmen should receive public and official utterance by means of their representatives at Westminster. Thus, on the death of Pope Leo, Sir Thomas Esmonde and Captain Donelon, two members of the Irish Parliamentary Party were delegated to Rome to express to the Holy See the grief of Ireland. Their message ran this wise :—

“ As representatives of a people who have attested by many centuries of suffering their fidelity to the Holy See, we hasten to associate ourselves with the Hierarchy and people of Ireland in their sorrow in presence of the event which has placed the Catholic Church, and, indeed, the civilized world in mourning. If anything can relieve the gloom with which the loss of our glorious Pontiff must fill all Catholic hearts, it is the consoling remembrance of all that the Holy Father’s noble and saintly life has done to strengthen religion and enoble humanity.

The Irish Party were among the first to congratulate Pope Pius X upon his election to the supreme pontificate. In their address, presented again by Sir Thomas Esmonde, observe the the *Messenger*, they recall with a touch of *blarney* how the Irish Archers, in far-off days, helped the Queen of the Adriatic to shoot back the Moslem. The following is the address presented to the Holy Father at the audience granted the representatives of the Irish Parliamentary Party :

MOST HOLY FATHER :—In the course of last year my colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party entrusted to me the honorable mission of laying their

congratulations at the feet of the late Pontiff, of glorious memory, on the happy occasion of his reaching the years of St. Peter in the direction of our Holy Church. My recollections of that mission will remain with me until my dying day. Recently again my colleagues deputed me as one of their representatives at the funeral of Pope Leo XIII., in testimony of the sorrow at that event which they shared with the entire civilized world. I followed the remains of our late Sovereign Pontiff to the tomb with feelings I cannot attempt to describe. And now, Holy Father, that the mantle of Leo has fallen upon your shoulders, I am here, humbly and respectfully to lay at your feet the sincere congratulations of my colleagues of the Irish party, and in their name, and in the name of those they represent, and the name of the millions of their kinsmen scattered to the ends of the earth, to offer you an Irish welcome to the Apostolic Throne. Your Holiness will not be unfamiliar with the name of Ireland. Coming, as you do, from beautiful Venice, you will remember the Irish Archers, who in mediaeval days upheld the banner of St. Mark in many a memorable conflict, while the Queen of the Adriatic, the bulwark of Christendom, bore back and broke the overwhelming torrent of Moslem power and saved the liberties and the civilization of the West. But it is as head of the Church that we trust you will come to know us better, and in that great position we beg your fatherly help to draw still closer those bonds of love which, from the coming of St. Patrick, have bound Ireland to Rome, so that our country may continue to deserve the proud title conferred upon her by your illustrious predecessor, of the consolation of the Holy See, until time is no more. With this prayer, Holy Father, I beg, on behalf of those I represent, for ourselves and for our families, and for our people at home and abroad, the Apostolic Benediction.

Pope Pius made the envoy of the Irish Party sit beside him and assured him that long ago he had learned to love the warm-hearted people of Erin. He praised "the undying fidelity" of this portion of his flock; whose homage was "most acceptable," and they received in return a blessing from "the full heart" of the chief Shepherd.

Later Sir Thomas Esmonde received the following letter :

HONORABLE SIR:—You have discharged a high and memorable mission in the name of the Irish Parliamentary party by laying at the feet of the Holy Father your affectionate and elevated address expressive of sentiments of unalterable attachment to the Holy See, together with the best wishes for its ample prosperity.

The opportunity you have furnished to the new Vicar of Christ to direct his august attention to the loyalty and undying fidelity of the Irish people comes most appropriately in the midst of the testimonies of devotion and respect which come to him from all parts of the world. It is therefore with extreme satisfaction that the successor of St. Peter, from whom the great

apostle of your noble people derived the authority of his evangelic mission, sees to-day continued and confirmed the hereditary national virtues of your race. In consequence thereof, in thanking you for your most acceptable homage, His Holiness takes pleasure in return in expressing his heartfelt good wishes for the faithful nation you represent, convinced as he is that you and your colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party will constantly aspire to add to the renown of the faith you profess. He is pleased to bless with a full heart yourself, your colleagues, your families and the whole of the people of Ireland. In communicating the foregoing. I have the honor to be, with much esteem, yours faithfully,

RAFFAELE MERRY DEL VAL.

Acting Secretary of State to the Vatican.

August 15, 1903.

Without a doubt, the Irish the world over share fully in the noble attitude so consistently held by their political representatives at home. This attitude, in no way surprising from them, may have passed without special comment amid expressions of homage for the Papacy which were less counted upon and more brilliant, nevertheless, as a beautiful profession of faith, at once entirely Catholic and natural, nothing similar at this time can be pointed out. And what may appear stranger still to all but themselves, the Irish people look upon the pleasure and affection evinced by the Sovereign Pontiff in return for their heartfelt attachment to him, as bound to result in the highest spiritual blessings.



### MY ROSARY.

I tell them over, day by day,  
 For every "Pater" that I say,  
     My Father stoops to hear ;  
 And every "Ave" I repeat  
     She listens too, our Lady sweet,  
     Our Mother, kind and dear.

F. W. G.

## Was Hamlet Mad ?

Dick—Hello, Joe, do you know your memory lines for this afternoon?

Joe—Now, I don't half believe in this *memorizing* anyway. Do you?

Dick—I don't care much about it. But, say, what do you think of the whole play of *Hamlet* anyway?

Joe—Well, I've read it over a couple of times, and I like it all right ; but I think Shakespeare might have saved us all an immense amount of trouble, if he had settled, once for all, some of those questions like Hamlet's madness and his mother's guilt, instead of allowing them to remain doubtful, and putting us all to the trouble of making a special study of the play, to find out what Shakespeare's idea really was. I don't believe he was sure about the matter himself. So you think Hamlet was really mad?

Dick—It's a pretty hard question to decide, but I think he was mad at least part of the time. I suppose he wasn't as mad as he pretended, and was supposed to be, but I think his mind was a little unhinged by the revelation of his uncle's crime and his mother's guilt, which was so much greater than even he had supposed it to be.

Joe—Well, I'd like to hear you prove the stand you take, for I don't believe he was mad at all. He had a scheme of revenge to carry out ; and to protect himself in the meantime, he feigned madness in order to divert suspicion.

Dick—First of all, in several places in the play, mention is made of how sullen and moody Hamlet had been ever since his father's death. He had been nursing his grief, and his mind was in just the condition in which it would be most likely to be affected by any shock. Then came Horatio's sudden announcement of the appearance of the ghost, and then Hamlet's own interview with the ghost. The ghost's story of the awful crime of Hamlet's uncle and his mother's extreme guilt, and the earnest exhortation to revenge, was likely to have a great effect on anyone, and a very

great one on a mind like Hamlet's. So I don't think it would have been anything extraordinary, if his mind did become unbalanced. After the ghost had departed, Hamlet rejoined his friends and in answer to their inquiries, he spoke, as Horatio says, "wild and whirling words." These men were all faithful to him, and there was no need of deceiving them ; so, when he acted so strangely with them, I think it shows that his mind had been affected.

Joe—Yes, they were friends of his for all ordinary purposes ; but if he had told them of what the ghost had revealed and of his own purposes of taking revenge on Claudius, they might not have kept silence, so he acted as he did to evade their questions, not to make them think he was mad. He took the shortest way to get rid of them, and so showed his common sense.

Dick—Well, let that pass. Let us consider his conduct towards Ophelia. He loved her ardently, and would surely cause her as little pain as possible. But in the second act, we see how much he frightened her by his strange conduct, and in the third act, he seems to be absolutely indifferent to her, and repulses her savagely. This is carrying on the matter further than concealment of his design could require.

Joe—In the second act, he had probably suspected that Ophelia's change of manner was due to Polonius' interference, and by behaving so strangely, he caused Polonius to imagine that his madness was caused by love. This was carried to the king and fell in perfectly with Hamlet's desire. In the third act, he evidently knew that spies were listening, and he spoke for their special benefit. Perhaps it was somewhat cruel to cause Ophelia so much pain, but he was compelled to do it.

Dick—How about his conversations with Polonius ?

Joe—He must have seen that Polonius was an old busybody and he took great pleasure in railing at him. His conduct in this matter shows what a true estimate he had formed of the character of Polonius, and proves Hamlet's discernment.

Dick—But Hamlet himself admits that he cannot always control himself. He tells Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, that for some unknown reason, his mind has been clouded. Also, just before their bout in the last act, he tells Laertes, as a reason why

he himself should be forgiven, that at times he cannot control himself, so that, if he has offended, his madness must be blamed. It might be all right to deceive two whom he knew to be spies, but one would not think that an honorable man like Hamlet, in an affair of honor, would give temporary madness as an excuse, if his madness was feigned.

Joe—He may have meant by madness some defect in his character which made him sometimes irresolute and sometimes impulsive.

Dick—Surely his conduct at the grave of Ophelia is a sign of madness. No person in his senses would have acted or talked as he did on that occasion.

Joe—On that occasion he was carried outside of himself by seeing Laertes weeping and mourning for Ophelia, as if he was the only one that had loved her. His anger caused him to act rashly. But now I will quote a few instances and show how sane Hamlet was. In all his soliloquies, although he often accuses himself of forgetfulness and irresolution, he never gives any signs of an unbalanced mind. In his conversations with Horatio he is always sensible. The plan by which he makes sure of the king's guilt is admirable and is certainly not the product of a weak mind. The way he sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to death was surely the result of a strong intellect. What he says in his conversations with Polonius is rambling, but it is sharp and sarcastic and certainly not foolish, and indeed in these and in his meeting with Osric, he shows great keenness and wit.

Dick—Well, of course his reason was not completely gone by any means, but I cannot help thinking that, on some occasions, his madness was too realistic to be feigned. However, we cannot hope to solve the question about which so many better men have differed, so the best thing we can do is to agree to disagree, and so drop the subject altogether.

V. MEAGHER, '04.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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## A QUESTION OF SPELLING.

Writers vary greatly in the spelling of certain words or rather of their terminations. The editor of a paper often finds himself perplexed in deciding for either of the so-called English and American methods of spelling such words as honor (honour), favor (favour), labor (labour). Dr. White, in the "Educational Department" of the *Free Press*, gives the reasons for the preference which the REVIEW has shown in this matter. "There never was etymological support for the presence of 'u' in such words. In the fourteenth century, while French was the language of the Court of St. James, our forefathers filtered all domesticated words through the Norman-French—the most barbarous dialect ever transformed into a language. It is so unlike the language of France to day that French law students have as much trouble with it as we have. If

we must domesticate words from the Latin, and I suppose we must, we ought to go direct to that language ; and, in the Latin, those words were spelled ' honor,' ' labor.' " Undoubtedly, usage is the final court of appeal, but on this point usage is pretty well divided. Hence no one is to be condemned for employing either of the two modes of spelling.

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#### WHAT FRENCH-CANADA OWES TO BRITAIN.

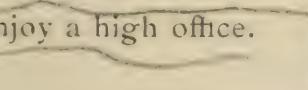
In the midst of the present heated discussion of Britain's fiscal policy and her relations with her colonies it might be well to know what Canada and especially the French-Canadian owes to Britain. To consider such a question properly we must go back to the times of Montcalm and Wolfe when the hostile cannon thundered death around the walls of old Quebec.

In the conflict of 1759 Britain was victorious and, in 1763, France ceded the whole of her North American colonies to Great Britain. In Canada, the British commander, Murray, found a population mostly agricultural, scattered all along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Many were starving from lack of tilled land. On account of the war, every man able to bear a rifle was drafted into the French army, there being left to till the soil but women and helpless men. The people also suffered from the exactions of the Intendent, Bigot, who had enriched himself and friends at the expense of the laborers.

With the advent of British rule Bigot was dismissed and the soldier-farmers induced to return to their homes. They had no longer to fear their powerful neighbor to the south as they both belonged to the same power. After a mild military rule of ten years the French Canadians received the boon of the Quebec Act, which extended their territory, gave them the right to the free practice of their religion, and admitted them to the discussion of political affairs. From 1774 onward, we may date the rise of self-government among Canadians. The progress may have been slow, but the least of it was more than the people ever made under a French king.

Perhaps the greatest privilege which this people ever enjoyed was that they were no longer servants of France when the French Revolution and Reign of Terror broke out. Had Canada belonged to the French king at this time the anarchy of the old country would also have communicated itself to the colony, especially if we consider that the exacting schemes of Bigot would still have been at work.

Another reason which makes the French Canadian satisfied with the allegiance to Britain is the manner in which his religious rights have been guarded. He looks across the border and thinks what it might have been for him or his children if Canada had been unfortunate enough to join the revolted States, and to-day would enjoy nothing but godless schools. Under British rule men from their ranks have risen to the highest favor of the Crown, while in the States it is an unwritten law that none of their religion can enjoy a high office.

 Rot!

#### A COMPLAINT AND AN APPEAL.

The average college journal finds it very difficult to get suitable contributions from the students. The question naturally arises, Why? Cannot we students express our thoughts? Surely we can, after our study of ancient and English classics, of logic, and of rhetoric.

Or is it that we have no time? In other words, that we are too lazy? Yet the writing of a page is better than the reading of a volume. So it seems we have no college pride, no desire of self-improvement.

Another of these reasons, which accuse more than excuse, is that we have nothing to write about; that we have no ideas fit to put before the public. Is then, all our conversation mere idle trash? It is true, youth has little experience, and its knowledge is consequently shallow; and that in some species of literature, such as poetry, success is nearly impossible. Yet all kinds of writing are not so difficult, for in several, readable productions can easily be composed.

Take oratory, for example: There is no reason why we should not prepare our debates in such a way that they could be

adapted for printing. If the subjects are too dry to write about, surely they must also be too dry to speak about.

And in history. It is indeed tiresome to reiterate well-known facts; but to re-tell important, yet rarely mentioned facts is surely very good. There are several other suitable kinds of writing that may, like history, be put in an essay shape. We have the critical essay. Of course, ill-digested resumés of Coleridge and Dowden, such as form the basis of most of the Shakespearian criticism that appears in college magazines, are clearly to be avoided. But re-viewing books that are not as yet sufficiently well known, though difficult, is very useful. Speaking of essays, we have two other types, the personal essay, which requires considerable skill, and the scientific essay. As regards scientific essays, quite a number are delivered before the scientific society during the year. If these were written less in the impersonal scientific manner, and more in that style whose description is summed up in the word "Ruskinian," the REVIEW would not suffer from a chronic dearth of articles.

One more complaint. We have no fiction, and never had much. We always preferred to have none at all rather than take mediocre stuff. Now, to write fiction, are necessary a personal knowledge of the habits of the people you are going to write about, and the knack of telling a story. Surely there must be some here who have some real experience of people and things, and who know how to tell a story.

To sum up, when the student has such a choice of kinds of literature before him, to claim that he has nothing to say (if it be true) stamps him as a very inferior person. And who will say that this is true of the average student?

Since, then, he has something to say, and knows how to say it, let not laziness prevent him from writing down his thoughts. We want them. This, to editors as well as others.

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#### THE STUDENT'S WORK.

This is the day of creeds, of schools, libraries, unions, newspapers: of a democracy supreme or aiming at absolute dominion. The old regard for aristocracies and castes of any kind exists pretty much as a relic. In theory every man is the equal of his

fellow : if he aspires to be their superior or leader—it has become the fashion to say, servant of the sovereign people,—he must prove that he is a giant intellectually and morally. He must lay down his platform, publish his program of action and convince people, before they will place him in a position of trust, that he knows how to promote their interests. The reason, doubtless, of so much change and disturbance is the little care and reverence held for old methods and ideas : everywhere the desire obtains to try new ways and new things. The public man must be able to stand the lime-light ; his utterances, exposed to a most searching scrutiny, must depend on their own merits. He must possess the power to present his opinions, by voice and pen, clearly, intelligently, forcibly. In fact the number of persons who undertake to serve the public and obtain its favor, in the pulpit, on the platform, through books, pamphlets and newspapers, is growing to an extent never seen before. There is indeed a no more noble task nor one of greater social importance ; and to qualify for it, a man must be in possession of ideas precise, correct, unassailable : in other words he must study.

Study is the business of a student, if the name means anything. The student must apply his mind energetically and wisely to the consideration of things and of questions. Nor is he to desist till he gets to the truth or reality of things. He must study how to think rightly. One of the complaints against our schools is that the scholars are not taught to think. The pupils for instance in a kindergarten, who were unable to get a sum in apples, which had been presented to them in no other denomination than that of oranges, were not able to think. Nor will weak people, like bookworms and walking encyclopedias, who lack mental enterprise, who take no grip on things, who cannot fashion their accumulated stores into new shapes, be of more account than chips carried on a current. The student, it is true, must not disdain the least thing in the old world of knowledge ; he must become familiar with every particle, every item of it. But also, it is his place to look beyond and discover, so to say, new continents. This does not mean that the student is to seek distinction in a vain quest of fanciful and obscure novelties to know which never

was and never will be a real profit to anybody. The first, ever imperative need is to get in close touch with simple necessary things, with facts, ideas and truths that like air, water, sunshine, form the treasures common to all. To grasp and express the really deep meaning of these simple things is no small undertaking, a no slight benefit.

By all means let the student—in college and elsewhere—take up the classics. But the classics, whose claim to meet the needs of time has long been disputed, will be but a part of his work. The same may be said of literary culture. Opinion no longer requires as much attention to be given as formerly to demands of a religious character. Utopias and empty, if finely spun, theories find little sympathy because people now want practical results. Science must to-day receive more space than anything else in a curriculum; less a fetish than it was however, instead of solving, as was fondly hoped, it has only accentuated the enigmas which torment perpetually our existence. Never has society been in such a state of unrest. The very ground which before seemed secure and safe is now in a tremor of upheaval. It is, so we believe, the epoch of commercial and industrial turmoil. In the face of it appears the sudden haste to be rid of tedious old problems so that the best minds in Church and State may be free to grapple suitably with the graver matters of the moment. Witness the short work made of the education question in England; of the Philippines in the United States.

It is well, then, for the student to note the classics, history, religion, science, as the well-defined milestones of his route. But if he is to be an explorer and pioneer he must help to level and clear and extend the ground, he must assist in charting and recharting the shifting channels in which humanity is proceeding. That is, he must face questions, not as they were yesterday but as they are to-day. His first work then is to discern what he knows and what he does not know; what he has and what he has not. This point is important and too often neglected. The next duty is to make use of what he knows, to attain to what he does not know, to employ what he has, to acquire what he has not. This is another point of extreme importance, and as often overlooked or wholly forgotten. Acting on these simple maxims, study will

begin at the very beginning, at that which is nearest to us and within our reach. By taking the visible fact, the common idea, the evident principle, by blowing, as it were, the spark into a flame, it creates a light for the purpose of seeing clearly. Thus an inflexible purpose to discover and advocate elementary principles, basic truths, will effect much towards the settlement and appreciation of simple things which, destined in themselves to build up confidence and peace in society, are twisted to its disruption and ruin as long as they are disregarded, disputed and obscured in men's minds. Here is the student's work.

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### Obituary.

With feelings of the profoundest sorrow the student-body learned of the sudden death by drowning of A. Michaud, a bright and most promising student of last year's commercial graduating class. The sad event occurred at St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., on the 27th of June, while he was out boating with his companions. The deceased seeing his younger brother about to drown, and crying for help, swam to his assistance, but in his courageous endeavour to rescue him, both sank and were drowned.

The young man was highly esteemed by his professors and fellow-students, for his cleverness and amiable disposition. Having graduated very successfully from the Commercial course at the age of 16 years, and having received his diploma on June 18th, he departed from College for his home just a few days before his sad death, to spend his vacation.

To the afflicted parents, whose beloved son was taken away in the prime of life, full of hope and with every prospect of bright success, we wish to extend our sincerest sympathy in their severe trial.

It is with much regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. P. R. Martineau, M.P., Montmagny, father of E. J. Martineau, which occurred on August 30th, in Water Street Hospital, after an illness of a few days. Deceased was a man of great talent, whose legislative abilities were of the first rank.

To Joseph and the other members of the family, the REVIEW extends its most heartfelt condolence.

The faculty and students unite in offering their sincere sympathy to Edgar Poulin, whose mother departed from this life on October 1st, in Montreal. Being of a benevolent and magnanimous disposition, the late Mrs. Poulin was always a prominent factor in any pious or religious movement of her parish. Her charitable spirit endeared her to the poor, to whom she was ever a bountiful and generous friend. That her charity and piety may obtain for her that reward, which Heaven grants, is the prayer of each one of us.

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### Of Local Interest.

At a meeting held on Thursday, October 22, the Scientific Society was reorganized for the ensuing year. The following officers were elected: President, H. J. Macdonald ; Vice-President, J. Walsh ; Secretary, J. V. Meagher ; Treasurer, R. T. Halligan ; Reporter, J. E. Burke ; Councillors, R. Lapointe, O. J. McDonald, C. Jones. Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, who has so ably directed the Society in its work during the past, retains the position which he is so well calculated to fill. Already the program for the year has been made out, and a public lecture in the near future will mark the commencement of active work. There is little need to acquaint the student body with the benefits to be derived from membership in this society ; everyone who has watched its workings during the years that have elapsed since its inception is aware of its object, viz., to encourage meetings of the students for the purpose of discussing matters of importance in common, every-day life ; of examining and enquiring into the causes of phenomena with which everyone who pretends to be a student should be familiar ; of studying the progress made in various departments of science ; of tracing the gradual evolution of machinery, etc., from crude beginnings to present perfection ; and in general to encourage its members to see and think for themselves on matters of scientific interest. No better earnest of

the success which will undoubtedly attend the workings of the society during the new year, can be given than the declaration by the Executive of their intention to eclipse the work done in the past ; which work, we feel confident, will commend the society to the consideration of every student who wishes to improve himself along the line of its workings, and who is willing to work for results.

During the month His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, D.D., of Kingston, visited Ottawa, and spent a few days at the University, where, according to custom, he made the acquaintance of the students hailing from his diocese.

Another visitor was Rev. Father Dozois, O.M.I., recently appointed Provincial of the Oblates in Canada. This was his first visit to the University in his new capacity. However, Fr. Dozois is not a stranger to us, he being a former incumbent of the Chair of Philosophy in this institution. The REVIEW extends its heartfelt congratulations to the Reverend Father on his promotion to the post of honor and dignity which he is so eminently qualified to fill.

An event of local importance was the opening of a new dormitory recently. This fact will indicate the attendance at 'Varsity this year. So numerous are the boys who have come to reside within her walls, that the rooms and dormitories heretofore sufficient for the accommodation of all the students became overcrowded, and a new place had to be provided in which some of the devotees at the shrine of Morpheus might pursue their devotions apart from the crowded condition of the other sanctuaries. So it was that *Rugby Hall* has been opened ; a splendid room, painted and decorated in the colors dear to the heart of every one of us—the Garnet and Grey. We have no doubt that the same determination which, under the inspiring influence of these historic colors, has time and again inspired the Sons of 'Varsity to deeds of daring in every department of College life, will mark the labors of the favored occupants of *Rugby Hall* ; and as proficiency in the art to which the hall is dedicated, has ever been desired by its occupants while in other locations, it is hard to say what the

result of the new stimulus may not be. Thus it is that we sympathize with the Master of Ceremonies, who, we feel sure, is well qualified by practical experience to officiate in the exercises which are now nightly conducted in *Rugby Hall*.

**Wanted, a sergeant for the cripple brigade.**

We are glad to learn that owing to the efforts of Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse an orchestra has been engaged since the re-opening in September. This is something which cannot fail to commend itself to all those who believe in the cultivation of a healthy University spirit and in the elevation of the surroundings of the student beyond the level of the daily drudgery of the class room. The REVIEW extends its wishes for success to the venture, and congratulates Fr. Lajeunesse on his enterprise in this connection

**What is the matter with a *Glee Club*?**

On Monday, October 19th, a meeting of the Debating Society was held and the following officers elected: President, J. J. O'Gorman; Secretary, F. W. Nagle; Treasurer, J. V. Meagher; Councillors, J. E. Burke, D. J. McDonald, C. Jones.

The meeting was an enthusiastic one and augurs well for the work to be done during the year. It was unanimously agreed to use every means available to secure admission to the Inter-University Debating League, at present comprising McGill, Queen's and Toronto 'Varsity. It is needless to urge the importance of this step as anyone alive to the interests of the intellectual standards to be fostered in a University, must admit that there exists no better way in which to promote these interests, than by holding out to the student-body some such inducement as that offered by the proposed movement. Whether or not Ottawa University secures the privileges of the Debating League from which the other Canadian Universities derive such benefit, it should be an object of ambition with each and every student in the University to cultivate and improve his talents for debate and public speaking. That no better institution exists for the promotion of this object, is evident from the records of many able

orators who began the foundation of the splendid structure of their fame as cultured speakers, low down in the debating society of some school or college. Let us hope, then, that on the first night of meeting, none, capable even of intelligent listening will absent themselves from the hall, and that the Debating Society, may, during the coming year, improve its past brilliant record as a necessary factor in the intellectual development and argumentative training of the students of Ottawa University.

ED. L. D., '04.

## Book Review.

ELEMENTS OF PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY.—Half leather, 12mo, 384 pages. By Alan Sanders, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. American Book Company, New York.

An important feature in the book consists in omitting the more obvious parts of the demonstration, so that the student is forced to recur to his reasoning powers rather than to memory. There are exercises, particular and miscellaneous, requiring the application of the principles, when these have been mastered. The diagrams are unusually clear. The method is both interesting and practical. It is the general purpose of the text to force the student to think for himself, and not merely to memorize demonstrations.

THE PHILIPPINES. A Geographical Reader, by Samuel Mac-Clintock, Ph.B., Principal of the Cebu Normal School. Cloth, 12mo, 105 pages. With maps and illustrations. Price 40 cents.

A welcome little book, since it gives information, so eagerly sought about these far-away islands. The author's position is a guarantee of his intimacy with his subject. A separate chapter is devoted to Manila, another to the government of the Philippines. There are excellent half-tones from photographs, and several colored maps.

AUS DEM DEUTSCHEN DICHTERWALD. Favorite German poems. Edited by J. H. Dillard, Professor in Tulane University, of Louisiana. Cloth, 12mo, 206 pages. Price, 60 cents.

The poems, both lyric and descriptive, are accompanied by helpful notes and a complete vocabulary.

**GERMAN COMPOSITION.** By R. Mack Dresden, A.M., Instructor in German, State Normal School, Oshkosh, Wis. Cloth, 12mo, 68 pages. Price, 40 cents.

This book, the result of much thought and experience with classes, along with carefully graded exercises, includes a brief review of the most important laws of German grammar and syntax, as well as useful foot-notes and vocabulary.

**LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.** By Henry Carr Pearson, A.B. (Harvard) Horace Mann School, Teachers College, New York. Cloth, 259 pages. Price, \$1.00.

This volume is complete and meets the most exacting college entrance requirements. Part I is a summary of the fundamental principles of Latin grammar and syntax, and contains clear, concise explanations of many points that are troublesome to the ordinary pupil. Part II contains short, disconnected English sentences and some continuous narrative. Part III presents material for translation into Latin, and also carefully graded exercises for general review.

**PHYSICAL LABORATORY MANUAL.** By S. E. Coleman, Head of the Science Department, Oakland, Cal., High School. Illustrated, 234 pages. Price, 60 cents.

There are 81 exercises, so presented as may be used with simple apparatus, or with a more fully equipped laboratory. The matter in connection with each experiment consists of:—A definite statement of what the experiment is for; 2, References to leading textbooks in physics, indicating what reading may profitably precede and accompany the laboratory work; 3, A list of the apparatus required; 4, Directions, suggestions, form of record, and discussion of the experiment.

**SHAKESPEARE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE. REVISED EDITION.** Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Cloth, 16mo, 235 pages. Price, 56 cents.

The popularity of this edition of Shakespeare has been extraordinary, and since its first publication it has been used more widely both by schools and by the general reading public than any other similar edition. This volume of the new edition has been entirely revised and reset, and appears with every possible mechanical improvement. The illustrations are attractive. The greater part of the notes on textual variations have been omitted, as the text of Shakespeare is now virtually settled. A concise account of Shakespeare's metre has also been inserted.

The above are all class books published by the American Company of New York.

**THE OBLIGATION OF HEARING MASS ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.** By the Rev. J. T. Roche, author of "Month of St. Joseph for People in the World," "Belief and Unbelief," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," 1903. Pp. 71. The International Truth Society, New York.

The practical nature of Father Roche's booklets gives them a special value as means of propagating and enforcing the lesson of Catholic teaching. This is especially true of the tract on the "Obligation of Hearing Mass, which is written in a clear and direct style, and meets not only the current pretexts made by those who would excuse their neglect of the precepts of the Church, but emphasizes the immense gains to the spiritual and social welfare of a community arising from an intelligent appreciation of regular attendance at the Holy Sacrifice. The pamphlets are attractively printed, and will serve the purpose of permanent good if freely distributed at missions and to members of societies, which in any way serve the propaganda of Christian doctrine.

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### Exchanges.

To all the journals that have reached our sanctum, we extend a ready welcome and best wishes for a happy and prosperous year. It will always be a pleasure to peruse our exchanges, and when giving a critical estimate, we shall strive to display beauties rather than defects; and we have every reason to believe that this method of criticism will be productive of better results than

devoting our time to useless fault-finding and contradiction of other people's opinions.

The literary contributions in the October issue of *St. Mary's Sentinel* are few, but the quality is good. "The Maltreatment of the Indian" [in the United States] forms quite a contrast with the article in the *Bee* entitled, "The Indian at Home" [in Canada]. The former treats of the injustice shown to the primitive inhabitant of this continent, and acknowledges that the connection of the United States Government with the Indian has been a shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled promises. The writer goes on to prove that the Indians "are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away, and they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever." Possibly this may be the condition of affairs in the United States, but the *Bee* speaks more encouragingly, and says that the Indians in Canada are as independent as ever, the laws instead of binding them being liberally in their favor. The *Bee* admits that the red man of the past is fast disappearing, but maintains that in his place is rising "an educated, self-supporting citizen, a thorough Canadian, because he is being trained in their work."

Although the Indian and Negro problems are two well worn subjects, both seem to still retain interest. The *Notre Dame Scholastic* and *St. Mary's Sentinel*, each have a very good article on the negro question. While the subject has been so thoroughly exhausted, that neither of the writers make any new suggestions for the solution of the problem, they have presented their matter in an altogether interesting style. Both are of the opinion that the time when the negro will stand as "one more type of American liberty, justice and integrity, is immediately forthcoming."

The literary department of the October issue of *Leaflets From Loretto* is well filled with interesting matter. The "Tragedy of Macbeth" is far above the ordinary productions on similar topics, and exhibits thorough knowledge of the subject under consideration.

The *Viatorian* contains a very commendable article on De Vere and Father Sheehan. The subject is treated interestingly,

and is worthy of highest praise. The two Irish authors are compared with Danté, and an explanation given why both found such great inspiration in the Italian poet.

We wish to congratulate *St. Mary's Record* on its new cover, which is truly artistic, and a decided improvement on that of last year.



## Among the Magazines.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the October number of the *Guidon*, a beautifully illustrated magazine. "Some Notable Conversions," a series of anecdotes by Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., is very interesting. We would be happy to see the *Guidon* oftener in the Sanctum.

In the *Gael*, "Persian Carpets Woven in Donegal," describes a new industry which is being started in Ireland. This organ is rendering valuable service to Gaelic history.

*Dominicana* reviews the religious situation in the Philippines, and corrects some of the false ideas existing in America, concerning the Catholic Church in those islands.

The Countess de Courson writes in the *Ave Maria*, on "The Career and Personality of the New Pope." The fiction is, as usual, delicious.

The *Good Counsel Magazine* has an interesting account of the temperance movement. It tells of the good work done by Father Matthew in Ireland and his disciples in America. In the editorial department, the new Pulitzer school of Journalism is discussed, and hopes are expressed that it will help to raise the standard of our daily newspapers.

"Canterbury," a description of the ancient ecclesiastical centre of England, appears in the *Catholic World*. It is well written, and beautifully illustrated. There are the usual timely articles.



## Athletics.

During the month an important change was effected in the Quebec Rugby Football Union through the withdrawal of the Brockville club from the series. The occurrence came as a surprise. The club had always been a strong one, exhibiting no little activity and doing much in its own locality to popularize Rugby. It held the championship of Quebec for one season. Some of the tilts between College and the Brockvilles will live in history. Unhappily the general resources of this organization were never over-abundant. Lack of funds and especially of players were the reasons given for the extinction of a very fine body of footballers.

The bad luck of the Brockvilles proved to be the opportunity the Ottawa Rough Riders had been so looking for. These doughty old rivals of College, at present champions of Canada, ever since their suspension from the Q. R. U. (Quebec Rugby Union) in 1897 for roughness, have been experiencing a variety of fortunes in the O. R. F. U. (Ontario Rugby Football Union) though they generally proved too strong for the competing teams. The trips to Toronto, Hamilton and Kingston were excessively long and expensive. In addition the executive of the O. R. F. U., with its headquarters at Toronto rarely treated their comrades from the Capital with much sympathy : so marked, indeed, did its hostility this season appear to become that the Ottawas felt constrained to reject the schedule drawn up for them and to withdraw for good from a league whose chaotic condition was later on rendered more complete by a similar action on the part of the Toronto Argonauts. But this action of the Ottawa Club had not secured for it a very promising future; outside of one Union where it was never at home, and, its applications to the other having been repeatedly rejected, there was apparently no alternative save an exhibition match or two, a decline and final dissolution of one of the finest organizations of the best seasoned athletes that were ever brought together. The dropping out of the Brockville club was, therefore, for the Rough Riders a godsend. There was no time to lose as the season was about to open. The Rough

Riders offered to accept all the obligations marked down on the schedule to the retiring Brockvilles and at a meeting of the Q.R.F.U. held in Montreal, October 30th, their application for readmittance was adopted. College had, perhaps, more at stake than any other team, more reasons to oppose the return of this aggressive opponent but these were not in question, when their delegates, in a true sportsmanlike spirit, joined the unanimous vote to reinstate the Ottawa City Club. As the Q.R.F.U. now stands the Senior series consists of two Montreal and two Ottawa fourteens.

McCREADIE, CAPTAIN OF 'VARSITY.

A popular appointment was made by the executive of the O.U.A.A. in selecting Mr. McCreadie to be captain of the First fourteen. This gentleman has gained his position on the 'Varsity forward line by his invaluable work. Modest and gentle as a player, a delightful companion in defeat as well as in victory, "Bob" is deservedly popular. He has won his laurels on many a famous gridiron. His capacity for "enjoying" the most harassing sort of play seems inexhaustible. A good "head," experience, activity, and strength are all so combined in Mr. McCreadie as to make of him an ideal footballer. These qualities are bound to result in beneficial effects for the team which he has been appointed to captain. Success to you, Mac !

MONTREAL 6 ; COLLEGE, 5.

The opening game on October 3rd resulted in a surprise for College, and showed M.A.A.A. to have developed unexpected strength, a fact becoming still more patent by their subsequent victory Thanksgiving Day, in Ottawa, over the redoubtable Rough Riders. The closeness of the contest may be judged from the score, 6 to 5 in favor of the Montrealers—a converted touch against the unconverted touch and rouge obtained by College. The referee, Mr. Burland, of Montreal, was not in the best of condition for his duties, as he apologetically admitted at the end of the match. The day was wet. The Montrealers were in better trim, having gone into training two weeks earlier than College; they also excelled in punting, running, passing, dribbling. By

the way, this last feature, so effective, has become a lost art among the College forwards.

In Ottawa, on the same date, the Rough Riders defeated the Britannias by a score of 23 to 0.

OTTAWA COLLEGE, 1 ; OTTAWA CITY, 7.

Saturday, Oct. 10, for the first time in many years, our two city teams met as members of the same Union. The greatest interest was excited by the well-remembered, sometimes fierce, rivalry of the two teams. On this occasion the several arrays were strengthened in every possible way; on the result for one depended not only fame, but, to a certain extent, bread and butter. College naturally wished to prove itself worthy of the widespread sympathy, and the name which it gained by its exploits in by-gone days. Indeed, College finds itself, with every passing season, working against tremendous odds. Unlike its competitors who retain their players, it must each year try candidates, who, however good otherwise, are for weeks handicapped by inexperience. And very often players who have trained faithfully with the team and freely passed their word of honor, find they cannot resist the pressure, they say, that is brought to bear upon them, and they line up against College.

On October 11th, the weather was unfavorable, the campus soggy from the rain which had been falling for days. To College, the light and speedy team, firm footing was essential. The prevailing conditions favored the Rough Riders who stepped upon the field confident in their superior weight and slow scrimmage. A large crowd was in attendance and witnessed a game of absorbing interest. Play opened, rapid and aggressive. In a few minutes the "Garnet and Grey" had scored a touch-in-goal. Hereupon the Ottawa's changed their scrimmage to one somewhat after the Wright formation. Kennedy heeled out as freely with his hand as with his foot and College apparently unaware of this trick, or penalized if they were, could not heel out at all. Very soon the Ottawa's were close to the college line and the mighty Walters went over for a touch which Parr converted, making the score six to one in favor of Ottawa. From this on College made desperate efforts to score but its efforts were nullified by Kennedy's

peculiar heeling out and Walter's rushes. About the middle of the second half Boyd suffered a regrettable accident; while stooping to reach a fumbled ball, he received a blow on the head from the thigh of an opponent, thus sustaining a slight concussion of the brain. The game continued with a fresh man. College got over twice for touches only to be recalled by the umpire: the Riders increased their score by a rouge. It was still anybody's game when time was called. The teams lined up as follows:

<i>College.</i>		<i>Rough Riders.</i>
O'Brien	Full Back	Hayden
Meagher, E. Gleeson, J. Gleeson. }	Halves	{ Rankin, Boyd, Murphy.
Kearns	Quarter	Walters
Killeen, McDonald, McCreadie, (Capt.) }	Scrimmage	{ Cameron, Kennedy, Facto.
Castonguay, Ferguson. }	3rd Wings	{ Shillington, Parr.
Filiatreault, Filion. }	2nd Wings	{ Telford, Sheriff.
Lafleur, Austin. }	1st Wings	{ McGee, (Capt.) Phillips.

The referee, Mr. Savage, and umpire, Mr. Robertson, both of the M. A. A. A. They acted to the satisfaction of both sides.

#### BRITANNIAS, 4; COLLEGE, 10.

In slippery blue clay, with the rain pouring down in torrents, the 'Varsity fourteen, Oct. 17th, defeated the Brits by 10 points to 4. The Montreal Baseball Park at its best is but a poor gridiron, and on this day the players were compelled to wallow in mud and mire throughout the game. Consequently it is difficult to judge the two teams by their work on this occasion. True, the Brits put up a determined resistance, but the Collegians were forced to use a style of play in which their abilities are least effective. "King" Clancy was again in his old position at centre-scrimmage, and his presence did much to strengthen and steady the team. On the wing line, Lafleur, Austin, and Filiatreault did

very effective work, as did also Joe Gleeson, on the halves. For the Brits, Chown at quarter and Marshall on the wing line, did splendid service. The game was, notwithstanding the dangerous condition of the field, free of roughness and of any serious accidents. The team was the same as on the previous Saturday.

The officials were: Messrs. Hagar and Dr. Jack, of the M.A.A.A. The decisions of the latter gentleman showed, so the players thought, excessive bias in favor of the defeated team.

### ~~~~~ Junior Department.

That the Juniors take keen interest in this department of the Review was made manifest last month by the applications received at the sanctum for the exalted position of Junior Editor. (This the retiring editor considers as a sweeping plume in his hat.) The actual number of those seeking this somewhat enviable position was ninety-nine, and would have been much larger were it not for the earnest prayers and supplications of the staff. Accordingly, on Oct. 15th, at 7 a.m., the board of editors met, and immediately proceeded to examine the different letters. It was a trying ordeal, indeed, for most of the applications were written in a hieroglyphic language, beyond the understanding of any of those present. These were immediately packed in a large box, and forwarded to Hong-Kong, China, to be published in the literary magazines of the place. They will no doubt prove a veritable treat for the Celestial book-worms. A goodly share of the rest showed the authors to be lacking one essential condition, viz., that the leather coverings of their pedal extremities were beyond the prescribed size, 7, and were immediately confided to the waste basket. As the shades of evening were falling, the editors feeling that the inner man was craving for satisfaction, resolved to settle the issue at once by choosing him who had used the most paper in telling the board about all the good qualities he possessed, as well as those he did not. Thus an agreement was reached, and these columns must in future prove their wisdom in the choice.

All ye members of the small yard, doff your hat to the new editor. Beware if you don't, for you now have an important personage in your midst.

*The Klondykers* say they will not patronize Sing Lee any more; they will in future send their linen to the *Vall Lee* laundry. The executive of the J.A.A. is certainly penetrated by the spirit of progress. As a proof they have already placed at the disposal of the members a commodious dressing room, which for comfort is truly a model, which our elder brothers of the senior department could copy to advantage. It contains four spacious rooms. The first to be used for dressing purposes, is fitted up with wardrobes in which the players can hang their ordinary clothes without danger of finding them soiled when they return from the field. The second place in order is the store-room, where all the Association's athletic goods are kept. Fitted with shelves and lockers, it is up-to-date in every respect. Proceeding a little further, we come to the shower-bath, which is a long-felt necessity in the small-yard. Off this come the trainer's apartments, where the players undergo a massage treatment after a game. The walls and shelves are painted in garnet and grey, the work of an artist. The whole is heated with hot water and lighted throughout by electricity. The entire department speaks volumes in favor of Rev. F. Boyer, the tireless director, and Rev. Bro. Binet, the enterprising manager.

Prof.—Give the principal parts of the verb *run*.

D-y-le—Run, ran, running, *runt*.

The inhabitants of "Kiddom," not satisfied with the regular number of study hours, occasionally rise at 4 a.m., to join the company of their best friends—their books. In their zeal they even at times sacrifice their morning recreation.

Prof.—What is a railroad?

René—The cars.

Whereupon the professor advised him to read the *Faure-Track News*.

The following strains arose above the rattle of dishes in the refectory one evening, after the third team had given an exhibition of pigskin chasing:

"The Quitters! The Quitters! Nit! Nit! Nit!"

All the games of the local football schedule have been played and the championship has been won and lost. The four teams played excellently, and deserve congratulations on the style of

ball they served up for the many spectators, who made it a special point to be present at all the games. The fact that an extra match was necessary to decide the holders of the "blue ribbon" shows that the youngsters jump into the game with an earnestness and a determination too often lacking in senior teams. Through some misunderstanding, or rather for reasons which perhaps would not look proper in print, the juniors were deprived of the "Oval" on several occasions, and were forced to content themselves with the old field, which in its present condition is far from being conducive to good football. However, to Capt. Bastien and his stalwarts fall the honors of the season, and they fully deserve them, for they covered themselves with glory in the final game against Capt. Lefebvre's speedy aggregation. The score was 4—1, and is a true criterion of the game, which sparkled with thrilling incidents.

A few days before the final game, the director of the infirmary, in a letter to the secretary of the J.A.A., proposed to present to each of the champions a bottle of that universal panacea—IODINE, as a souvenir of the victory. It is needless to say the offer was accepted, and the coveted awards will be distributed in the Academic Hall on Christmas Day at 2 p.m.

As M-nd-r returns from the Athletic Oval in the company of seniors he is accosted by one of his prefects as follows:

Prefect—You were off-side on your way from the field.

M-nd-r (bewildered) Well, if I was, you may claim a *free kick*.

The goal was missed.

A few evenings ago the delivery rig of a well-known city firm backed up to the new dressing room and left clerk Lanctot in possession of twenty-five garnet and grey sweaters, and the same number of stockings and caps. This speaks well for the financial condition of the J.A.A.

Victor—Why was Eve created?

Mac—Don't know, give it up.

Victor—For (the) Adam's Express Company.

Local engineers are already drawing plans for the rink. Winter will soon be upon us, and before the next REVIEW is published hockey will be the reigning sport.

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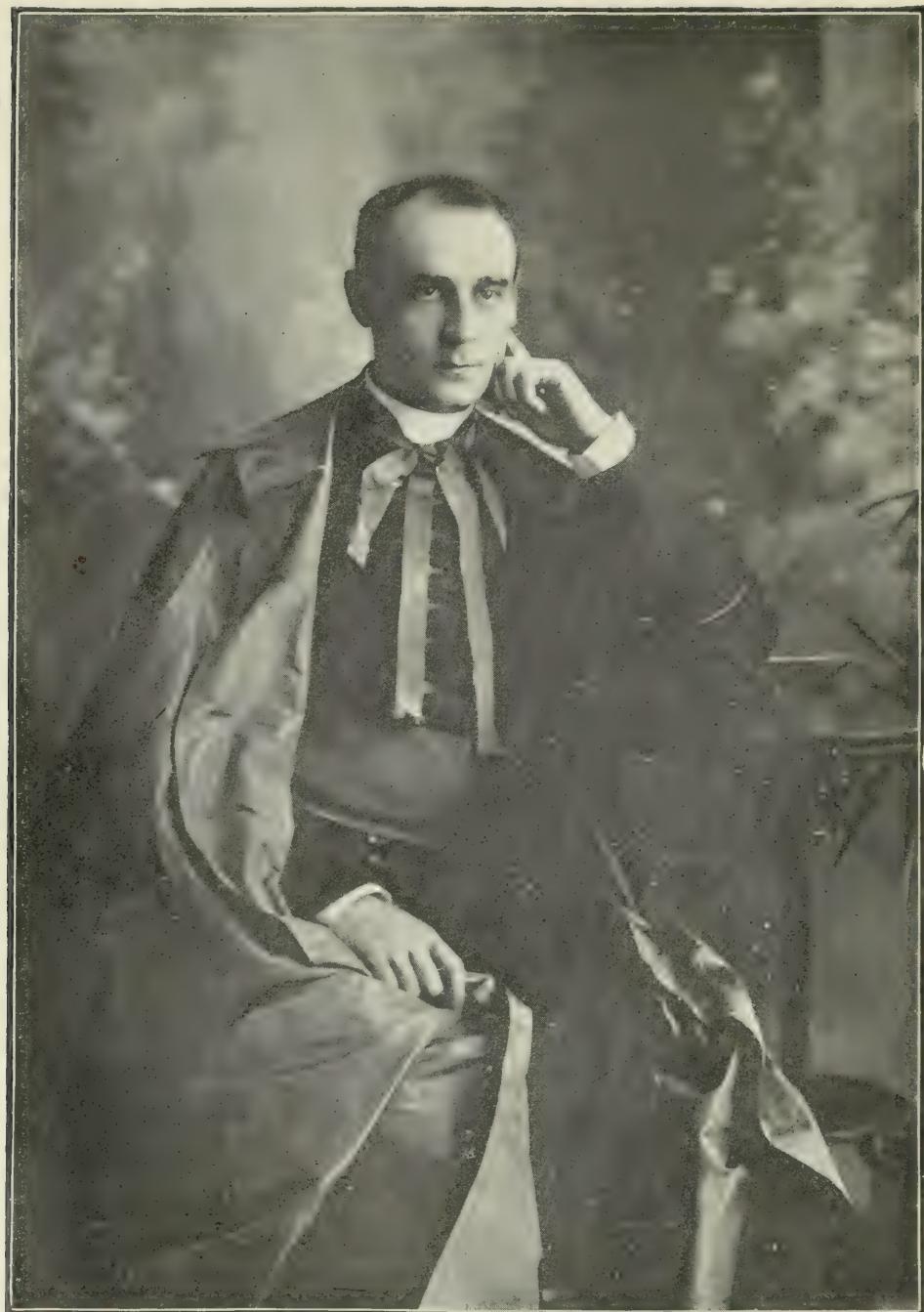
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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
Shakespeare and his Works .....	97
Everyman and the Old Moralities .....	101
Great Britain and Quebec .....	104
Logic .....	107
Robert Burns .....	110
A Notable Book .....	115
A Day in the Thousand Islands .....	118
The National Transcontinental Railway .....	120
 EDITORIALS :	
" To Restore all Things in Christ " .....	124
Our First Duty .....	126
The Papal Secretary of State .....	127
" To Smile in Victory is Easy—In Defeat Heroic " .....	128
Inter Alia .....	131
Book Review .....	133
Exchanges .....	134
Among the Magazines .....	135
Athletics .....	136
Of Local Interest .....	141
Priorum Temporum Flores .....	142
Junior Department .....	143





CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.



# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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No. 3

NOVEMBER, 1903.

Vol. VI

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## SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS,

(A paper read before "The Newman Reading Circle," Ottawa.)

By A. J. MACGILLIVRAY.

**A**MONG the vast, accumulated variety of literary productions, Shakespeare's works continue to hold a place of pre-eminence. Each "heir of his invention" as it appeared from the mighty seat of his creative genius must have been regarded, almost without exception, as a revelation by his contemporaries. Beginning at the foot of the ladder of fame he rapidly climbed to its topmost round with a facility that continues to win the admiration of posterity. Within the space of twenty years he earned the title of the greatest of English poets. "The Muses," said Francis Meres, "would speak with Shakespeare's fine filled phrase, if they would speak English." The late Mr. John Fiske in an address on Milton said: "By common consent of educated mankind, three poets—Homer, Dante and Shakespeare—stand above all others."

William Shakespeare was only about twenty-one years when he left his native place in 1585 for London, although it is difficult, if not impossible to definitely fix the dates of most of the events in his career. While the date of his taking up his residence in London is given as 1585, the only certainty is that it could not be later than 1587. His first literary occupation in London was the revising and adapting of plays for the stage. There is a tradition indeed, that he was at the beginning of his career not averse to

earn a penny by holding the horses of gentlemen during their attendance at the theatre, but this is quite unauthorized and is probably to be accounted for by the tendency of the gaping crowd to invent exaggerations in connection with the lives of celebrated men. There is no doubt, however, that during his first few years in London he turned his time to good account in the employments which his talents found for him, while it has been said of a later period that "nothing is more characteristic of his genius than its incessant activity."

His career as a dramatist began in 1589-90, his earliest experiments including "Love's Labor Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the historical dramas of Henry VI, II and III parts, Richard II, Richard III, and the romantic tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet."

His first poem "Venus and Adonis" which appeared in 1593, and to which he refers himself as "the first heir of his invention," marks decisively the commencement of his career as a poet. The deaths of Thomas Greene and Marlowe, the two leading dramatists of the time, removed then the only rivals with whom he had to contend. During the five years succeeding the publication of "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, he is said to have produced on an average two dramas a year. As to the dates of the appearance of many of these there is no certainty. As an actor and writer of plays he was connected with the new play house, the Globe theatre and Black Friars' theatre, such connection beginning in 1590.

Professor Baynes of St. Andrew's University, says: "Shakespeare's active dramatic career in London lasted about twenty years, and may be divided into three tolerably symmetrical periods. The first extends from the year 1587 to about 1593-94, the second from this date to the end of the century, and the third from 1600 to about 1608, soon after which time Shakespeare ceased to write regularly for the stage, was less in London and more and more in Stratford. Some modern critics add to these a fourth period including the few plays which from internal as well as external evidence must have been among the poet's latest productions. As the exact dates of these plays are unknown this period may be taken to extend from 1608 to 1612. The three dramas produced during these years are, however, hardly entitled to be ranked as a

separate period. They may rather be regarded as supplementary to the four series of dramas belonging to the third and greatest epoch of Shakespeare's productive power. To the first period belong Shakespeare's early tentative efforts in revising and partially re-writing plays produced by others that already had possession of the stage. These efforts are illustrated in the three parts of *Henry VI*, especially in the second and third parts, which bear decisive marks of Shakespeare's hand and were to a great extent re-cast and re-written by him. It is clear from the internal evidence thus supplied that Shakespeare was at first powerfully affected by "Marlowe's mighty line." This influence is so marked in the revised second and third parts of *Henry VI* as to induce some critics to believe that Marlowe must have had a hand in the revision. These passages are, however, sufficiently explained by the tact of Marlowe's influence during the first period of Shakespeare's career."

Professor Baynes further commenting on these distinct periods says: "Whatever question may be raised with regard to the superiority of some of the plays belonging to the first period of Shakespeare's dramatic career, there can be no question at all as to any of the pieces belonging to the second period, which extends to the end of the century. During these years Shakespeare works as a master, having complete command over the materials and resources of the most mature and flexible dramatic art. To this stage, says Mr. Swinburne, "belongs the special faculty of faultless, joyous, facile command of each faculty required of the presiding genius for service or for sport. It is in the middle period of his work that the language of Shakespeare is most limpid in its fullness, the style most pure, the thought most transparent through the close and luminous raiment of perfect expression." This period includes the magnificent series of historical plays, *Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, and a double series of brilliant comedies. *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *the Merchant of Venice*, were produced before 1598, and during the next three years there appeared a still more complete and characteristic group including "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night."

"In the third period of Shakespeare's dramatic career years

had evidently brought enlarged vision, wider thoughts, and deeper experiences. While the old mastery of arts remains, the works belonging to this period seem to bear traces of more intense moral struggles, larger and less joyous views of human life, more troubled, complex and profound conceptions and emotions. Comparatively few marks of the lightness and animation of the earlier works remain, but at the same time the dramas of this period display an unrivalled power of piercing the deepest mysteries and sounding the most tremendous and perplexing problems of human life and human destiny. To this period belong the four great tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*; the three Roman plays, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, the two singular plays whose scene and personages are Greek but whose action and meaning are wider and deeper than either Greek or Roman life, *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens*, and one comedy—*Measure for Measure*—which is almost tragic in the depth and intensity of its characteristics and incidents. The four great tragedies represent the highest reach of Shakespeare's dramatic power, and they sufficiently illustrate the range and complexity of the deeper problems that now occupied his mind. *Timon* and *Measure for Measure*, however, exemplify the same tendency to brood with meditative intensity over the wrongs and miseries that afflict humanity. These works sufficiently prove that during this period Shakespeare gained a disturbing insight into the deeper evils of the world, arising from the darker passions such as treachery and revenge. But it is also clear that with the larger vision of a noble, well poised nature he at the same time gained a fuller perception of the deeper springs of goodness in human nature, of the great virtues of invincible fidelity and unwearied love, and he evidently received not only consolation and calm but new stimulus and power from the fuller realization of these virtues."

However well founded in the main these views of Professor Bayne may be, the critical reader will hesitate to agree with his assertion, speaking of the third period, that "the dramas of this period display an unrivalled power of piercing the deepest mysteries and sounding the most tremendous and perplexing problems of human destiny."

(Continued next month).

## Everyman and the Old Moralities.

**D**ESPITE the calumnies and reproaches that cling to the "Dark Ages," as a result of the "Protestant Reformation," we have lately had an opportunity of seeing, in the revival of "Everyman," the spell exercised even at this epoch, by the pure and simple conceptions of the Middle Ages. "One might have thought that an old morality play, a mere personification, devoid even of the spectacular interest of the ordinary 'mystery,' would have been the last thing to arouse enthusiasm among the jaded playgoers of the twentieth century;" yet the crowded assemblies of the highest classes which attended its production in London and New York, leave no room for doubt as to its success.\*

"Everyman" is one of the old "Morality Plays," so common both in England and on the continent throughout the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These moralities appear to be a development either of the "Miracle" or the "Mystery" plays, probably of both; for the difference between the two is not very strictly defined. Miracle-plays in the strict sense of the term, were dramatic representations of some of the miracles wrought by saints; mysteries, of incidents, from the New Testament and elsewhere, bearing upon the fundamental principles of Catholicity. Minto thinks that the morality play may be looked upon as a cross between Abstraction and the Miracle and Mystery plays.

While the majority of the moralities were of a Catholic nature, all were not so. In Hawkins' "Origin of the English Drama," we find placed immediately after the Catholic moralities, "Everyman," and "Hycke Scorer," a morality of the Reformation entitled "Lusty Juventus," the design of which is, as the author states, "To expose Popery and promote the Reformation."

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\* A performance of the Morality was given in Ottawa for the students. In Toronto the play was presented in Massey Hall to obviate the objections of many parents and clergymen against the theatres.

Of the old moralities, "Everyman" is probably the best and most finished. There is some dispute as to whether the Dutch or English version of it is the original. The concensus of opinion, however, inclines to the former belief. It is now generally conceded that the play was written in the fifteenth century by Peter Corlandus, a Carthusian monk of Diest. According to an old legend this Peter Corlandus, while in the monastery at Diest was a very popular confessor, and crowds of the townsfolk were wont to come to him for sacramental absolution. One day while hearing confessions and watching the long line of people passing in and out, he thought how much this resembled Almighty God looking down upon the wicked world, and watching the crowds of sinners passing to and fro. From this, "Everyman" was conceived.

The play was first printed, in England, by Pynson before 1531, and twice by Skot before 1537; reprinted in Hawkins' English Drama, i, 27, in 1773. To it is prefixed the following advertisement: "Here begynneth a Treatyse how the hye Fader of Heaven sendeth deth to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this worlde, and is in maner of a morale playe."

Although the most austere of dramas, "Everyman" has nevertheless about it that deep, undefinable solemnity of movement which has always connected itself with our Catholic notions of death, from the middle ages down to the present day. In our English morality, after a brief prologue spoken by a Messenger, the action opens with a scene in heaven, where God, looking down upon the sinful earth, perceives how *Everyman* 'Lyveth after his own pleasure.' as if ignoring the utter uncertainty of human life. He therefore summons him, through death, His 'mighty messenger.' to undertake that pilgrimage, from which there is no escape, and to present the dread reckoning without delay. *Everyman* at first pleads with, and then tries to bribe the messenger away; but Death 'sets no store by riches' and ~~pleas~~ and bribes are alike in vain.

Finding that escape from the journey is hopeless, and fearing to undertake it alone, he appeals to his old friend Fellowship. Fellowship is quite at his service for a dinner or a murder or any thing of that description, but he is not prepared to undertake a

journey to eternity. After making similarly futile appeals to two other friends, Cosin and Kynoede, Everyman bethinks him of another Friend, Goodes, whom he has loved all his life. Goodes declares his power and willingness to assist him in all his worldly difficulties; but this matter, unfortunately, is not one the world can settle. At last, in dire despair, he thinks of Good Deedes and turns to her for assistance. Good Deedes answers that she is so weak that she can barely rise from the ground, where she lies cold and bound in Everyman's sins. Yet not only will she respond to his entreaty, but she will bring with her, Knowledge, her sister, to help him in making that 'dredeful rekenyge.' Knowledge declares her willingness to stand by Everyman at the judgment seat, and meanwhile by her advice he addresses himself to Confession, who bestows on him a precious jewel, "Called Penance, voider of **adversyte**." In his final moments he is deserted by his companions: Beauty, Strength, Discretion, and the Five Wits. Knowledge and Good Deedes remain; but Good Deedes alone can accompany him before his Maker.

If "Everyman" demonstrates anything, it is the immutability of Catholic Doctrines throughout the ages. How often have we Catholics of to-day come away from Confession comforted by the same words as the old Carthusian wrote centuries ago; the same which comforted Everyman in his sorrow.

"I know your sorrow well, Everyman,  
Because with Knowledge ye come to me.  
I will you comfort as well as I can  
And a precious jewel I will give thee,  
Called penance, voider of **adversyte** :  
Therewith shall your body chastened be."

Again we behold the simple, tender devotion of the medieval Catholics for our Blessed Lady, as Everyman, in his dire need, invokes her aid :

"O Mary pray to the Maker of all things,  
Me for to help at my ending,  
And save me from the power of my enemy,  
For death assaileth me strongly.  
And Lady, that I may by means of thy prayer,  
Of thy son's glory to be partaker,  
By the meane of His passion I it crave,  
I beseech thee help my soul to save."

In sorrow and distress their first refuge was the Mother of God.

There is little attempt at humor in "Everyman" though occasionally, as in the speech of Fellowship :

Everyman, I will not with thee go,  
For an ache have I, in my big toe.

We have a touch of the ridiculous. The whole atmosphere of the play is one of deep solemnity. Its chief object is to teach us as Caxton phrased it, the "Art and Craft to knowe welle to dye." This was considered by medieval Catholics as one of the most important things to learn, and a considerable portion of their literature was devoted to this theme. What a lesson these simple Catholics teach us of the present day, we, who are so studious in avoiding all mention of this uncomfortable topic.

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## Great Britain and Quebec.

### I.

#### FRENCH CANADA'S DEBT TO GREAT BRITAIN.



VERY extended debate might take place on this subject, and, while there are various opinions on the question, each of which has certain foundations, I will endeavor to show that French Canada really owes a debt to Great Britain, and a large one.

England obtained possession of Canada in 1763, and even by that act of conquest they indirectly bestowed a benefit on its French inhabitants by withdrawing them from the disturbances of the Revolution in France, which took place shortly afterwards. The English gave the French complete religious liberty, which was no more than just, but which may be looked upon as a special favor, as it was not enjoyed by the Catholics in England for many years after. From the first establishment of a regular government, England refused to look upon her new subjects as a conquered people, but gave them greater freedom than they had enjoyed under the old régime. Nothing was taken away from

them ; their religion, their language, their civil code of laws, were not interfered with. The principal difference between the new and the old government was that the Governor and his council were English instead of French, but this was absolutely necessary, in order that the colony might not be wholly independent.

As a result of this fair treatment on the part of the English conquerors, the French Canadians are now prosperous and contented ; their opportunities for education and advancement are as great as those of their English neighbors ; they are a power in the country, and by their ballots they are in a position to obtain the most perfect measure of justice.

Of course, people of one nationality could not rule people of another perfectly, so that the French have many evils to complain of. But we must remember that some of these were inevitable, and that the British Government, in various Acts of Parliament, did its best to be just to the French Canadians. For example, when the French Canadians in 1837 were driven into rebellion, the rebellion was crushed, but instead of punishing the participants, England sent out Lord Durham to investigate the causes of the trouble. That statesman saw that there were real evils, and in his report he set forth the defect and its remedy, and shortly afterwards a better form of government was introduced. The loyalty of the French subjects of Great Britain is the natural result of such a course of treatment.

Compare the lot of the French Canadians with the usual fate of a conquered people. The Acadians were deported for no crime whatsoever ; the French Canadians rebelled and were not punished. Compare it with Austrian Poland, conquered at about the same time ; or even with Alsace-Lorraine, which changed hands only a few years ago. In what instance besides that of French Canada do you find the conquered people allowed their own language and laws ?

## II.

### GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT TO QUEBEC.

However, in the consideration of this question, we must look at the other side and see what French Canada has done in return for the benefits bestowed on her by England. These services

rendered to England and Canada by French Canadians are great and numerous, and we will only enumerate a few,

In the first place, we must remember the large part played by the French element in promoting the prosperity of the whole country. French Canadians have always been among the first to penetrate into new territory, and open it up to civilization. The marvellous increase in population in the Province of Quebec caused many of its inhabitants to depart in search of new fields, and, while a large number went to the manufacturing towns of New England, many others sought out new homes within the bounds of Canada itself. The benefit of this pioneer work in a country like Canada can hardly be over-estimated.

Moreover, we find that they have developed, in their own schools and colleges, many men who will always remain prominent in Canadian history as great ecclesiastics, statesmen and professional men. French Canada produced the men who were leaders in the struggle for the rights of the people, against the injustice of irresponsible government ; and these men will always be remembered with genuine gratitude by every true Canadian. By the part taken by them in obtaining a good method of responsible government French Canadians have rendered invaluable services to Canada, and thus indirectly to Great Britain.

In assisting to defend this country in time of invasion the French have never been backward. At the time of the American Revolution they remained steadfast in their loyalty to England, when an army was sent up by the Americans to compel the French Canadians to join them in their rebellion. In 1812-14, the French Canadian volunteers were conspicuous for their bravery on many well-contested fields. On all occasions when brave work was to be done in defence of Canada the French Canadian was found to be ready and willing.

And what shall we say of the French Canadian clergy ? The debt due them by England is indeed great. In all the troubles of the colony it was the clergy that kept the people true to England. In 1837 especially, the clergy, seeing the hopelessness of a violent struggle, and appreciating the greater utility of constitutional methods, restrained the people as much as possible. Thus they saved England the trouble and expense of suppressing a general

revolt ; while at the same time they benefited their countrymen ; for, had England had any great difficulty, she would probably have adopted coercive measures, instead of reforming the government.

This is a short sketch of both sides of the question. Of course, it is impossible to prove conclusively on which side the balance of the debt rests, because each person has his own opinion on this point ; but we can at once see, from the very loyalty of the French Canadian element, how wise England was in adopting the course she did.

V. M., '04.

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## LOGIC.

**P**HILosophy, the rational science of things in the light of their ultimate principles (causes, reasons), is divided into Logic, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy. In this essay it is not our intention to treat Philosophy as such, nor to show its utility and necessity, nor to expand and explain each term of the definition, nor to treat of its many divisions and criticize them ; but we shall endeavor to treat in a clear manner of the first division, Logic, and show the ground covered during the study and labor of a few weeks in the "Mother of Sciences."

We will begin by defining Logic. But definitions are of two kinds—the etymological (*nominalis*) and the definition proper of the object (*reatus*). In order to be concise and complete both must be given.

The word Logic is derived from the Greek *logos*, which has the double signification of word and thought. This definition shows precisely the province or subject matter of Logic—word and thought. It deals primarily with ideas and secondly with the expression of those ideas.

Having seen the etymological meaning of Logic and of what it treats we may form a fairly good judgment of what its *definitio realis* is. Logic is the art or science of thinking or reasoning correctly.

Art *or* Science—that little word *or* shows that there exists some difference between an art and science. Let us investigate and make clear this distinction (for a distinction there is), and at the same time prove that Logic embraces both the one and the other.

St. Thomas defines art as the “*recta ratio factibilium*”; or in plain English, art is the result of rational rules about the making or doing of a thing.

Science is the knowledge of a thing deduced from certain principles and connected in a systematic order.

An art is learned chiefly by practice and a science by study. A man, therefore, might study painting all his life, yet never acquire the art of painting. An art requires practice, combined with ability and taste. In the case of science, however, it is different. A man might be proficient as a mathematician or a doctor of medicine without any practice at all. Science treats of what already exists or may be known merely, whereas art directs the artist by rational rules to materialize that which before was purely ideal or mentally conceived.

The rules of science are as immutable as the dogmas of the Catholic Church ; while those of art are continually varying as experience shows the old ones to have survived their usefulness.

To apply all this to Logic : as a science Logic clearly defines what thoughts should be and how to think correctly. However, its office is not yet fulfilled ; it does not stop here, but goes further and substitutes correct ideas for erroneous ones. Thus, Logic becomes an art, and this is why we say there is an art as well as a science of Logic.

Following our text, Zigliara, we divide Logic into natural and artificial. By natural Logic is meant a certain aptitude wherewith nature endows all rational beings to govern and correct their thought. This aptitude is born in us and we cannot run counter to it without going against our reason. But as nature is made more perfect by art so is natural Logic made more perfect by scientific or artificial Logic, which is nothing more than a systematized set of rules laid down to guard us against errors and to make us think correctly if we have already erred.

Logic, no matter what may be said to the contrary, is necessary as a foundation for Philosophy. Many of the learned doctors of the Church, including the great St. Augustine, agree in saying it is indispensable to man. And why so?

1. To judge correctly. No man can think in a correct manner unless he think logically. No one is able to judge rightly unless the ideas are well shaped according to the rules laid down by Logic.

2. Logic is necessary in making demonstrations in which one truth is deduced from a preceding one. No one can come to a correct conclusion if the argument be not in conformity with the laws of Logic. There can be no doubt that the "art of thinking correctly" must be the groundwork, the foundation, upon which all our judgments and actions must be erected. Hence (we may judge of) the utility and necessity of Logic.

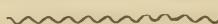
In many secular institutions Psychology is taken up first in preference to Logic. This, however, is a mistake. One might know all the phenomena of thought or learn from observation the facts of the intellect and yet not see the error in an argument, nor the false reasoning of an apparent sophism. To what advantage would it be to a man to be able to analyze the different operations of the human faculties, and form judgments about them, if he could not think correctly? Philosophy, as we have pointed out, is a *rational* science; therefore Logic teaches how to reason correctly. Thence its necessity.

The ultimate end of Logic is to teach us exactness in thought. It directs us in our search of truth. It does not serve to make us quick in argument, nor to add a few facts to our knowledge, but teaches us to think and to express our thoughts correctly. By thinking correctly the fallacies of an argument will become apparent as well as its weaknesses and false conclusions.

We have shown what Logic is; of what it treats; its divisions; and that it is both an art and a science. We have also endeavored to prove that its study is a necessity, and that it should be taken up as a foundation to Philosophy in preference to Psychology. Not much more remains to be said, save that we beg you philosophers, who may think it worth while to glance over these pages, to be gentle in your criticism. Remember it is

but the effort of a beginner. If you judge our attempt at philosophical essays as a piece of folly because of our extreme youth in the philosophical world, we ask you to call to mind the saying of Pitt that "youth is a crime of which we grow less guilty every day."

JOHN E. BURKE, '05.



## Robert Burns.

 CARCELY was Ramsay's pastoral drama "The Gentle Shepherd" known beyond the shores of Scotland, when there were published a few short poems which portended the coming of great literary genius. This was no other than Robert Burns, the son of a very poor, Presbyterian farmer. His education was only such as an intelligent father and a Scottish country school could give him. Thereafter, he took up the drudgery of a farm laborer, but, during his leisure hours he studiously pored over the works of Shakespeare, the Spectator of Addison and the poems of Pope. The impression made by these writings upon his mind was profound, and, his own irrepressible genius awakening, he used, it is said, to recite to his brother short poetic compositions of his own. Misfortunes coming in close succession and involving his father and himself in financial ruin, it is wonderful that the farmer boy could at all fit himself for his future fame.

Passing over the sorrows and alterations of a chequered life, we shall content ourselves with a brief glance at works in which the poet stands revealed with his good and evil qualities.

The poems which Burns gave Scotland form a collection of which his country may justly feel proud. He not only wrote of his native land in immortal creations of his own, but gathered "in one big heap," as it were, the songs, ballads and poems of the ancient Scottish bards, improving them as he thought proper. Thus he preserved for future generations a splendid literature while he strengthened one of the ties that bind together so closely the sons of old Scotia at home and abroad, and in return he received in the hearts of his countrymen a place high above other poets.

Indeed, love of Scotland is a conspicuous quality in the poetry of Burns. This noble sentiment finds expression at all moments and nearly in every possible form. We may judge of it from the following passage in "The Cotters Saturday Night":—

"O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !"

And in more stirring fashion thus :

"Scots wha hae, wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots whom Bruce often led ;  
 Welcome to thy gory bed—  
 Or to victory !"

Through love of country Burns employs the Lowland Scotch dialect as the vehicle of his thought, and thereby more completely gains the ear of the common people with whom he identifies himself and for whom chiefly he writes. None of the interests of the society in which he was born, in which he lived are foreign to him. He was that society's faithful and most perfect mouthpiece, interpreting and expressing exactly its aspirations, its traditions, its virtues and its vices. In simple, natural, glowing language he sings of individuals and of places which captivated his fancy as in "Flow gently Sweet Afton," and the "Banks of the Ettrick," all the while inculcating admirable lessons of attachment to country and strengthening those bonds of amity and relationship for which the Scotch were ever remarkable.

The poems of Burns, with the exception of a few belonging to his early manhood, contain many sound maxims of religion and morality. We cannot refuse to censure Burns for much that were better left unsaid. Still, in several poems we discover a strain of religious feeling, combined with obedience to Heaven, as in the Epistle to a Young Friend :—

"The great Creator to revere,  
 Must sure become the creature :  
 But still the preaching cant forbear,  
 And e'en the rigid feature :  
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
 Be complaisance extended ;  
 An' atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended."

One of the moral effects of the poetry of Burns consists in teaching the people of the lowest classes that an upright, industrious manhood possesses a distinction surpassing that of title or of rank ; that happiness does not exist exclusively in the upper classes of society, but flourishes in the lower, as well. The poet ridicules the pretensions of men to honors and privileges above their station : even the clergy does not escape the shafts of his satire. It is a dispute between clerics that brings forth his "Twa Herds," by which he first gains public attention. Generous as Burns is in his esteem for native dignity and excellence, he cannot tolerate, however, the shallow ambition of those who disregard essential duties, the rights and claims of their equals in order to arrive at eminence and outward distinction. It was for them he designed the national song—"A man 's a man for a' that"

" A king may mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that ;  
But an honest man 's aboon his micht,  
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that."

It cannot be denied that the life, as well as the writings of Burns, exhibit many irregularities. But it is equally true that the censure attached to his name, if not slanderous in some instances, has been excessive to a degree. The lapses for which Burns has been condemned are to be attributed, not so much to malice as to lack of education, to a peculiar temperament, impulsive, headstrong, excessively irritable and genial by turns. With such a character he degenerates, as soon as, when death deprives him in his early manhood of his father's salutary guidance, he associates with low companions ; and later, when with his fame at its height he falls in with dissolute flatterers. Though a wretched victim of vice, he usually had the grace to be ashamed of his failings, even if he did so little to overcome them. Though prone to err into descriptive improprieties, the momentary excesses of a healthy and vigorous nature, he was seldom designedly gross or wicked. "It may with safety be affirmed" observes a biographer, that there is positively nothing demoralizing or seductively impure in his writings—nothing that can for one moment be put in comparison with the deliberate and pernicious prurience of the modern sensation novel which finds its thousands of readers."

Some critics rank Burns next to the writers of the epic and the drama and superior to all the other poets. In fact, the genius of the Scottish poet did not attempt the highest sort of poetry, the epic, the particular object of which is to represent the world of heroic action: rather it was lyrical, being at home in work of the second order. Tenderness and sweetness are its characteristics, and are to be seen at their best in his *Highland Mary*. This was his sweetheart; and every line of the effusion is vital with his love for her. He was, it seems, to have been married to the young woman, but her untimely death prevented the union. She was, however, treasured in his memory throughout his life.

Undoubtedly to Robert Burns belongs the glory of being the greatest poet that ever sprang from the ranks of the people, and that lived and died in an humble condition. Untrained though he was in the technique of the art, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and in his peasant neighbors, in his and their common language. That he was prevented by adverse circumstances, by uncontrolled passions, and by an untimely death from realizing the promise held out by his work and his gifts is to be forever regretted. Though emphatically a spoiled genius, he has given to English literature some of its most precious jewels. His songs especially, have endeared him to the world and as is natural, mostly to his own land,

“ Since he, the sweetest bard is dead  
That ever breathed the soothing strain.”

RODERICK J. McDougall,  
Third Form.



### DAVID AND GOLIATH.

One word of well-directed wit—  
A pebble-jest, has often hit  
A boastful evil and prevailed  
When many a nobler weapon failed.

JOHN B. TABB.



Hon. Justice Girouard, D.C.L., LL.D.

## A Notable Book.

**LAKE ST. LOUIS, OLD AND NEW, AND CAVELIER DE LA SALLE,**  
Illustrated, 1893; SUPPLEMENT TO SAME, 1903, by the Hon.  
Désiré Girouard, Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada,  
D.C.L., LL.D. Montreal: Poirier, Bessette & Co. \$10.

Mr. Justice Girouard, has done further, and still more valuable service to the cause of Canadian historical and topographical research by the issue of a supplement to his "Lake St. Louis and Cavelier de La Salle," originally published in 1893, which made so favorable an impression on press and public. The original work, as was noted at the time, dealt with subjects of professedly local interest, with Lake St. Louis and surrounding villages, with de La Salle, his voyages and discoveries. Yet the interest attaching to such matters was, certainly, far other than merely local, since Judge Girouard's researches provided new, and hitherto unexamined and unpublished materials for a history of French Canada in its "heroic period," the seventeenth century.

The public is also indebted to the learned author for his Supplement, which, as he says in his preface thereto, "will prove the last touch of a work embodying the research of years." There can, of course, from the very nature of the subject, be no absolute "last word" in such matters; but no serious worker in the field of archeological research can afford to be without Judge Girouard's monumental volumes, nor fail to be grateful to the author for thus supplying those who come after him with the facts, figures and conclusions—and even the illustrations—therein contained.

Among the points to which a reviewer may refer in more detail should be noted a discussion as to the actual date of La Salle's arrival in Canada. The question would seem to be finally decided—it is, at most, one of historical accuracy only, but it illustrates his Honor's methods—by an extract from the archives of the Society of Jesus, for which the author owns himself indebted to P. de Rochemonteix. (p. 308.) Those archives give the date of La Salle's quitting the Society—the College of La Fléche—as

*March 28th, 1667.* La Salle, therefore, did not, certainly, reach Canada till May or June, 1667, "and is mistaken when he says that he founded the village of Lachine in 1666." (*Ibid*).

As to the charges made against the Jesuits of engaging in the fur trade to their own advantage (pp. 403-406), Mr. Justice Girouard deals with them, as might have been expected, in a calm, dispassionate, and wholly judicial spirit, as becomes his office. He cites, as is just, the evidence offered by accusers and accused, by prosecution and defence, and sums up decidedly in favor of the latter. One of the most virulent accusers of the Society was La Motte Cadillac, who is described as being "extremely embittered against the Jesuits." Moreover, we learn, concerning this witness for the prosecution, on the evidence of La Potherie. (*Ibid*) : "It is well known that he made a great deal . . . by a trade in brandy, for which the missionaries blamed him." Hence, doubtless, his virulence, his "unbridled" enmity against them. Jesuit opposition to the trade in brandy—to the selling of liquor to the Indians—aroused the wrath of those whose profits depended on such devil's work; Jesuit unwillingness to have French soldiers among their converts—knowing, as they did, the moral evils that must ensue—led to sweeping charges, on the part of Frontenac and others, of "undue interference in political affairs." Even the great and saintly Bishop Laval was not spared. He was "the tool of the Jesuits," because he stood by them in this phase of the age-long conflict between God and Cæsar as to the limits of the jurisdiction of each, and who has the right to define them. But it is well that we should have the carefully-weighed conclusion of a Judge of the Supreme Court, who, as he says, is a pupil of the Sulpicians, and has no personal acquaintance with the Jesuits. His decision—his opinion, as he modestly calls it—coincides with that arrived at by the Calvinist, Kalm, who travelled in Canada about the time of the Cession, namely, that "the Jesuits do not traffic either in pelts or in furs, leaving the care of such entirely to the merchants." (p. 414.) This may not, as Judge Girouard says, (p. 415) "close the discussion," but it will, certainly, aid not a little towards the attainment of that most desirable end.

There is much more that might be quoted at length, but we must content ourselves with a mere list, and a partial one at that,

of the subjects treated of, particularly in the supplement. Cavelier de La Salle comes first, his actions and career being, in the truest sense, of interest to all Canadians. Then come the ancient forts of the Island of Montreal, also of far more than merely local attraction; the disastrous expedition of the Marquis de Denonville (pp. 325-345); disastrous, that is, in its consequences, since it "began with a crime" (p. 344) and "its result was an atrocious war of ten years' duration, the massacre of hundreds of soldiers and *habitants*, and the destruction of nearly all the parishes of the Island of Montreal and the environs." This, of course, is Canadian history. So, also, is the Massacre of Lachine, the outcome of M. de Denonville's Indian policy—if such it may be called. Of more local interest, and not of less, are chapters on Agriculture in the Seventeenth Century, and on Trade at Lake St. Louis and Isle aux Tourtes. Nor do those on the Lachine Canal, on Isle Perrot, Isle Bizard, Chateauguay, and the Island of Montreal in 1731 deserve any but the most careful attention. Those which conclude the volume relate to the Protestant churches around Lake St. Louis, at Lachine, Dorval, Ste. Anne de Bellevue; the last, to Recent Changes. These are, from their nature, strictly of local interest.

Enough has, surely, been said to show the value and importance, both of the original work and of this most admirable Supplement, as the latest, fullest and weightiest contribution towards the study of Canadian history and topography. For, while dealing, *ex professo*, with a more or less limited area, Mr. Girouard's book affords materials for a history not only of French Canada, but of the *origines* of the Dominion as a whole.

Both book and supplement are furnished with a neat, complete, and wholly excellent index.

F. W. G.



## A Day in the Thousand Islands.

**T**HE famous Thousand Islands, situated in the St. Lawrence where the magnificent river issues from Lake Ontario, afford many pleasures to the multitudes who go thither in summer, attracted by the glorious scenery and health-giving climate.

As I live in the Thousand Islands, I had many opportunities, during the summer holidays, of visiting some of the islands and the bays, which teem so abundantly with all kinds of game. Many pleasant experiences have I gathered during my excursions through this archipelago. Among other things, I have been attended with very good luck in my essays at rod and gun.

One fine morning I was taken from my warm bed rather earlier than I was accustomed to. One of my friends, Mr. Butts, had come with an invitation to go out with him for a day's fishing. I readily accepted, to be sure. As the preparation was the work of a few moments, we had started by half-past six. We decided to make first for a good fishing place called Eels' Bay, intending, should we have poor luck there, to go on to Fiddler's Elbow, another favorite resort of bass and perch. Arriving at our first stopping place about eight, we found the finny tribe strangely shy. We dropped our trolling spoons, and started for Fiddler's Elbow. As it was necessary to go slowly we did not arrive until eleven o'clock. On arriving we took dinner at once, in order that we might afterwards have a long, uninterrupted troll. We treated ourselves to the small specimens we had caught on the way up, along with bread, butter, and hot tea: needless to say, we did justice to the simple spread. Those who have taken part in similar exhilarating outings will easily understand how keenly the meal was enjoyed. When this important matter was disposed of, we pushed off again, trailing the spoon in hopes for better fortune. We trolled around the island for about three hours, and in that time we had caught but two black bass. This was not encouraging, therefore we decided to turn around for home. I was about to put up the sail when my friend cried out :

"Wait ! I just had a heavy strike."

I resumed my seat and rowed on slowly, quite willing to give the fish another chance. We had not to wait long. Mr. Butts felt another strike, and a vigorous pulling at the line. He knew he had the fish on the hook, but he did not know if he could get him into the boat. He carefully hauled till the fish was close alongside. We saw it was a pickerel of good size ; we also saw it would test our patience if we were to succeed in landing him. We manœuvred him to the vicinity of the boat about seven or eight times within half an hour, yet not close enough to place the net underneath his body. The line was a strong one, strong enough to last till the quarry would be drowned, but to drown him would mean much reeling and unreeling. Time and again would the captured fish allow himself to be drawn towards the boat, only to start off again like a torpedo, as far as the line would allow. Gradually, however, the fish gave way to the skill of its captor, till finally, without any resistance, it allowed itself to be drawn into the boat. We stowed the booty away carefully under the seat and in triumph proceeded homeward. The distance to travel was about five miles. The weather was simply glorious. As we skirted isle after isle the scenes presented by those little dots, as it were, of rock and foliage and charming villas, separated by currents of silver glistening in the rays of the declining sun, filled us with delight. As the wind was fair and our sail large we soon drew up at our moorings. A number of friends and tourists were waiting to receive us, eager to learn the results of our day's outing. Our fish, we found, tipped the scales at fourteen pounds. This outing was followed by many others.

J. B. BAZINET,  
Second Form.



## The National Transcontinental Railway.

**O**N Thursday, July 30th, 1903, Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced a bill to the House of Commons for the construction of a railroad termed the National Transcontinental Railway. The bill provided that a commission of three be appointed to supervise the building of the said railroad. It also contained many other clauses which would be tedious to mention here. After a lengthy debate in which the following points among others were discussed, the bill was passed.

**Extension of the Railroad.**—This railroad is to extend from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, and every inch of it to be on Canadian soil. It is to start from Moncton, New Brunswick, and proceed westward by the shortest and best route to Quebec. The exact route from this point it is impossible to trace out, but it will most likely pass along the heights of Ontario to Winnipeg. Bearing a little northwest it will run to Edmonton, Alberta, there dividing into two parts; one passing through the Yellow Head Pass to the coast, and the other branching north through the Peace River Pass to Port Simpson.

**Advantages of this Railroad.**—It is a general feeling throughout Canada, and especially amongst those who take a leading part in the interests of our country, that this railroad will be a most beneficial enterprise. The Intercolonial Railroad, built some years ago, was more of a political scheme than anything else. Those who built it, who planned and those who conceived it, never contemplated for a moment that it would be used for transcontinental transportation; scarcely had it been built when it was seen that the long windings of the line would be an impediment to the future trade of Canada. Something else had to be devised that could serve the demand of Canada's growing trade, and, as a final result the Canadian Pacific Railroad was built connecting the different provinces. But Canada's trade still increases, and it is only in those late years of ours that we have found out the value of our Canadian North West. At the present time the exportation of

grain from Manitoba and the North West is enormous ; much of it for lack of transportation has to pass through American channels. To offset this we desire the shortest possible route across our country, and this we have not as yet. Already Minneapolis is grinding immense quantities of Manitoba wheat, which could just as well be ground at home along the great water routes to James' Bay, and the flour then sent to Europe by Quebec.

It is also established that the region between Quebec and Winnipeg is a fertile clay belt, rich in good land, rich in timber, provided with abundant water power, and with all those resources which go to support an agricultural and industrial community. In fact it is only within the last few months that an expert authority on the lumber trade stated that this section of the country would become the source of supply for the future wood, pulp and paper industry of the world. Another consideration is that all nations are at present competing for the future trade of China and Japan ; there is no other country so well situated to capture this trade as Canada. Such being the case, what is the conclusion to be drawn ? The conclusion is, that we must at once provide a railroad to tap these rich and fertile territories, and the same would also be a step towards the control of the trade with China and Japan.

From Winnipeg this railroad would give the Province of Manitoba its shortest and cheapest outlet to the sea. This saving in distance, the level character of the road, and the consequent easy gradient would, it is estimated, allow wheat to be hauled to the seaboard at seven cents per bushel less than the hauling now costs the farmer of Manitoba. This saving even on the present crop would more than pay the interest on the cost of the road.

Again in the event of hostilities with our neighbors to the south, which it is sincerely to be hoped may never occur, the present Canadian Pacific Railroad and all our telegraphic communication with the west could be broken in twenty places in a week, and would never be restored. The proposed line being from three hundred to five hundred miles from the frontier, protected by fleets at Quebec, Saguenay and Port Simpson would be impregnable, and for this reason should receive the support of the British Government.

Disadvantages of this Railroad.—At the present time it is estimated that we have a good road running from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and, if a second line is built, it will only be about thirty miles distant from the present one. Now, is it good policy to tax the people of this country for the purpose of building two parallel lines from Winnipeg to Edmonton? If built, what will the result be? Taxes will be raised, and many who are unable to meet the increase will be compelled to leave. Again, if this railroad is constructed from Quebec to Moncton, it will destroy the traffic of the Intercolonial Railway, which cost nearly \$43,000,000; and for what purpose? For the purpose of saving fifty or sixty miles in the carrying of grain from the North West Territories and Manitoba to Halifax and St. Johns. It is also estimated that the road from Quebec to Winnipeg, a distance of fourteen hundred miles, cannot be graded and constructed for less than \$42,000,000. Then add \$13,000,000 for the road from Quebec to Moncton, and about \$6,000,000 more for a bridge crossing the St. Lawrence at Quebec. With this entirely useless line from Winnipeg to Quebec we could furnish those facilities, five times over, that are necessary for the trade of our country. If this country to the north of us is developed, if minerals are found, if water-ways are utilized, or any other resources are turned to account let the country be opened up by colonization lines.

Another objection raised in connection with this railroad, was the route which it is going to cross. Fifty miles south of James' Bay there is a comparatively fertile country. Westward the width of this fertile tract increases, till in some places it is two hundred and fifty miles from the Hudson Bay. It is believed that grain can be grown here nearly as well as in Manitoba and the North West. But will this railway go near this fertile section? No; it must be built in that section north of the height of land, reaching to the plateau, which borders Hudson Bay, and which at that verge of the plateau drops to the extent of three or four hundred feet. Between that drop and the height of land, the land is totally unfit for any purpose known to civilization. It is land of low shrubs and utterly unfit for cultivation.

On the whole, considering the reasons for and against this line, I think it is the best that can be built from an Imperial as

well as a Canadian point of view. Of course we have many in Canada who believe that we should give due deliberation to this question before entering upon decisive measures, but this is not the time for deliberation, it is a time for action. We cannot wait, because in these days of wonderful development, time lost is doubly lost ; we cannot wait, because the prairies of the North West, which for countless ages have been roamed over by the wild herds of the bison, or by the scarcely less wild tribes of the red man, are now invaded on all sides by the white race. Therefore, it is the duty of the Canadian Government to attend to the needs and requirements of this fast growing country—which can only be done by the construction of some such railroad.

J. FITZPATRICK, '06.

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“ THE BELLS.”

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe and to the college bell, for the plagiarism on the former and the slanders on the latter.

Hear the loud-toned college bell,  
Iron bell !  
How its noisy notes and hateful  
Rising time foretell.  
By its loud, incessant pealing,  
Rest from weary eyelids stealing,  
With vociferous and unrelenting tone ;  
And the sleepers worn and weary,  
With their faces sad and dreary,  
Yawn and groan

Hear the class bell loudly calling,  
Awful call !  
Hear its harsh tones rising, falling,  
Down the hall.  
By its dreadful, doleful throbbing,  
Peace from every heart 'tis robbing,  
Leaving naught but grief and sobbing  
In them all.

J. J. FREELAND, '05.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. III.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

Vol. VI

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"TO RESTORE ALL THINGS IN CHRIST."

The profound reverence which attended the last days of Leo XIII merged into an equally deep love for his successor. The election of Cardinal Sarto to the vacant See of Peter elicited universal approval. Details bearing on the origin, career, and character of the new Pontiff were industriously gathered up by the press and as eagerly devoured by the public. Even the Papacy's worst enemies bore testimony to the lovable qualities of Pius X and seemed to feel that he would do always what was right. In something like this frame of mind the world awaited the first encyclical of His Holiness. And when it appeared, the impression at once prevailed that a master with undisputed authority was speaking. Every other voice for the moment was hushed. This encyclical was a revelation to those of us who had been tired to death with shallow

theories about reforms for intemperance, political corruption, oppression and a growing host of other evils. Are these after all any more than symptoms of a widespread deadlier disease in the body social. Pius X with a discerning eye so finds, and points out the evil at root of all our social troubles. This evil is—apostasy from God, than which nothing is more allied with ruin according to the word of the prophet ! “ For behold they that go far from Thee shall perish.” This part of the encyclical is a terrible indictment of our present society, and the silence with which it has been received shows that there is no answer to it, that every word rings true. With well-informed Catholics, of course, there is no misconception possible regarding the prerogatives of the Papal authority. The Holy Father in fact, touches on them in passing. “ Since, however, it has been pleasing to the Divine Will to raise our lowness to such sublimity of power we take courage in Him who strengthens us, and, setting to work, relying on the power of God we proclaim that we have no other program in the Supreme Pontificate but that ‘ of restoring all things in Christ,’ (Ephes. i, 10) so that ‘ Christ may be all in all ’ (Coloss. iii, 2).” To succeed in carrying out this program, the Holy Father tells us “ we must use every means and exert all our energy to bring about the utter disappearance of that enormous and detestable wretchedness so characteristic of our time—the substitution of man for God ; this done, it remains to restore to their ancient place of honor the most holy laws and counsels of the Gospel ; to proclaim aloud the truths taught by the Church, and her teachings on the sanctity of marriage, on the education and discipline of youth, on the possession and use of property, the duties that men owe to those who rule the State, and lastly, to restore equilibrium between the different classes of society according to Christian precept and custom.”

We would earnestly recommend students to read this important encyclical very carefully ; ever in their studies the watchword should be : “ To renew all things in Christ.” They will be animated with this noble ambition to study how to co-operate most powerfully in this renovation so desirable. And they will have succeeded when, by their help, literature and science will have

united with religion in indissoluble partnership, and will have ranged their serried forces under the standard of Christ and of the Catholic Church.

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### OUR FIRST DUTY.

President Thwing of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, has recently been making a discovery. That this discovery may date back to Solomon and before, makes little difference to us if it be either partially or wholly new to us. The eminent President wins our undying gratitude by discovering that "the first principle of college life is the principle of doing one's duty. The first duty of the college man is to learn his lessons." By the way, is this not the old fashioned dogma that imposed its tyranny upon us during weary terms in the primary schools? And here as soon as our patronymics went down in the college register we imagined the unquestioned liberty we were to exercise in choosing the courses of study that pleased us, spicing study and class hours with newspaper and novel reading, with excursions, athletics, and with other patent time-consumers. Alas for such dreams! But Dr. Thwing is reminding us of another discovery of his: "The curriculum of every good college is the resultant of scores or of hundreds of years of reflection and trial. It represents methods, content, purposes, which many teachers through many experiments of success and of failure have learned are the best for training the mind or forming character. But for the student to receive worthy advantage from these forces he is obliged to relate himself to them by hard intellectual attention and application." Now we find that the Doctor's discoveries have been already made by others. He refers to Sir Leslie Stephen as stating of his Cambridge teachers that they were not given to enthusiasms, but preached common-sense, and common-sense said: "Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree." There is not a loop-hole for escape. Our duty is plain. Even if the universe threatens to collapse, we will give all the attention required to take our diplomas. Stick to our lessons for they are our triposes. And it may be permitted to add here a discovery of

our own: it is as venerable and as luminous as the others. Prayer, the curriculum tells us, is a very good thing. We should give to prayer the attention the curriculum asks. We might then be somewhat better disposed to leave the universe alone and to stick to our grinding.

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#### THE PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

The new Pope has at length chosen as his Secretary of State, Mgr. Merry del Val, Archbishop of Nicæa, President of the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, Secretary of the Conclave, and later pro-Secretary of State. Since it is the usage that the one who holds this position should be taken from the Sacred College, Pius X. in the Consistory held on November 9th, elevated Mgr. del Val to the dignity of Cardinal, though he has not yet attained his fortieth year.

It is unnecessary to say that it was Mgr. Merry del Val who was sent in 1898 on his first diplomatic mission to Canada. His stay in the Dominion was short, but the importance of his duties—to examine into the Manitoba School question,—his affability of manner, his activity, high attainments and diplomatic tact, made him widely known and most highly esteemed by the leading men of this country. While in Ottawa, he renewed acquaintance with several of his old schoolmates among the professors at the college, the Noble Ecclesiastics and the Oblate Scholastics attending the same lectures at the Gregorian University in Rome. All who had the privilege of meeting the youthful delegate were of course delighted to learn of his promotion to his present charge.

Cardinal Merry del Val comes eminently qualified for the difficult functions he is to exercise as Secretary of State to the Pope. He was born and reared in the atmosphere of diplomacy, and his own rapid advancement shows that he understands all its secrets. His father, Marquis Merry del Val, was for forty years attached to the Spanish Embassy at London, where his son was born. Later he was sent in the same capacity to Brussels and Vienna, and is at present ambassador at the Vatican in behalf of Spain. His son, now the Cardinal, by virtue of his residence with his father at these various posts and of his education at St.

Cuthbert's, Ushaw and at Rome, can speak English, Spanish, French, German and Italian. It is a knowledge that will be of great service to him. He is, besides, a hard worker, having the rare faculty of intense concentration of mind. He is, moreover, described as cautious and prudent almost to excess.

We may, everything considered, forecast a long and prosperous career for the talented and energetic Secretary of State. In America and in every land he has many friends, who are most heartily wishing him every success in the discharge of his difficult functions.

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#### "TO SMILE IN VICTORY IS EASY—IN DEFEAT HEROIC."

The organization of the Ottawa College Football Club was brought about in the year 1881, and, in glancing through the records dating from that period, we notice with a feeling akin to pride, that victory has loved to perch upon the Garnet and Gray banner; so much so, that for years the team representing the University knew not the meaning of the word defeat.

This year, however, and incidentally the first time since 1900, the team representing Ottawa College failed to retain the cup, emblematic of the Quebec Championship. This indeed is to be regretted, for had College succeeded in retaining the championship, the cup, which for the past two years has found a welcome home within the University, would have become the property of the Athletic Association, and would like many other trophies which point to the prowess of the Garnet and Gray on the "gridiron," have found a permanent resting place within these classic walls. Let us hope it is all for the better; College has always had a peculiar tendency to win cups and once in possession it became a difficult task to wrest them from her. A visit to the University parlor will suffice to bear us out in the above statement; for two championship trophies have already found a lasting abode within the walls of the University, and we believe we are safe in stating that no team in Canada can boast of such possessions, or point to as brilliant and glorious a career upon the Canadian football field, as can Ottawa University.

It is not our intention to give here any apology on behalf of the College team of 1903, for failing to uphold the glorious record of victories achieved by former teams representing the Garnet and Gray, rather let us exonerate them from all blame and offer them on behalf of the student body and through the pages of the REVIEW, our sincerest and heart-felt congratulations for their noble endeavors to uphold the honor of Ottawa College in Rugby foot-ball, and in proving beyond the shadow of a doubt, that for clean, fast and scientific foot-ball, College is without an equal in Canada.

As is customary, our team was sorely handicapped at the beginning of the season in having to replace such players as Cox, Callaghan, Harrington and Dooner, but possessed of that indomitable spirit, which has ever been her characteristic, College at once proceeded to find new material with which to fill the vacancies caused by the non-return of the above named students. It is hardly necessary to add that College easily overcame this difficulty, and the sole credit can be attributed to none other than Mr. Tom. Clancy, whose equal as a foot-ball coach could not be found in the Dominion. This achievement is in itself something of which to be proud, and we challenge any one to point to another team in Canada that could produce such players within such a short period as six weeks, and occupy as a team the same standing at the end of the playing season.

However, this does not explain, that notwithstanding our excellent team, and the fact that College was greatly strengthened by the re-appearance of "Eddie" Gleeson and Tom Clancy in football togs, the Quebec Championship was lost. In offering our humble excuses, we wish it to be understood that we are not suffering from that malady commonly known as "sore head," but wish merely to give plain facts and put before the readers of the REVIEW a few incidents of which they may be totally ignorant.

As everyone doubtlessly knows, the Quebec Championship had for two successive years been won by College, and another win, would mean that the Championship trophy would be added to the many now in her possession ; such however, was not to be the case, and, while we recognize that for the good of foot-ball in Canada, it should go elsewhere occasionally, still we deplore and

disapprove strongly of the methods and tactics employed to wrest it from its "adopted home."

To any supporter of this year's team and especially to one who had witnessed a majority of the games participated in by College, it would seem that the officials (in most cases) went on the field prepared to do everything in their power to advance the interests and chances of the opposing teams. Time and time again did they display lamentable ignorance of the fundamental principles of the game and give their decisions in a most questionable manner. We know that to many this excuse will seem childish and unbecoming of the source from which it originated, but nevertheless the fact is true, and it is with the utmost reluctance that we are forced to admit it. For the good of the game in Canada let us hope that in the future, (and particularly since the cup goes into the possession of another club) competent and impartial officials will be secured, that they will conduct themselves in a manner above reproach, and prove worthy of the confidence placed in them by the representatives of the clubs for which they are acting.

To the readers of the Ottawa press, residing outside the City of Ottawa, it must surely have appeared that the College club was nothing better than a good intermediate team, while in reality it was much superior to any XIV Ottawa has produced or can produce for years. The various city papers were none too generous with the space allotted to College Athletics, and on most occasions she did not get the justice she deserved at their hands. When it came to a question of the Rough Riders' admittance into Q. R. U., College were the "whole thing," (if we may be excused for using the expression) and for days preceding the meeting whole columns were devoted to accounts of College practices ; they even went so far as to publish records of college victories dating from the first year of its existence. All this, however, with an object in view ; and no sooner were the Rough Riders admitted than College had once more to be contented with the usual space. Another instance : The papers evidently knowing nothing of the spirit which dominates every member of the team, imagine that they can not take defeat like true sports and begin to fear, and for very good reasons, that College will withdraw from the Quebec

Union. Should the executive of the O.U.A.A. deem it expedient to withdraw this year or any time, we assure all concerned that motives other than fear of defeat or of the Rough Riders would prompt them in their action. We are proud to admit that College does not often leave the field with the short end of the score to her credit, and on Nov 7th, when she was defeated by a heavier, but by no means better team, each player willingly submitted to the decree of Providence and took defeat in that spirit so characteristic of and becoming to an Ottawa College Football Club.

Lack of space will prevent us treating of this subject at greater length, and in conclusion we sincerely hope that the editorial will be accepted in the same spirit in which it was written ; that such grievances will not have to be voiced for years to come ; that those to whom the destinies of the Garnet and Grey will be entrusted for next season will not become dismayed or discouraged at the unsuccessful termination of this year's work. Such grievances are more or less to be expected. It behooves the members of the Athletic Association to be prepared for such difficulties, and to overcome them by such means as they may have within their power ; thereby proving to the football world that in spite of all such obstacles Ottawa 'Varsity can still, and ever will, occupy the leading position in the realms of Rugby football.



### Inter Alia.

If there's a hole in 'a your coats  
I rede ye, tent it ;  
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

Ottawa's affiliation to the Inter-University Debating League, will give our young men a chance to measure themselves with others. This League, by the way, appears destined to do for Canadians what the famous "Unions" of Oxford and Cambridge have done for many Englishmen, whose names are on the muster roll of fame ; prove, that is, the best possible training-place for subsequent successes, forensic, parliamentary, or purely oratorical.

It raises, at the same time, however, the whole question of oratory, its rules, its fashions ; its adaptability to place, time and circumstances. All which, again, involve many kindred matters, as rhetoric, elocution and style ; if, indeed, style be not the one word necessary. One remarks that the judges are to give seventy-five per cent. for matter, and twenty-five for what is, somewhat vaguely, denominated "delivery." The proportion is fair enough, though much good matter may, obviously, be lost for want of style, and very little made to go far by means of the same article.

Style, then, may fairly claim the larger share, if not the whole of the marks assigned to delivery. Style, surely, means so many things, not the man, merely, though the old saying is truer than most wise saws or modern instances. It means elocution, in the case of spoken matter ; that, strictly, is the best form of utterance. Wherein, one includes manner—in the widest sense : of argument, primarily, but also of arrangement, voice, possibly of gesticulation as well. Certainly, choice of words should have due weight.

Which brings us back to that question of adaptability to place, time, and circumstances. The set speeches of Burke would, only too manifestly, not be tolerated by a modern audience, even could Burke rise from his grave to deliver them. The short, pithy, interjectory sentences of Charles James Fox are better models ; Macaulay is to be admired, but as an example of what to avoid. One thing, at least, these and many others had in common, an utter abhorence of slang and colloquialisms.

It may be, we have descended to a lower, and, possibly, to a more practical plane. Oratory, one hears, is out of fashion in the Mother of Parliaments ; therein presumably, she has followed her daughters, not they her ; it being the prerogative of the young to instruct the old. Like the Psalmist, they are wiser than their teachers, though hardly by the same means.

Still, one would fain enter a plea for style, at least in these Inter-University debating contests. It is easier to be a stump

orator than an orator without the stump : to tickle the risibilities of your hearers, even to appeal to their sensibilities, than to convince their reason or their intellects. There is no difficulty in being colloquial, not to say, slangy ; it is difficult to be dignified, —in due measure.

The subject, at least, of this initial debate, named for the first week in December, is not lacking in life or interest. On the benefits to the Empire of some such scheme of fiscal reform as proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, there is much to be said ; our Ottawa team—that is a colloquialism—have chosen the affirmative side. This, or, indeed, any other subject, entails careful study, and not a little reading up. Which, one fears, is not a habit to which youth is over-addicted, outside, that is, of the narrow field of duty. Herein, also, this Inter-University Debating League may do better service than is likely be rendered even by the adequate accomplishment of its ostensible purpose.

THE CHIEL.

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## Book Review.

The Calendar just published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood marks a great improvement upon that of last year. It distributes the months in three pads, these firmly stitched upon a card, itself tastefully embellished in the corners and borders with the representations of the Passion, its instruments and symbols. The pious thoughts, assigned to each day and selected with great care and labor from the Liturgy, from the writings of the Saints and other reliable authors, are a valuable feature.

This valuable calendar bears the *imprimatur* of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa. It may be procured for the modest sum of 25 cents at the Monastery of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Bank street, Ottawa, or at the city bookstores.

WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. An answer to earnest inquirers. By the Rev. Thos. Drury, Priest of the Diocese of Louisville. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 30 cents.

As a compendium of what the teaching of the Church really is, told in a clear, simple and direct style, this book of Father Drury's is certainly unexcelled. The same firm issues

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL for 1904, which contains much that is of value and interest to Catholic readers. Its sketches of Pope Pius X. and of the late lamented Leo XIII., its articles on various popular subjects, and its excellent fiction, all profusely illustrated, proclaim it as well-nigh indispensable to the Catholic family circle.

Benziger's LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL for 1904 is an ideal publication for little readers, and its simple but engrossing stories, attractively illustrated by many pretty pictures, are sure to engage the child's closest attention. Price 10 cents.

CARROLL DARE. By Mary F. Waggaman, author of "Corinne's Vow." Benziger Bros. Price \$1 25.

This is a story of absorbing interest, of which the scene is laid in France during the troublous year of 1791. The plot is centred around the person of a young American, who goes to France to bring back to her own country his sister, the widow of a French nobleman.

Benziger Brothers have also issued a reproduction in colours of Kautman's fine portrait of Pius X. It is a picture well worth having, and the price is reasonable.

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## Exchanges.

On entering the sanctum, we find *The Young Eagle* from Wisconsin perched upon our desk, in a very neat and artistic dress, and as usual well filled with profitable and interesting matter. We also find in its columns numerous poetic pieces, the majority of which abound in gems of thought.

In perusing the columns of our esteemed contemporary, *The Holy Cross Purple*, we notice two articles worthy of honorable mention; one entitled "From the Philippines," and the other "Federation of Catholic Societies." The former is a strong defence against the many unjust charges made by harsh critics in America when writing of the Filipinos. It is written in a most

interesting manner and exhibits a knowledge which could be obtained only by intimate associations with the Filipinos. This article recommends itself to all those who wish to acquaint themselves with the true state of affairs existing in the Philippines.

*The Laurel*, from St. Bonaventure's, is a most welcome magazine, and is one of the most attractive publications that we receive. The editorials are pointed, and the literary department is replete with interesting matter. "Somnium" is a poetical production of no mean merit.

*Echoes From the Pines*, for October, comes to hand as a neat and attractive journal, its pages well filled with meritorious productions of both prose and poetry.

The last number of *The Xavier* contains some bright and original stories. The poetry is also good. "Autumn" is a poem especially worthy of mention.



## Among the Magazines.

The November *Donahoe's* maintains its usual high standard. Alice L. Milligan, in a paper on "The Anti-Emigration Movement," urges on the Irish people the advisability of remaining at home "to till the soil of Ireland, to increase her manufactured produce, to trade honorably in their native land." She gives as the great cause of emigration, the lack of independence of the sons and daughters of the average Irish family. As a remedy she says: "Spread democratic ideas of the dignity of labor—provide home industries for the girls—and advise that sons and daughters working on small tillage farms be no longer treated as domestic slaves. "Following the Voyageurs," a historical description of Prince Edward Island, profusely illustrated with photographs, makes very interesting reading. The fiction and poetry of the issue are, as usual, excellent.

Canadians have been reading a great deal lately about the "piratical rapacity" of the great American Eagle. It is interesting, therefore, to read the first article in the current *Messenger*, "The Congo Free State Before the Bar," by Rev. John Conway,

S.J., who hints that the British Lion may have the same trait. He points out what an immense advantage it would be to Great Britain to own the Free State, which separates her possessions in South Africa from those in the North. He shows us what strenuous efforts the British Parliament is making to prove the government of the Congo cruel and tyrannical towards the natives. "Unfortunately," he says, "in States as in individuals, greed and avarice frequently incite to sentiments apparently the most righteous, and to deeds the most unjust."

"Oliver Oakleaf," in the *Irish Monthly*, compares the proverbs of different nations showing where a proverb is common to several nations, "in one language it sometimes undergoes a change that shows wider experience, keener observation, or deeper knowledge of human nature." The writer introduces considerable philosophy of a humorous description into the article, which is very well written indeed. "The Letters of a Globe Trotter" are interesting.

"The Old World Seen through American Eyes," running in the *Rosary*, is another traveller's story. The article in the current issue describes Venice, St. Anthony of Padua, Milan and the Italian Lakes. Among other articles "The Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré," the famous scene of miraculous cures, and "The Life History of the Salmon," are most noteworthy.

*The Canadian Messenger* contains many valuable religious topics. The "Alaskan Letters" of Father Devine, give a great deal of information.

## Athletics.

### MONTREAL 9—COLLEGE 10.

College at length strikes the pace. At the Oval, on October 24th, Varsity, after a most exciting struggle, defeated the hitherto invincible Montreal by ten points to nine. With ideal weather conditions and open play the forte of both teams, the contest throughout was a strenuous one. It delighted the spectators to see the Collegians breaking through and following the punts of their halves for continuous gains. Though P. Molson may be

a shade the stronger punter, he cannot place the ball with the accuracy of E. Gleeson. The sprinting abilities of Molson and Craig never materialized as they were always downed in their tracks. Twice in the first half they became dangerous by their runs, so the wearers of the garnet and grey resolved to give them no more chances. Austin, Filion, Filiatreault and Ferguson broke through at will. Castonguay invariably captured the sphere on the throw-in ; whilst Kearns at quarter could not be improved upon. Both scrimmages were strong but Clancy was too experienced for his cover. With McCreadie and Killeen his rushes were irresistible. E. Gleeson in his cool, quiet way always commanded the situation, whilst J. Gleeson distinguished himself in running and punting. Lafleur, who made his first appearance as a half-back, played with all his usual dash.

Montreal scored first by a long, loose dribble through the College backs which gave them a touch down. In a short time College forced the ball to Montreal line, and a touch was only prevented by Rayside getting offside and giving College a free kick which Molson rouged. Lafleur received the ball at College 35 yard line and eluding all the Montreal forwards passed the backs for a touch-down. Before half time Varsity secured a touch-in-goal.

After an exchange of punts at mid-field, E. Gleeson drove the ball almost to the Montreal goal-line. Austin blocked Craig's return and fell on the ball. After two scrimmages Kearns went over for a touch. Montreal next forced E. Gleeson to rouge. Then by a lucky dribble Montreal secured another touch but failed to convert it. Time was called a few seconds later with the score 10 to 9 in favor of College.

•      BBITANNIA 4—COLLEGE 19.

Varsity's game with the Britanniæ on October 31st, was a rather listless one, both players and spectators seeming to take it for granted that it could have but one ending. The Britanniæ, however, like true sportsmen, stuck manfully to the task, and, though their play demonstrated that they were outclassed, it also showed that they have the nucleus of a splendid senior team for the future. At half time the score stood 15 to 0 in favor of the Gar-

net and Grey. Shortly after the resumption of play, Alex. Christmas, the visitor's right half-back received the ball five yards behind his own goal, and successfully evading every College tackle he ran the length of the field for a touch-down. The spectators rose *en masse* and gave the plucky fellow such an ovation as it is seldom the privilege of a player to receive. Kearns at quarter for College secured three touch-downs whilst Kennedy at third wing proved a great addition to the forward line. At full time the score-board read 19 to 4 in favor of College.

On the same day Rough Riders played Montreal on the M. A. A. A. grounds, defeating them 11 points to 6.

#### ROUGH RIDERS 13—COLLEGE 12.

By defeating Montreals, Rough Riders took the lead in the race for championship honors. They had still to meet College, and if the latter were victorious it meant a three-cornered tie. And the Garnet and Grey XIV were determined to win on Nov. 7th. To them it signified the retention of a cup which they had fairly won for two consecutive years, but which they were to be prevented from winning a last time, if the combined efforts of the other clubs could accomplish that result.

The Rough Riders having leased Lansdowne Park decided to play the game there, notwithstanding the fact that half the field was an unsodded sandpit, where recently had been an artificial lake. This made the ground rather heavy for fast, snappy work. College had the same team as on the previous Saturday with the exception that Boucher replaced Killeen in the scrimmage.

MacCreadie won the toss and chose to play with the wind. The Collegians went into the game with a spirit that was irresistible, and soon on a grand punt by Joe Gleeson which Powers and Hayden muffed, Filion secured a try for the College. E. Gleeson converted the try. Ottawa kicked short, but College got the ball on the third scrimmage, and, after a series of brilliant rushes, E. Gleeson punted to Powers who muffed and Hayden rouged. At this stage Powers found a sore rib—perhaps his heart beat too strongly against it—and he was replaced by Alf. Smith. Again the accurate kicking of the Collegians and the muffs of the Rider backs brought the ball to the Ottawa goal-line. After two des-

perate scrimmages Kearns was carried over for a try which was not converted. McGee's men redoubled their efforts and by a forward pass from Murphy which went unpenalized, Fulford secured a touch which Parr converted.

After half-time College faced the wind and the setting sun, which shone directly in their eyes. The Collegians started in strong, but they soon remarked a sudden severity on the part of the officials in dealing with off-sides. Time and again College were penalized when apparently every player was on-side. This soon began to affect the play as the 'Varsity boys resolved not to break through until they were positive of the ball being in play. This gave the Ottawas what they desired, viz.: time for the quarter to secure the sphere and pass it or attempt to run. Ottawas secured another point from the ball crossing the dead line. At this stage E. Gleeson did some splendid kicking into touch which at last forced Smith to rouge. The Rough Riders came back with a vengeance, injuring E. Gleeson, who pluckily retained his position, however, until the end. Free kicks came to the Rough Riders with a lavish hand, but Joe Gleeson saved by a beautiful run from behind the goals and punted to centre-field. Next time it came back a rouge resulted. Then Ottawa got over for a try, which was not converted. Some effective kicking which College wings could not prevent forced E. Gleeson to rouge. Three minutes before time was up, Hal Walters, who at the outset of the game gave Clancy a nasty cut over the eye, struck Boucher, and was sent to the side this time. We are sorry to see this fine player return to the tactics which led to his brother's and his team's disgrace in 1898. The Ottawas are brawny, cunning players, and they fill in by downright violence and newspaper abuse. They were never sportsmen, a term they are fond of using. At the beginning of the game, also, big Kennedy deliberately kicked Castonguay so that the latter could not go on for some time. It is rather unfortunate any player would so far forget himself as to foul a gentleman who possesses such a clean record for sport as does "Cas." Referee Wilkinson was reputed one of the sharpest officials in the game to-day, but he failed to penalize any of these offences except the last, which was committed when time was almost up.

Individually, the Ottawas had not one player (if we except Telford, who played a hard, gentlemanly game) whose work could compare with that of the Collegians. Whilst 'Varsity relied on scientific team work and the generalship of Clancy and Gleeson, the Rough Riders depended on the leniency of the officials to permit them to use a hand forward or a mass play. This, with the fact that they received seventeen free kicks to College four, tells more plainly than anything else why at full time the score stood 13 to 12 in favor of the Rough Riders.

#### COLLEGE II., 23—ROUGH RIDERS II., 0.

Saturday, Nov. 16th, proved a cold day for the wearers of the red, white and black, for on that day 'Varsity Intermediates trimmed the candidates who aspire to positions on the Rough Rider first team, by the score of twenty-three to zero. The game was to decide who should be the holders of the Bryson-Carling trophy for the ensuing year. That the young Collegians deserve the cup, with all the honors connected with it, is plainly demonstrated by the score.

When the teams lined out on the campus a comparison of the physical proportions of the contestants ended very unfavorable to the "Garnet and Grey," but a few moments of play sufficed to prove that the 'Varsity youths had their husky opponents fairly out-classed in every point of the game. It would be difficult to choose which of Capt. Brennan's garnet-shirted youths distinguished himself most signally. On a rush, four or five players invariably handled the ball before they were grased. On the backs Bawlf played a game worthy of senior company, and he was strongly assisted by Durocher, O'Neil and Freeland. The team was composed of the following players: Freeland, Durocher, Bawlf, O'Neil, E. McDonald, Lachance, Sloan, Langevin, Jones, Brennan (Capt.), Harvey, Donahue, O. McDonald, Lonergan, and Fitzpatrick.

Much credit is due Manager Jones and Captain Brennan for their able management of the Intermediates throughout the season.



## Of Local Interest.

Another step in the onward march of progress has been taken by us during the past month. The hopes expressed in our columns of October have been realized and Ottawa University is now a member of the Inter-University Debating League. Henceforth she shall send two of her members to measure strength and prowess in debate with the representatives of the other great Universities of Central Canada, in their annual contests. The first encounter in which Ottawa will take part will be with McGill at Montreal, on Friday evening, Dec. 4th, when the following resolution will be debated :—" Resolved, that a tax on all wheat except that imported from the colonies, accompanied by a Tariff on manufactured goods would be beneficial to the British Empire." Messrs. H. J. Macdonald '04, and J. E. Burke '05, will represent Ottawa. Success to the Garnet and Gray !

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th, Rev. Father Lajeunesse will deliver before the Scientific Society, the first of a series of lectures on "Physical Culture." A public lecture under the auspices of the same society will be delivered on Wednesday, December 9th, by Rev. Father Gauvreau, Professor of Chemistry at the University. Father Gauvreau has chosen to speak on "Phosphorus."

McC-r-hy :—" I'd like to have a hold of that fellow that invented Latin. I'd choke him."

Sm - - h :—" I don't know. I hear dem Romans could scrap."

A circumstance that will be regretted by the whole student body is the resignation of Rev. Bro. Pilon from his position as Infirmarian. Brother Pilon has for some years administered to the wants of the boys of O. U., and his retirement is deplored with a just sense of remembrance and gratitude for his untiring zeal and devotion to duty, while discharging, to the satisfaction of all, the many obligations of an arduous and exacting position. He is succeeded by Brother Clouthier, who, if we judge aright, will have little spare time at present, to think over what he will do or what will be expected of him.

L p-i-t- was a tower of strength on that Philosopher's Football Team ; yet the *Arts* won by dint of strength, not of *Science*.

Say ! Didn't those little College fellows just play all around the big bugs ou the Rough Rider Seconds ! 23-0. "And then we were only *playing* with them."

Who is able to revive that *Glee Club* ! There should be talent enough at hand and skill to direct it. Who will make these personages acquainted ?

*Doc* has proved conclusively by the laws of fraction and reflection that *Jack* did not drop that goal from the field at all. Here is a chance for our distinguished centre-half to get into "the genial young physicist.

The Gaelic Society has been re-organized with the following officers : President, Rev. W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I.; Vice-President, E. P. Stanton, Esq.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. J. O'Gorman, '04. The programme of study for the ensuing year has been arranged and the membership increased. The work of the Society promises to be productive of much good in the University. We can imagine no study more interesting or more fascinating than that which it affords its members.



### Priorum Temporum Flores.

Francis George Gray, son of Mr. Joseph Gray, of Prescott, Ont., who made his classical course at Ottawa University, was raised to the priesthood on Sunday, Nov. 8th. The ordination ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, officiating. Rev. Father Gray will be attached to the diocese of Kingston. THE REVIEW conveys to Father Gray the best wishes of the student body.

Rev. Father Mea, '95, of Kingston, was in the city recently to assist at the ordination of Rev. Father Gray.

Rev. J. Ryan, '97, formerly curate at Eganville, has been appointed parish priest of Mount St. Patrick. THE REVIEW wishes the Rev. Father all success in his new and more important duties.

Peter J. Gibbons, M.D., has removed from Syracuse, N.Y., to New York City, where, at his new office, No. 68 East 34th street, he will continue his practice of medicine.

We are pleased to notice in the columns of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, articles from the pen of Thos. O'Hagan, of the graduating class of 1878. Prof. O'Hagan shows himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the curious religious and political conditions existing in France to-day.

Rev. Father J. Foley, '97, of Alexandria, was an interested and enthusiastic spectator of the Ottawa College—Rough Rider game.

It is with extreme regret that many old students and the classmates of Rev. R. J. McEachen, '88, will learn that illness has obliged him to retire from active work. He has been for some years in charge of the parish of Mount St. Patrick in the Pembroke diocese. We wish him speedy return to health.

F. M. Devine, several seasons member of the champion 'Varsity team, now a barrister of Renfrew, came down to cheer the boys in their last contest with Rough Riders.

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## Junior Department.

### THE KNICKERBOCKER TRIBE.

You ought to know the small yard boys,  
Smarter by far than all their toys;  
The O'Briens and the Kehoes too,  
Who come all the way from the "Soo."

The annual visitors, snow and ice, have already made their appearance amongst us and have bid the clerk of the J. A. A. put the much-abused pigskin on the shelf. However, the Junior Editor feels that he cannot let the season pass away without at least a word of praise to those who composed the senior team of his department. The way they disposed of all opponents, which, by the way, could always boast of superior avoirdupois, was remarkable, and many a gridiron enthusiast looked upon the play with a gleam of delight playing round his features. The record

of the season is an immaculate one crowned with a halo of glory  
 To all, *congratulations.*

Again we see dear Mic. and Mac,  
 Who have struck it rich with Charlie Black.  
 "Baby" B-e-n-n is back, I do confess  
 I know not why he does not don a dress.  
 And "Billy Bounce," who's so slim and tall,  
 Has lost Ouilette who heeled out the ball.

The truth of the old saw, "in union there is strength," was never better exemplified than in the afternoon of Nov. 1st, when the Mascots II., a city team with lofty aspirations, were unable to score even a single point, while the boys in garnet and grey rolled up twenty-three points. At no stage of the game were the visitors dangerous, as they were forced to play a defence game all the way through. To single out players for their brilliant work would be an injustice to others, as the work of the team was beyond criticism. Still it would be quite unfair not to recognize Labrosse's skill in converting touchdowns, as he kicked three very difficult goals with apparent ease. During the entire season he has missed but two goals, one of which was almost impossible.

We have the sports Norman and Billy  
 And Rooney the Irishman hot,  
 Here's the meddlesome "Junior Editor"  
 Who is always on the spot.  
 Here's "Old chum" Vic who is back into training  
 To break this winter the record for skating.

#### DIED.

On the 18th inst., at 'Varsity Oval, the Fourth Team of the senior department, at the age of sixteen.

Cause.—Choked to death in attempting to swallow a *goose egg* served up by the Junior XIV.

The above despatch was left on the Junior Editor's desk in the sanctum. An invitation to the funeral accompanied it.

The "Buckingham bunch" added to its list  
 One more chap who can use his fists  
 B—oo is his name, and to fight he's a "peach"  
 And Sir Hill Macd—d has no longer reach.

And they picked up their goose-egg and *Galipeau'd* away !

“Resolved that beans are more nutritious than porridge,” was the subject before the Junior Debating Society at its last meeting. Sir Hill made a powerful speech on behalf of the beans, and held “Fatty” up as a living example of what the seeds of this leguminous plant could effect. *Rosy Lefe(b)vre* argued in favor of the porridge, and brought tears to the eyes of the judges when he took as an illustration of its nutritive qualities the *Chartier* of the junior team.

The judges could not agree so they gave out the following bill of fare, which should be followed to live and grow fat :—

Beans on Monday  
And porridge on Sunday.

To help this along they advised a cup of *Black Coffey* after each meal.

For the last week the local engineers have been hard at work with their instruments drawing lines for the construction of the rink. In their wake followed the pick and shovel brigade under foreman McHugh. The steam engine was stationed on the hand-ball alley and worked *Constant(ly)* for two days and two nights under Lacey’s supervision. In fact during this time all was in motion, there was work for everybody, and every one performed that which was assigned him. All the midgets were ready to do something, and with this extraordinary disposition, it is no wonder that the rink was set up in quick order. It is now ready to be flooded and when this is done Jack Frost is expected to do his duty.

About here there’s been planting of Morin seed,  
For Morins are plentiful round here indeed ;  
At last we have found a young girl in our ranks,  
'Tis “Sissie O’M—a, so full of his pranks.

*Gbo* tells an interesting story how he escaped from meeting death at the jaws of a huge bear. His presence of mind saved him, for when he saw Mr. Bruin coming his way “*he put on his belly and do the dead.*” Thus he lives to tell the tale.

LOST—A *left-hand* saw. Finder please return to Gam *Hache*.

The last football game was presumably the best of the season. The members of the Juniorate were opponents and as they stepped upon the gridiron arrayed in blue and white, they made such an impression that everyone thought they would win by a big margin. But alas, their hopes were shattered as they went the way all the opponents of the Minims have gone this year. They left nothing undone to make victory secure, but try as best they could their efforts proved useless. For the boys in garnet the gritty little quarter-back was the centre of all movements, and if the game was won the lion's share of the praise belongs to him.

The carpenters are hard at work and soon the juniors will have the pleasure of sailing down the *Mississippi* (game of blocks).

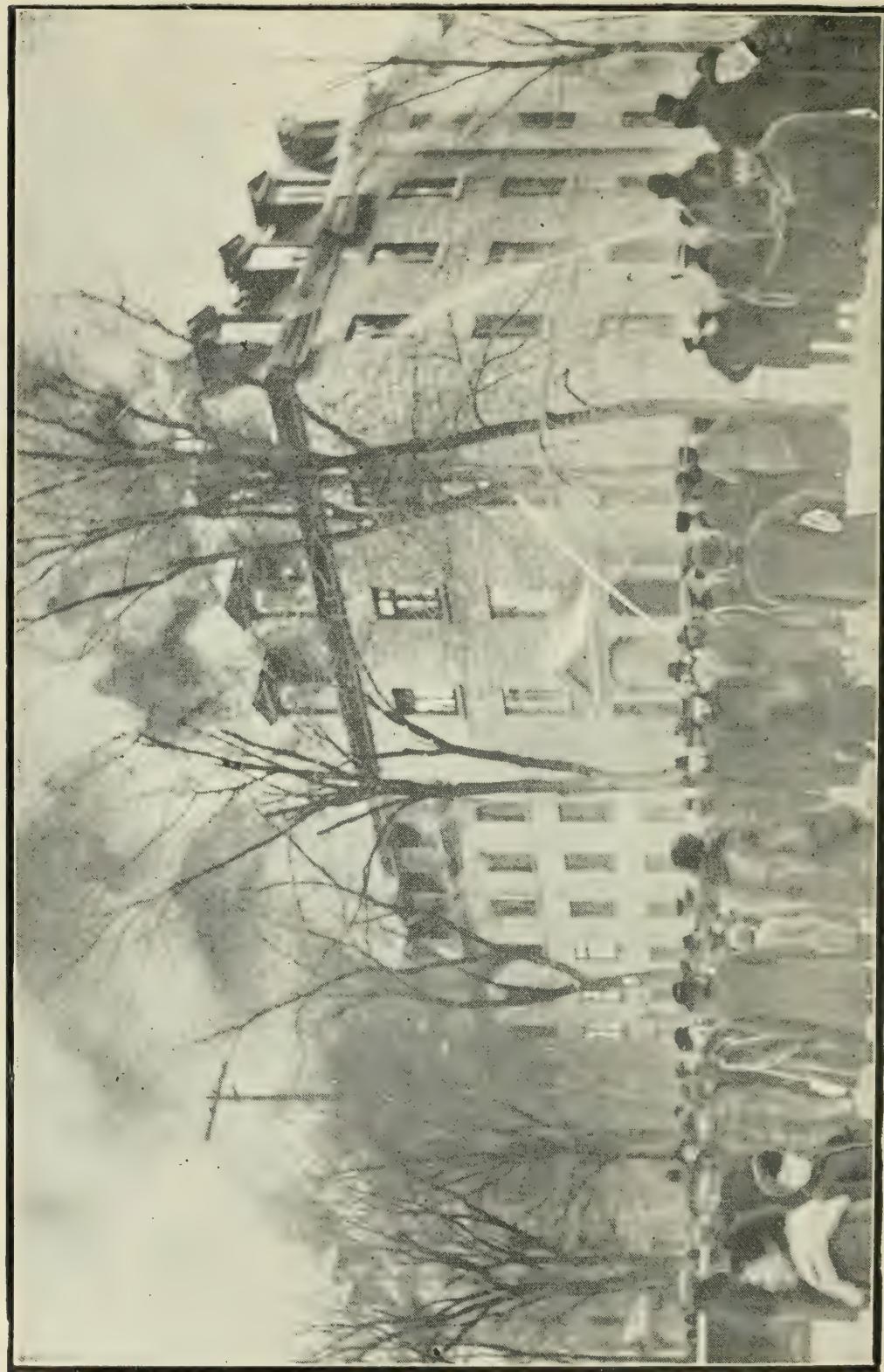
WANTED—A dozen of large caps to fit the *swelled* heads of some of the Minims. *Br-net* and *Blck* colors preferred. No cap under 8 accepted.

Of a lovely *B(a)ird* we also can boast  
 Who thinks he can live without his toast,  
 And Mulligan too with face so sweet  
 You never would think he had such feet.  
 There's *Beroard* who a writer would be  
 How the third little team was put up a tree,  
 How Bastien won the honors and all  
 In the last great game of Rugby ball.  
 And now, dear reader, to an end we come  
 We're sorry indeed, you miss such fun.

*A. Shortfellow.*

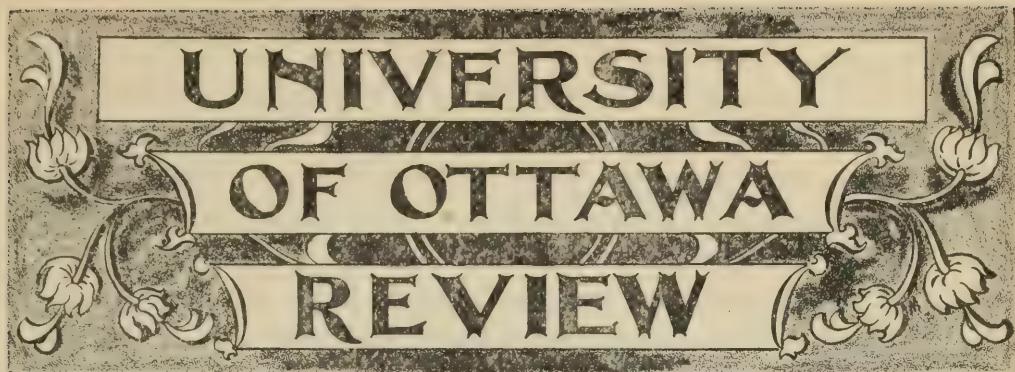






Scene during the fire.

Academic Hall where fire started.



# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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Vol. VI

## The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.

HOW IT WAS TOLD TO BROTHER CEDRIC, THE CELLARER OF  
GLASTONBURY.

### I.

**I**T is known to all that dwell in this our land of the West Saxons, but chiefly to the brethren of the Holy Order of Saint Benedict, how that the blessed Aldhelm—the nephew of Ina the King, and the favorite disciple of Maidulf, the monk, from Erin the Island of Saints—was made bishop of Shireburne in the year of our Lord 705. He knowing, by revelation of our Lord, that the term of his life was near at hand, that he might add merit to merit, was wont to preach, as one may say, day and night, *opportune, importune*, according to the counsel of Saint Paul ; to visit his diocese ; to fast, and perform all other works of piety, as in the vigor of his age. It is known too, how that he passed to his reward in the year 709, at the Manor of Doultong, which belongeth to our lord, the Abbot of Glastonbury, and lieth buried at Malmesbury, in the church that is dedicated to the Most Blessed Archangel Michael.

Now, the same holy Bishop, as, in another place I have, duly set down, had for his best beloved disciple and friend, Oswald of Ethandune, whom, indeed, he made Prior of Bradford, on the river Avon, which place, as all men know, lieth not far from the city of *Aqua Solis*, (1) as a man journeyeth thence towards Sarum.

(1) The Roman name for Bath.

Concerning the said Prior Oswald I have told, in the same place, how, when the holy Bishop Aldhelm tarried with him overnight on that last journey to Doultong, on the Feast of Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, and communed with him, far into the night, of many wondrous things and strange ; how, I say, the Prior Oswald did fall, during the first Nocturn at Matins, into a strange slumber from which no man, yea not the blessed Aldhelm himself, could awaken him. How, moreover, Oswald the Prior, by command of the good Bishop, was placed in a litter borne on mules, and carried to our abbey of Glastonbury, and how they laid him, with store of meat and drink against his sudden coming to himself, in the Chapel of the Holy Joseph of Arimathea. All this have I set down, yet is there more to tell, which, by command of our lord, the Abbot, I do here set forth.

Now, it so chanced, as we used to say, that I, too, was of Ethandune, which lieth nearer yet to Sarum than Bradford, on the river Avon, and that Prior Oswald was mine ancient friend and playmate, who also served his noviceship with me at Malmesbury first, under Aldhelm the Bishop, who was then Abbot, and, later, at this our abbey of Glastonbury. This, too, I have elsewhere written. But when, with consent of our lord, the Abbot, the blessed Aldhelm, what time he was made bishop of Shireburne by our most holy Lord, Pope Sergius, did set our brother Oswald, over the Priory of Saint Lawrence at Bradford, we said farewell, as friends and comrades must, in obedience to those set over us, nor thought to meet again. But, in the year 707, wherein were heat and drought such as no man called to mind the like, though he were three score years of age, or even four score, it fell out that a monk of our Holy Order, journeying from Canterbury to Glastonbury, tarried the night at Bradford, as was customary. Then, when our lord, the Abbot, asked him, "How doth our good Prior, Oswald, and the brethren?" the stranger answered : "As to the brethren, God be thanked, Our Lady Mary and Saint Benedict, they be well in health, save that Gregory, the deacon, was, last week, sore stung by a wasp, and hath a swollen lip thereby; but as for Prior Oswald, he is like to die, so sick is he, and white and faint." Whereat the Father Abbot : "What then aileth him?" quoth he. "Nay, that I know not, Father," said

the monk of Canterbury, "nor saith he aught, nor hath com-  
"plained, nor failed to keep the Rule, as is his wont." "Think'st  
"thou he needeth change of air?" so spake our lord, the Abbot.  
"In truth," returned the other, "and with all reverence, an he  
"change not his earthly scene, he is like to pass hence forever,  
"and ere many days."

Thus did it come to pass that our good lord, the Abbot, who was ever, in very truth, a father to us of his household, bade Odo, the lay-brother, saddle mule and hie, with what speed he might, to Bradford, with command to Prior Oswald that he should come, forthwith, to Glastonbury, and sojourn here for so long as our lord, the Abbot, should see fit. Moreover, Wilfrid of Sarum, an ancient and venerable brother, should, said our lord, rule the house at Bradford in the meantime. Which, as was meet, was done, as our lord commanded.

We two ancient comrades, therefore, that had not thought to meet again, till we should come, by God His mercy, and the merits of our Lady Mary and Saint Benedict, to the land of the living, did thus come face to face once more in the place of our pilgrimage. Moreover, by command of our lord, the Abbot, Oswald the Prior spent much time with me in our cool cellarage, as one that needed coolth to calm the fever in his blood, the heat, as I have said, being such as none had known the like, no, not Oswald himself, what time he tarried in Rome, and at Subiaco, in the year 701. Many things and strange did he make known to me, as I have written, in another place but none so strange and passing all belief as that which followeth.

I stood, saith he, in that strange state of dream or vision, as saith Saint Paul, whether in the body, or out of the body, I know not, God knoweth, (1) upon a mountain, higher than any in this our land of Wessex, though not so high as those vast Alps and Apennines which thou has never seen. Yet was its summit clad with snow, even in midst of summer, even as they are clad, which glowed in roseate glory, 'neath the setting sun. And, far away, the sea that lieth between us and Erin, lay, like a sea of glass mingled with fire, so smooth it was and so inset with flames of

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(1) Cor. xii, 2.

radiance from the sun that sank to rest therein, even as the beloved Apostle saw it from the rocks of Patmos. Then he that stood beside me, whom I knew not yet, though I later knew, bade me look, near at hand, and, as it were, beneath my feet.

Then was I ware of a valley, fair to gaze upon, but narrower far than that strange vale of rocks that lieth, as thou knowest, not many miles hence, (1) though not unlike to it. Yet was it one that might have passed unseen but that my guide had bidden me to look, and that my sight was strangely keen, as is the wont of us who dwell upon the Downs by Ethandune—as again thou knowest, friend Cedric. (As, indeed, is true, though why, it passes me to say; but that it so pleaseth Him who made us so.) But to the tale of Prior Oswald, not to my useless musings. I looked, said he, on that fair vale, and lo! therein was reared a mighty Abbey, such as, our Master Maidulf told us, shelter many hundred brethren, priests, and choir, and lay, in Erin, the Island of the Saints. Yet was it built in such a fashion that one should say who did but chance to look therein, nor looked again; A pile of rocks, quoth he, with many caves, or eagles' eyries; so was that Abbey that was reared, by whose hands I know not, within that fair but narrow vale, whereto, it seemed, was neither way of entrance nor of exit. But, as I marvelled greatly thereanent, he that I knew not yet, spake to me again, and pointed, even as he spake, and bade me look and see. What seeest thou? he asked, and I made answer, A narrow road, my lord, that leadeth whence we stand, down the mountain side, even to the verge of that strange vale. Then, said he, Come, and thou shalt see, and seeing, shalt remember, and, remembering, tell hereafter to one who shall be chosen to record these things—(whereby it seemeth, even to my humility, that I am he so chosen, but I know not, only I give God thanks, and it be so, indeed).—But, to the tale, once more.

Then did I follow him, said Prior Oswald, adown a path such as the sheep have made upon the Downs, by Ethandune, as yet again thou knowest, Brother Cedric. Yet was my footing sure, from ancient use and custom, and oft-time wandering over slip-

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(1) Cheddar, evidently.

pery grass in days that neither thou nor I shall ever forget, till we do sleep in death ; nor, were it otherwise, should I have feared to fall, for, since I did but follow as I was bidden, God, methought, had given His Angels charge concerning me, to guard me in this way, as in all others. I, therefore, followed, fearing not, nor doubting but that I should come safely to that Abbey which I had seen.

And, as it proved, thither we came at last, by such a path as I have spoken of. Then, as I stood before a larger cave than all the rest, he that had brought me thither, bade me look back along the way by which we late had come. I tell thee, Brother Cedric, nothing but the truth, as God shall judge me at the last : thou knowest me of old, moreover, as one more given to brevity than to many words, in which, perchance, there wanteth not sin, or folly at the least, and lack of edification.—(As, indeed, I knew him to be.) I looked therefore, said he, and lo ! along that path there came towards us not one, but many, clad in the habit of our Holy Order. Nor these alone, but others, brown habited, even as those who sing the praise of our Most Blessed Lady Mary on the holy hill of Carmel, whom I had seen in Rome ; and more, whose habits were unknown to me, of brown, yet not as of Carmel, of black, and white, and black again. Slowly they came, yet ceased not, coming even nearer. Foot-sore were they, weary, and travel-stained, as men who had journeyed long, and from afar. And, as they came they chanted, as, methinks, the Chosen People might, when bid to sing the Lord's song, *Super flumina Babylonis*, in a strange land. (1) What sang they ? sayest thou What but this : *Deus venerunt gentes in hereditatem Tuam*, Oh God ! The heathen are come into Thine inheritance ! (2) Yet knew I, even then, that it was no Northmen, nay, nor heathens, that had wrought this evil, but men nurtured at the breasts of our Holy Mother, the Church, rebellious sons who had turned against her ; yea, rather, turned against her Lord and theirs.

Then said I, even as the Blessed and beloved Apostle, John, Sir, who be these, and whence came they ? And he made answer : These be they of whom this our land is not worthy, who

(1) Psalm cxxxvi, 4.

(2) Psalm lxxviii, 1.

shall abide here *in protectione Dei cœli* under the care of God and His Angels, until the mists and clouds of heresy and schism shall pass away, and the Sun of justice shall arise over this our loved land again, with healing in His wings. Then, when I fain had asked him, Sir, when shall that day dawn, and the shadows, whereof thou speakest, flee away? yet dared not, he bade me mark how each, according to his habit that he wore, passed in at one or other of the portals that gave entrance to that vast Abbey. And, as I watched and listened, lo! the mournful chant was changed, and as men chant who look for certain, yea, for speedy victory, they sang, with one accord, *Exsurgat Deus*, Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. And the sound of their chanting was as "the sound of many waters."

Then, in a moment, as it seemed, my vision changed, and I stood amid the ruins of a mighty church, and knew that was that of this our Abbey, as it yet shall be, after many days, and shall be so destroyed by wicked men, even by those who had driven forth our brethren to wander, homeless, through our land, to starve, to die perchance, an they found not that city of refuge I had seen but now, or some such other city to dwell in; as many, I knew, found none, save only that Blessed City that hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. And they, truly, could we but see it so, found the best ending to their pilgrimage that a man may find.

I stood, then, amid the ruined arches of that wondrous church, and not in summer, as it was but now, when as I stood on that great mountain that I told thee of, but in the midst of a cold winter's night. Nor could I doubt what night it was, for he that had brought me thither bade me look up and listen. Brother, once more I tell thee but the simple truth, as I shall stand before the tribunal of Christ our Lord on that last, dreadful day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, Hear, then, and know, what I did hear and see.

For, as I stood and listened, faint at first, as if amid the very stars, yet drawing ever nearer to our lower earth, came sounds of chanting, such as shepherds heard on that first Christmas night, at Bethlehem. *Gloria*, sang they, in a chorus of celestial harmony, as when the morning stars praised God together, and all

the sons of God shouted for joy, and again ; *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.* Then, as it seemed, the very stars drew near the earth, and there was a rushing mighty sound, as of many wings, and I was ware that the bright hosts of heaven were winging their way towards the ruins of our house of God ; yea, that the stars, as I had thought them, were torches that they bore, each in his right hand, kindled, I doubt not, in the light of God Himself. Thereafter, betwixt me and the midnight sky, there was a canopy of wings and burning torches ; moreover, in the empty spaces, where the walls had been, were other wings, and other torches, so that, where but now were ruins, stood a mighty temple, all ablaze with glory, as of the sun at noon tide, worthy of that Incarnate God whose praise they sang, in honor of His Nativity.

And lo ! even as I looked and marvelled, the church was filled with brethren of our Holy Order, who joined their voices to those of the choir celestial. Then, speedily, they reared an altar of the broken stones that lay [scattered all about ; and round it stood twelve shining cherubim, each with a mighty taper in his strong right hand. Thereafter, priests and deacons, and a mitred Abbot, vested in gorgeous vestments, as was meet and fitting, drew near the Altar, and intoned the Introit, which monks and Angels sang again : *Dominus dixit ad Me : Filius Meus es Tu : Ego hodie genui Te.* Then, when the mitred Abbot had intoned the first words of the *Gloria in excelsis*, did monks and Angels sing it, as, methinks, it was never sung till then. I tell thee, brother, that my heart went still, and mine eyes filled with tears. Whereat, the vision faded, and the sounds were hushed. Yet, while it lasted, I did know, that not one ray of light could pass beyond that wall and roof of Angels' wings, no note of that sweet harmony fall on ears dulled to the voice of Holy Mother Church.

Then said I, to him who showed me all these things : Tell me, I pray thee, only this : In those churches which the heretics destroy not, and wherein, perchance, they perform their maimed rites, how shall our brethren do ? And he : After their rites are done, shall these our brethren, of our Holy Order, or of others, sing Holy Mass, as thou hast seen, but now, until God please to call our land back to the Unity of Faith. Yea, most of all shall

they so sing in those few churches where the lamp of truth shall have never been put out, whence the All Holy One shall never have been banished from His Altar Throne. (1) That, Brother Cedric, is all my tale ; God knoweth an it be a dream or vision. And I made answer, God knoweth ; but do write here, even as our lord, the Abbot, hath commanded me, all that the Prior Oswald told me. Whereto, I only add that they who come after me shall know whether these things shall so fall out, or no.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.



### CONSOLATION.

The student, weary, sad, surrounded  
By tomes of ancient learning,  
Feels sore the need of consolation,  
His heart for friendship yearning.

He gazes round, and thinks of many,  
Finds one, and then another;  
At last exclaims : “ None counsel better  
Than Mary, Virgin Mother.”

H. J., '04.

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(1) At Bonham, in Wiltshire, Mass has never ceased to be said for over 400 years, since before the “ reformation;” and all through the days of persecution. It is now, once more, in Benedictine hands. It was my privilege to serve Mass there some two years ago. It is about the only church now left, in England, of which this can be said.

## FRED'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

**F**RED Churchill was an orphan ; indeed he stood alone in the world, his grandfather, his only relative, having died a few weeks previous. For some time Fred expected to come into considerable fortune, but a rigid examination of his grandfather's effects failed to bring to light any hidden treasure, and finally he was forced to believe that he had fallen heir but to the old ramshackle family mansion and a few hundred dollars in bonds. Old Squire Churchill had always been a very eccentric man, Fred knew little or nothing of him beyond what was told him by the old housekeeper, Bertha, who had also been Fred's nurse, and who regarded him with motherly affection. From her he learned that his grandfather had once been an artist like Fred's own father, and that owing to some disappointment he had become from a lover of art, an inveterate hater of it. His pastime was to buy paintings by famous old and modern masters and then burn them at night in the courtyard. In this way he spent a large fortune to Fred's grief.

Fred was sitting in his room one morning, his head in his hands and his misfortune not seeming to cause him much worry, for a happy smile played around his lips. It was two days before Christmas and he was to go that afternoon to the home of a schoolfellow to spend the holidays. Now Fred was thinking of an interview he had with a certain young lady, the sister of this friend, an interview which had made him very happy. For these foolish young people had confessed their love for each other, and had promised to make each other happy for life sometime in the future. When ? Oh ! a year more or less did not make much difference ; they were both very young. Fred was going to work very hard at his painting (for he had inherited his father's and grandfather's artistic instincts), and when he was famous and had made his fortune—why, then they would marry and be happy. Meanwhile patience was their motto.

While engaged thus pleasantly in his thoughts, Bertha came to tell him that a stranger wished to speak to him. " And Master Fred," she continued with the privileged freedom of an old and

affectionate servant, "I don't like his looks. Seems to have something shifty and false around his eyes. Don't trust him too much, whatever he may want."

Fred found the stranger examining attentively a picture on the wall, a cheap reproduction of a Madonna by a famous master. Upon Fred's questioning look he introduced himself as James Thurston. He had heard of old Mr. Churchill's death and thinking that perhaps the house would be sold, he took the liberty of inquiring whether such was the case. If so he would be glad to acquire it as he had taken a fancy to its picturesque location and would pay any reasonable price. Fred answered him in a non-committal manner. He had not as yet decided to sell the place, but would take Thurston's offer into consideration. As he was going to be absent for a few days he would let him know on his return. Mr. Thurston thanked him and asked whether he could possibly remain a few days in the house, as he had no doubt of their coming to an agreement, and that he would meanwhile make himself acquainted with the surroundings. Fred consented, after some hesitation, to his occupying his grandfather's former rooms, and ordered Bertha to get them ready. The latter was ill-pleased with the arrangement and told Fred that she would keep a close watch on the stranger, as she did not trust him. Fred laughed but indeed he himself had not been favorably impressed by Mr. James Thurston. He dressed and spoke like a gentleman, but his roving eyes and a certain expression on his face caused a certain inexplicable repulsion. However, Fred told himself that appearances were often deceitful, and so departed merrily for his friend's home about five miles from the city. For certain reasons already mentioned he expected to enjoy himself immensely, and events were fully up to his expectations.

The next day, a servant announced that an old lady wished to see Mr. Churchill. "Why, who can it be?" exclaimed Fred. Going out into the hall he was astonished to see his old nurse, Bertha, very red and very much excited. "Why Bertha, what's up?" he said smiling in spite of himself at her excitement. "Up?" she exclaimed, "up? the stranger is up, the floor and the wall are up." "Now compose yourself, Bertha, tell me what brings you all this way." "It's the stranger," Bertha

began. "When you left, I went to close the shutters in the parlor. While there, I suddenly heard a crackling noise in the next room, your grandfather's room and I looked through the keyhole and there I saw the stranger before a large hole in the wall taking out rolled up pictures, big ones and little ones, but many, many. Everytime he unfolded one he exclaimed something which sometimes sounded like 'Titian,' sometimes like 'Raphael,' or 'Vandyke,' and I forgot what else. I stationed myself before the door ready to cry out for the police should he try to carry off anything. At last he put them all back into the hole he had taken them from. He must have felt pretty secure for he talked to himself all the while. He said something about 'the old man having been not 'so crazy after all ; he was simply a miser in pictures, hiding the 'precious paintings, instead of burning them as people thought. 'Burnt wastepaper to put people off the track. Not worth while 'to take any thing away now, he could get the whole lot with the 'house for a trifle, as that young fool (Fred winced) had no 'suspicion of what a treasure it contained.' He then took his hat and went out, pinning a note on the door that he would return the next day. I did not sleep a wink last night and as soon as I could rouse Bill Murphy out of bed I got him to harness up and drive me out here, and here I am, and I always said, that I could not bear that old villain."

Bertha sank back in the chair exhausted and quite out of breath. Fred was no less excited and hurried to excuse himself to his host, telling him that most important business called him back home. He would return in a few hours. After a few whispered words to a certain young person, prompted perhaps by her look of disappointment, Fred jumped into the buggy and soon they were at home. Thurston had not yet returned and thus Fred was able to verify Bertha's story. His greatest expectations were realized ; he judged the collection to be worth not less than a hundred thousand dollars. Putting the pictures back where he had found them, Fred put things in their former condition.

A short time afterwards Thurston returned and was apparently much surprised to find Fred here. The latter told him he had made up his mind to sell if he could receive a fair price for the house. Thurston pondered for a moment. "It's not worth

it, but I'll give you five thousand dollars for the whole place as it is, furniture and all." Fred smiled. "I could not think of parting with it for such a trifle." "Well, let us say six thousand; I am foolish I know to offer you so much, but I've taken a fancy to the old place. No? Well, seven thousand then, it is my last offer, and you will not have another such chance again. No? What price do you put on it yourself?" "Considering the Raphaels, Vandykes, Titians, to say nothing of a Joshua Reynolds, a Durer and a da Vinci," Fred said slowly, smiling involuntarily, at the bulging eyes and staring countenance of the astonished Thurston, "I should say one hundred thousand dollars would be about a fair price." "You-you-know?" stammered Thurston. "Yes. I know now that my inheritance is worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I'll not part with it for a cent less." Thurston, with a mighty effort, recovered from his surprise and disappointment. "I am not in the position to buy so much alone," he said, "but I am in company with a firm in New York, and if you will agree to negotiate with us only, I'll pay you a thousand dollars down for the option." Fred agreed and they shook hands on it. "How did you suspect the existence of the pictures?" Fred asked before parting. "I had my suspicions before, but the picture in the parlor convinced me I was right. Under the disguise of a cheap print, I found hidden a Raphael of almost priceless value. You know the rest."

A few hours later Fred was putting a beautiful ring on the finger of a young lady, the reader knows whom I mean. Did they marry at once? Remember, they were both very young, and they had promised to marry when Fred was famous and had made his fortune. Fred had come into his fortune, indeed, but "fame as yet knew him not." I will not vouch for it that they waited until Dame Fame condescended to smile on him, but I can readily vouch for this that this was the happiest Christmas Fred ever spent.

HARRY HARLAND.

## “Oh ! Baby Christ.”



H ! Baby Christ, no room for Thee ;  
Our hearts are full of joy and care ;  
With busy mortal guests—and we  
Can find for Thee no welcome there !

Oh ! Baby Christ, in manger laid,—  
Our little ones are tended all ;—  
For Thee and for the Mother Maid,  
The scanty shelter of a stall.

Oh ! Baby Christ, the snows shone bright,  
Less spotless than Thy purity :  
The darkness could not hide the Light  
Of Thy vine humanity.

Oh ! Baby Christ, the Angels sing  
“Glory to God ! On earth be peace !  
Glory to God on high !”—oh, King  
Thy Kingdom come, and still increase.

Oh ! Baby Christ, the shepherds went  
To welcome Thee, and, kneeling low,  
In humblest adoration bent,  
The Saviour of mankind they know.

Oh ! Baby Christ, from far away  
The wise men hastened—gifts most rare  
They offered at Thy feet,—to-day  
Men offer Thee “what they can spare !”

Oh ! Baby Christ, this Christmas night,  
We offer Thee ourselves ; and Thou  
The Lord of Love, of Life, of Light,  
Will surely listen to us now.

Oh Baby Christ, when Thou shalt come  
To reign as King, do Thou, we pray,  
Give us, in love, “Our welcome home !”  
As we, too, welcome Thee to-day.

# SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS:

(A paper read before "The Newman Reading Circle," Ottawa.)

By A. J. MACGILLIVRAY.

*(Concluded from November.)*

"The Merchant of Venice," belonging to the second period of Professor Bayne's classification, is said by the English historian John Richard Green, to "mark the perfection of his development as a dramatist in the completeness of its stage effect, the ingenuity of its incidents, the ease of its movement, the poetical beauty of its higher passages, the reserve and self-control with which its poetry is used, the conception and unfolding of character and above all the mastery with which character and event are grouped round the figure of Shylock." Continuing Mr. Green says, "But the poet's temper is still young. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is but a burst of gay laughter, and the laughter, more tempered, yet full of a sweeter fascination, rings round us in "As You Like It." But in the melancholy and meditative 'Jacques' of the last drama we feel the touch of a new and graver mood, youth, so full and buoyant in the past till now seems to have suddenly passed away."

Neither of these two authorities makes any reference to the play of Henry VIII, and it is doubtful that it deserves any of the ardent laudations bestowed by them on some of Shakespeare's masterpieces. Spedding characterized it as weak and disappointing, the interest of the play utterly failing towards the end. In a brief criticism he concludes : "The singularity of Henry the VIII, is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—'Be sad, as we would make you,'—the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph and ends with universal festivity :

' This day no man thinks  
Has business at his house ; for all shall stay,  
This little one shall make it holiday,' "

Mr. Spedding in his study of the play, published in 1850, explains the weakness and want of unity or harmony in the play

by reaching the conclusion that Shakespeare wrote "Act I, Sc. I, II; Act II, Sc. III, IV; Act III, Sc. II (to exit of the King); Act V, Sc. I, and Fletcher all the rest of the play (though possibly, even a third hand can be detected)."

An attempt has been made to prove that Massinger wrote the disputed part of the play, but Spedding's views are now generally accepted.

Hartzberg describes the play of Henry the VIII as "a chronicle history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with a child's baptism." It is evident from the part of the play admitted to have been written by Shakespeare that his design was interfered with by others who had a controlling influence over the stage, and who were stimulated by entirely different purposes. Long before the play appeared Shakespeare had not only ceased to be himself an actor, but had returned to his native Stratford. It is regarded by some as probably the "last heir" of the poet's invention, although "The Tempest" is entitled to that distinction with greater certainty. The play of Henry the VIII was acted as "a new play" on June 29th, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe theatre on that day. This catastrophe, which happened during the progress of the play, almost seems like an intervention of Providence against those who had evidently prevented the execution of Shakespeare's original design for the play which would have given to the world a truer conception of the profligacy of Henry the VIII. The seriousness attaching to the characters of the King and Cardinal Wolsey, and the patient suffering of Catherine of Arragon, every inch a Queen, preserve the unity and sequence of the tragedy until despoiling hands interfere with its course and prevent its otherwise inevitable success.

A few facts out of the many that are usually cited by writers of Shakespeare's biography with such zealous industry are quite relevant in considering his pre-eminence as a poet and dramatist.

Shakespeare's parents were of "gentle birth," a phrase which indicates ancestral distinction or renown. This distinction seems to have been acquired chiefly during the wars of the Roses. Even the origin of the name Shakespeare might not unlikely be traced to warfare. Peaceful as his own life was, what other genius could

better describe the keen spirit of the combatant? The morally strong and amiable characteristics of Mary Arden, his mother, account, in some measure, for the poet's popularity and success. His attractive personality won for him hosts of friends and silenced the voice of the few envious rivals who in his early career had dared to measure their strength against him. His own words seem quite apt in describing him as a man:—

“ His life was gentle and the elements  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world—This was a man ! ”

Professor Bayne, in describing Shakespeare's native place says:—“ In Shakespeare's time Warwickshire was divided by the irregular line of the Avon into two unequal but well marked divisions known respectively from their main characteristics as the wood land and the open country, or more technically as the districts of Arden and Feldon, the former including the thickly wooded region north of the Avon of which the celebrated forest of Arden was the centre, and the latter the champaign country, the rich and fertile pasture lands between the Avon and the line of hills separating Warwick from the Shires of Oxford and Northampton.”

The Arden district stretched to the north of Stratford, as Bayne says “ in all its amplitude and variety of hill and dale, leafy covert and sunny glade, giant oaks and tangled thickets—the moor land stillness being broken at intervals not only by outcries and flutterings overhead, but by dappled herds sweeping across the open plains or twinkling in the shadowy bracken as well as by scattered groups of timid conies feeding at matins and vespers on the tender shoots and sweet herbage of the forest side.” This will suffice to give an imaginary picture of the districts through which Shakespeare roved in his keen and intense boyhood drinking in the natural beauties of the still and lordly forest of Arden or the flowery meads of Feldon, and thereby enriching and developing the mental pabulum that in after years distinguished him as England's greatest poet.

Warwickshire had been before his time the battlefield for the Wars of the Roses. From his youth his spirit must have breathed in the tales of human passions, ambition, revenge and cruelty

emphasized by the clash of arms preluding triumph and defeat. This fact may partly account for those grand masterpieces of his creative genius that like mirrors reveal the varying passions of mankind. It is also well known that he became familiar with the stages even years before he left Stratford-upon-Avon.

It seems also well worth recalling the fact that, for the first few years of his life in London, he was employed in revising written plays, which labor was probably conducive to his great and rapid success as a dramatist. Such revision required thought, care, precision, a practical striving to attain the best method of expressing ideas, as well as profound study. This occupation doubtless afforded him a preliminary training that suggests his later efficiency as an original composer.

Nevertheless the attraction of Shakespeare's works seems to be diminishing. The strenuous life of modern cities needs for the relaxation of jaded physical and mental energies a lighter literature than Shakespeare's works. The growing preference for light theatrical amusements of a kind that is lowering the literary and moral standard of the stage is not flattering to the social conditions that cause it. An absorbing materialism, which leaves no leisure even for the rich, fosters mediocrity. It seems to be the prolific source for silly burlesques, for frivolous and unsparingly irreverent caricatures.

The true standard for testing the merits of a literary work should have special reference to its value or real benefit to mankind. Its fascination or brilliancy cannot compensate for the absence of more substantial and worthier merits. Its gilded superficiality may dazzle for a moment the indiscriminate, injudicious reader but like many pagan writings it may be more productive of harm than good. The world indeed builds its pedestals to brilliant and successful genius however erratic, but virtue immortalizes genius without a monument. Many writers pose as moralists and seem to claim a monopoly of the truth. But the discriminative reader is apt to be shocked by their narrow and distorted views of man's most serious responsibilities, their grovelling and lax conceptions of duty, or their strange and offensive appreciation of matters of comparatively little or no concern. Not infrequently they make love condone or even justify nearly every

offence, and they mix it up injudiciously with all sorts of crimes and horrors almost every time. If they are brilliant and clever what a poor account of their stewardship they give wasting their genius in writing books and novels that should never be found in the family, or any library, unless labelled poison because of their pagan adulterations. Their brilliancy or fascination only makes them the more dangerous, although they burrow or attempt to conceal immorality under a thin veneer of respectability. One serious flaw, one false, basic principle, mars the attractiveness of a book or story as a jarring note destroys the melody of a song.

Newman said of Shakespeare that he is sometimes "immodest but never immoral." The immodesty is chiefly in some of his poems. His leading dramas display a moral fibre as strong as that of the giant oaks of his native Arden. His esteem for moral worth and good name, his reverence for the beautiful and really great, his fidelity to truth and justice and his realistic conceptions of human life and man's frailties, are crystalized in words that live to the end of time's remotest hour.



# *Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*

**G**

LORIA in excelsis Deo

Rings out on the midnight air,  
As the shepherds, mute with wonder,  
Gaze upon the angel fair.

“ Fear not,” said the glorious messenger,  
“ Since glad tidings I thee bring,  
For this night is born in Bethlehem  
Christ your Saviour and your King.”

Et in terra pax hominibus  
Loud the angel choirs sing,  
As the shepherds in their ardor  
Hasten to the new-born King.

Adoramus ! glorificamus !  
As the shepherds in their joy  
Bend the knee before the manger  
Wherein lies the infant Boy.

Gratias agimus tibi, Domine,  
For this lesson Thou hast shown  
How the shepherds poor and lowly  
Were the first called to Thy throne.

Gloria in excelsis Deo  
Rings out on the midnight air  
As the bells from the myriad temples  
Call the faithful forth to prayer.

Et in terra pax hominibus,  
Let this peace forever dear,  
Sink into our hearts made humble  
By these words of Christmas cheer.

W. J. R.

# The Christmas Tree.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE REVIEW.)

**I**T was Christmas Eve. Mr. Seligmann, a shoemaker, and a Christian of the old stock, sat at supper in company with his wife and three children. His eldest child, a promising boy of fifteen years, was just home from working in his Uncle Frederick's tailor-shop.

From time to time the two youngest children, forgetting their meal, turned to look curiously at the lower end of the hall. There, in the space between the wall and the large earthen stove that roared gently, was stretched a curtain. Behind this curtain, the children knew, their mother had placed the traditional Christmas tree and near by a Child Jesus, stretching out his little arms as showing the children the presents that hung from the branches. In Alsace it is at Christmas that the little boys and girls receive their gifts, and it is the Child Jesus that gives them.

“Patience, children!” said the father. “After supper we shall light the candles on the tree, we shall sing a hymn, and you shall have your presents, and nice ones too, for you have been good this year.”

Then turning to his eldest son :

“Have you given my message to your Uncle Frederick? Will he come to-morrow to eat supper with us?”

“Yes, he will come, also my aunt and my cousin Julius.”

“What happiness!” cried Mrs. Seligmann. “How glad I shall be to see Julius again. He must be now twenty-two years old; and I wager the four years’ stay in Paris has made a change in him.”

“It is well,” replied Seligmann, “provided he retain the paternal honesty. But of this we shall judge to-morrow. . . . . Come, children, clear the table, while your mother lights the tapers on the Christmas tree.”

In two minutes all was ready. The whole family knelt down, a hymn full of faith and piety, of which the German language has some sublime ones, was sung; then, with nimble hand, the mother

drew back the curtain, disclosing the Child Jesus, the tree, the tapers and the presents hanging to the branches. Each received his share.

Meanwhile, Seligmann stood up behind his wife. When she had finished the distribution, he held out to her his large hand, hardened with toil; it contained a beautiful chaplet of pearls, the Christmas box, the *Chriskind* of the housewife. The gift was received with a thousand thanks, and the evening ended in the midst of a joy that all can imagine.

On the morrow, at seven o'clock in the evening, the hall was decorated tastefully; in the middle was a table set with all the preparations for a meal; in the corner, the stove hummed its one-tuned song; near by, lighted up by two tapers, was the Christmas tree and the Child Jesus. Seligmann was recounting to the children some interesting old legend, while the mother was heard passing to and fro in the kitchen.

Suddenly footsteps resounded in the corridor. It was Frederick, his wife and Julius.

"How you have grown!" cried Mrs. Seligmann to Julius after the first greetings were over.

"What a fine suit of clothes and golden chain!" said Seligmann. "Do you know, Julius, your fine Parisian airs make us afraid?"....

The handsome Julius, the object of these remarks, carried himself with a self-sufficient air. When little Sophie, his cousin, dragged him to the Christmas tree, boasting of its beauty, he smiled with disdain. The quick eye of Seligmann noticed this.

"They have no such trees in Paris?" he asked of his nephew.

"No, the ways of Paris differ from those of this place. Before leaving Strasburg, I believed one could pass Christmas in no other way than by going to church and eating supper at home. In Paris we hunt up our friends; and faith, we follow them where they go. We go for a walk, meet at a café, dance, and enjoy ourselves."

Meanwhile seats were taken at the table, but the conversation did not cease.

"Have you been to see the beautiful crib exposed in the cathedral?" asked Seligmann

"No; when we have been able to see all the fine things I saw in Paris, we are not tempted to turn aside to see a plaything; we leave that for the children."

"But if you don't go out of curiosity, don't you at least go for devotion's sake? As for me, I prayed with all my might before that crib."

"Indeed, I would pray worse there than elsewhere. All these littlenesses set my teeth on edge. When I wish to think of God, I look up at the heavens: they elevate my soul far otherwise than do your cribs."

"Then, of what use are churches?"....

"Everyone is free to pray where he wants; the churches are open for those who wish to go in."

"And you are not one of them?"

"Yes, sometimes, when I have need of calm, but not during the services: there is then too much noise."

"Poor young man! you belong, from what I see, to the religion of those honest people who say there is a God but seek nothing more.... A sad religion, that.... In it one may do anything.... But, if you have need of help, or consolation, what?"

"Oh! you believe all the priests tell you; that God sees you at each instant; that you are apt to commit a sin at any moment and to fall into hell?"

"Indeed! The priests have a mission to tell me what to do; then, if they warn me that it is easy to sin, they point out the means to be taken not to fall into disgrace with God by sin, or to rise, should I have suffered by this misfortune."

"That is your opinion," sneered Julius: "I shall not try to disabuse you of it."

"I know that," replied Seligmann, now angry. "You will not try to rob me of my faith; it is because you would try without success. But if some one less experienced than I, and more easily seduced, were to fall into your hands, you would strive to make him as bad as yourself, to be excused in your own eyes. What a villainy! I know of no worse robbery than to strip a man

of his faith. It is the removal of his support, his consolation, his light."

"This is fanaticism!" murmured Julius.

This last insolence quite exasperated Seligmann.

"My good Frederick," he said to his brother-in-law, "I am sorry to give you pain; but I cannot help it. Your son is too dangerous a man for my son to be near. Henceforth, Frederick, my son shall work no more for you. You have been extremely kind to him. we shall not forget it; but he is young, and he must keep his faith untainted. This treasure I must guard for him at all cost."

"You are right!" said Frederick, who was a weak man, though straightforward and honest. Moreover, he knew his son and expected what had happened at the first interview of the uncle and nephew.

Julius tried in vain to enliven the evening; but it was dull and the party separated early.

"In spite of what has happened we shall be none the less friends," said Seligmann.

"Yes, yes," said Frederick. But he reckoned without his wife and son.

During the two following years, Frederick came alone to see his sister and Seligmann, and he came often to relate his troubles, of which he had some grievous ones. Julius treated his old customers badly; he went to the café and theatre; he worked himself and caused others to work on Sunday; he treated his father like an overgrown child, turned the house upside down, and showed himself constantly disrespectful to his mother who dared not complain.

At last one day, after a violent dispute, the father could bear it no longer. He left his house to his son and retired to live near Seligmann. His wife followed him, entirely disabused of her dotage on Julius.

Living alone, Julius kept up both business and pleasure. It was a course by no means successful. Customers deserted him. Health gave way; he became morose and sullen; unbelief, it was plain, to him brought only false joys, mingled with bitter sorrows, and remorse still more bitter. His was a heart led astray rather

than essentially bad. God had pity on him and gave him as helpmate a charming young lady, poor, but devoted and pious.

Still Julius was not happy in his household. He had too many faults for his own and his wife's happiness. But the young wife was not without hope. She resolved to bear all, to attempt all to reconcile her proud husband to his parents and to God. On this point Julius remained obstinate, though he became each day more serious, more orderly, and less rude.

Thus matters stood when one evening, the 24th of December, Julius entered the supper-room. His little daughter, a tot of twenty months, whom he loved dearly, ran toward him screaming with joy, and drew him gently toward the corner near the stove. There as formerly at the home of his uncle Seligmann, was trimmed the Christmas tree: the child Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the traditional domestic animals—nothing was wanting to the touching scene. This time it was trimmed in his own home, by the hands of his wife and for the delight of his child.

A strange unspeakable emotion seized him, he turned away to hide his tears, and taking his hat:

"Julia," said he to his wife, "There is something lacking here: I shall go to get it."

The voice was so altered, and his face so strange, that the young wife stood disconcerted and trembling. Her uneasiness increased when she saw that Julius delayed returning. Never did waiting seem so cruel. At length a noise was heard on the stairway, Julius entered, followed by his father, mother, uncle and aunt.

"Here are my wife and child," he said "kiss them heartily. It was they that brought repentance to my heart and led me back to you. And now that I have asked your pardon and you have once more given me your affection, help me to become again—what I once was—a good Christian. Cursed be the false friends who have drawn me away from God! All the joys at which He does not preside are bitter joys, I have found this out."

"Curse no one," said Seligmann, "it would be a poor thanksgiving to God who this day restored your faith and happiness. Let us pray for those who are not so blessed, and let us rejoice, for this is truly a Merry Christmas, and I have not seen a merrier."

## The late Rev. Bro. Patrick V. O'Brien, O.M.I.

**M**ANY and severe have been the afflictions which Divine Providence has, within the past few weeks, meted out to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Ottawa and its vicinity ; but amongst those sad calamities scarcely any is so productive of profound grief as the death of our young Oblate Scholastic, Rev. Patrick V. O'Brien, who yielded his youthful and guileless soul into the hands of his Creator on the Vigil of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Endowed with the striking traits of a zealous, ardent missionary, he seemed destined to do a great and noble work in the vineyard of the Lord, and in our dear Congregation, when death's unsparing hand snatched him off in the bloom and strength of manhood.

Bro. O'Brien was born in Easthampton, Mass. He completed his preliminary studies in the local schools of that town, and in the Williston, Maine, Seminary. Then, responding to the pious wish of his parents and the call of God, he entered the Oblate Juniorate at Buffalo, where he passed five years. He made his novitiate at Tewksbury Center, after which he was sent to the Scholasticate at Ottawa East, there to begin his philosophical and theological studies. But towards the spring of that same year he was stricken for two months with a severe illness, from which, however, he recovered sufficiently to pass a vacation with his companions. On September 8th, 1903, he had the happiness to consecrate his young life wholly to the service of God in the Oblate Congregation. Scarcely had he completed this sublime act when his malady renewed its attack, and in a most patient and courageous manner did he endure his sufferings so that not a word of complaint was ever known to cross his lips during the three long months of his illness.

Ever forgetful of self, he was always solicitous about the wants and troubles of others, while his vivid faith and piety, his beautiful childlike devotion to his dear Mother, Mary Immaculate, and especially his perfect heroic res-

will of divine Providence—all this was a source of edification to his Brothers, and a means of bringing down the choicest blessings of heaven upon himself and the Community. Strengthened by the spiritual consolations and Sacraments of the Church he at last died a most beautiful and happy death, having sublime sentiments in his heart and on his lips and his eyes lovingly fixed on a picture of the Immaculate Conception.

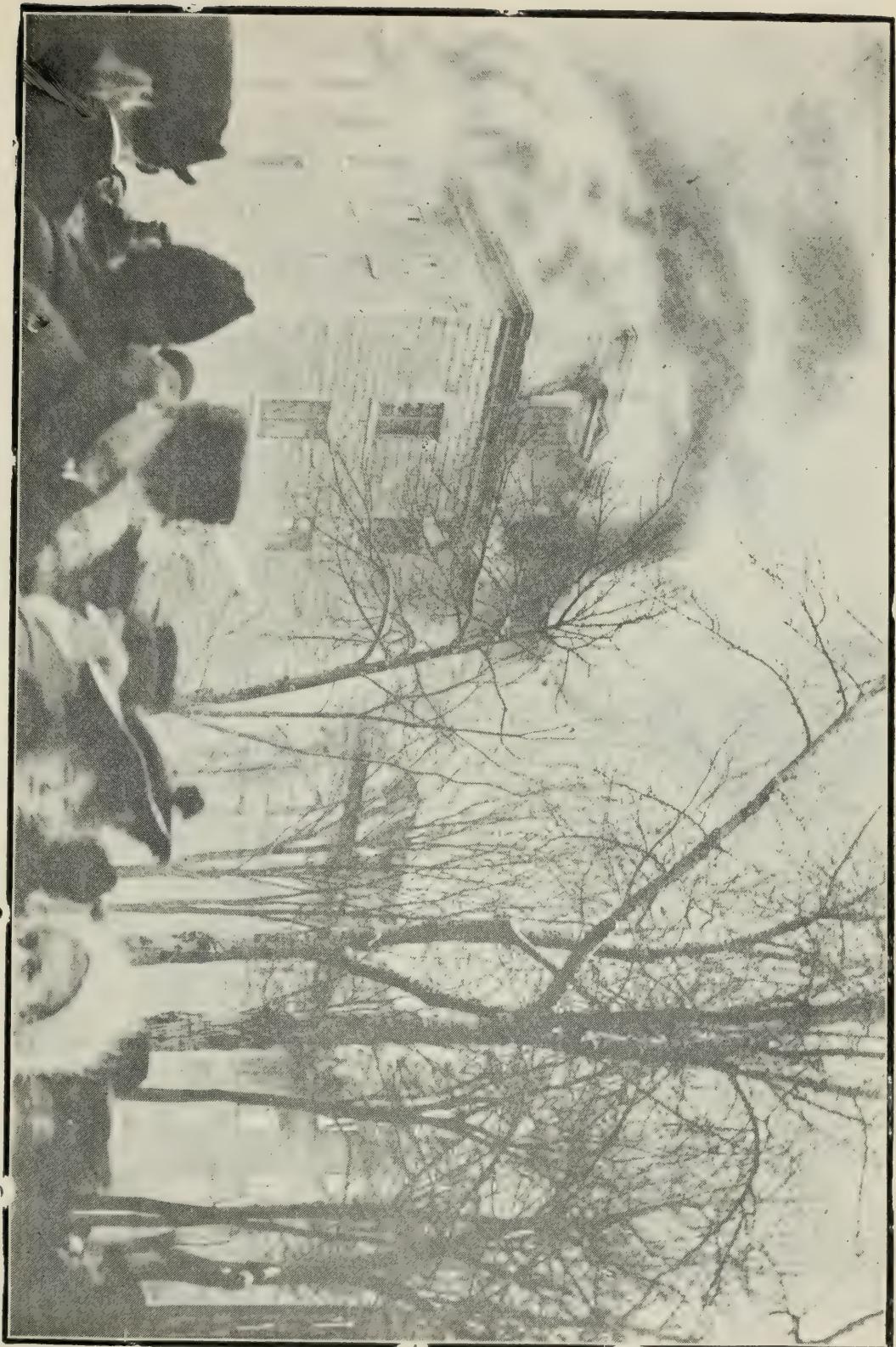
Owing to his gentle and engaging manner, his affectionate and cheerful disposition, his singleness and steadfastness of purpose, and his generous, manly, good-natured behaviour, Bro. O'Brien endeared himself to all who came in contact with him, and we may truly say, "to know him was to love him." The people of the Holy Family Parish in Ottawa East entertained the highest esteem for Bro. O'Brien, while the pupils of the parochial school, to whom he often gave music lessons, had for him a deep affection, as a token of which they will have a High Requiem Mass offered for the repose of his soul.

To his beloved Brothers in Religion, and especially to those fond companions who have studied side by side with him for many years and to whom he ever proved himself the kindest, loyalest and truest of friends, the untimely death of Bro. O'Brien brings profound sorrow. The cross indeed is hard to bear, but feeling confident that our dear departed Brother and friend had the great happiness to celebrate the glorious feast of the Immaculate Conception amongst the blessed in heaven, we may cast aside our sorrow and rejoice in the accomplishment of the will of God.

To the sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters of the dearly beloved and much lamented young Brother we extend our sincerest sympathy, and we pray God to console the afflicted and to give rest to the departed.

A CLASSMATE.





Scene during the fire.  
Seminary and Chapel before the walls of the latter fell.



# The University Fire.

"THE material buildings are destroyed, but not Father Tabaret's work." So telegraphed our Oblate Archbishop, Mgr. Langevin, of St. Boniface, and never was truer word written or spoken. Indeed, the expressions of sympathy, evoked from all quarters, even, as we might have felt sure they would be, from our sister universities, not of our Faith, have gone far to reconcile us to our loss. But, as Mgr. Langevin says, if the dear, familiar buildings have disappeared, the work of our pious founder remains. Whereof his statue, uninjured, as shown in our illustration, is surely, a symbol and a pledge.

Yet Wednesday, December 2, 1903, will ever be a dark day in our annals. As to the cause of the fire, there can be little doubt, if any, that it was caused by a cigarette stump, at the back of the stage, and must have smouldered all night long. Father Thomas Murphy, who was making his thanksgiving, after Mass, in the Sisters' Chapel beside the laundry, saw the two windows, at the back of the Academic Hall, filled with flames, about 7.30 a.m. and at once raised the alarm, in the basement and kitchen. Father O'Boyle, who was in the Recreation Room, appears to have smelt smoke about the same time. He, also, raised the alarm, and started to go to his room on the floor above, to save, if possible, the valuable papers kept there, but a blast of flame, coming through the doors of the Academic Hall, drove him back, singeing his hair as it did so.

The rapidity with which the flames spread was nothing less than awful. The long wooden corridors, the superheated steam pipes, carried the fire more effectually than any flue or chimney could possibly have done. Before any effort was made to check its progress the blaze had proceeded from one end of the vast structure to the other, a distance of over 300 feet, and could be seen from the street, leaping up the two great staircases almost at the same time. Crowds of horrified onlookers began to pour in, attracted by the dense smoke and flame that issued from a

hundred windows at top and bottom of the doomed building. The excitement at this moment was something never to be forgotten. Blanched faces asked questions that tongue dared not utter. Fortunately it was breakfast hour. At the first cry "College on fire! Save yourselves!" the lower halls and rooms were quickly emptied into the courts and streets. The Fathers who happened to be in their rooms had to leap or to run for their lives. Half a dozen of the students were ill or sleeping, and had to leap or wait till they were rescued. Several of the Sisters and domestics, as was customary, had gone to make up the rooms of the students and the dormitories, when they found their escape by the two stairways cut off. Happily they were noticed in this extremity by Father Legault, and directed to the fire-escape. With the help of the lay professors who were in a similar predicament, the terrified women were handed down to the roof of the hand-ball alley and thence by a ladder to the ground.

Father Rector's first thought was for the Blessed Sacrament, which was saved none too soon, as were some of the sacred vestments.

The rest was like a nightmare. The narrow escape of the few priests, students and women, who happened to be upstairs, shewed only too plainly, what must, inevitably, have happened, had the fire broken out, even an hour earlier. Surely, God's angels, as we nightly prayed, dwelt in the University, and kept the inmates safe in that hour of sorest danger. Three of our Fathers, as is too well known, were not so fortunate; Father Boyon's escape can only be described as miraculous, for those who saw him fall, rebound from the verandah roof, and fall again, felt sure he must be dead. Father Fulham's fall was, indeed, partly broken by a blanket, but only partly. Father McGurty was forced to make his way through a veritable hell of smoke and flame. One life, only, through God's mercy, was lost at the time, poor old Miss Danis, perished, without hope of rescue; but we have now to mourn the loss of Father Charles Fulham, O.M.I., and Father Charles W. McGurty, O.M.I.

That there was heroism, and to spare, on the part of Fathers, students, Sisters, and servants, need not be said. It was certainly offset by the slowness, the blundering, the inefficiency of our Fire

Brigade. More lies—that is the only word—have been circulated, concerning this matter, than any man may hope to trace ; the facts remain, and are, as Burns says, “ stubborn chiel. and winna ding,” are not to be overcome by falsehood, however brazen. Two, or three such facts may be here set down, such as can be attested by sufficient evidence. Fact one: Father O’Boyle was obliged to telephone to a newspaper office, asking the editor to ring up as many fire stations as possible. A new and effectual method, in the Capital of the Dominion ! He had, already, telephoned to the nearest station, and *received no answer*. Yet, according to the Chief, his Brigade were on the spot *before any alarm was given!* To use a homely phrase much current in the Old Land: “ You pay your money and you takes your choice.” The bearing of which remark as Captain Bunsby says, “ lies in the application of it.”

Fact two : It was *twenty minutes* from the time the alarm was given, before the water was turned on : one coupling hose, alone, took more than five to be put in working order. Once more, a state of matters highly creditable to the Capital of the Dominion, which has a worse record for fires than any other in Canada. But the lumber merchants are our rulers, and we submit, with what philosophy we may have at our disposal.

Fact three : Saint Joseph’s Church was in grave danger, if not actually on fire, but the gallant firemen were busy—saving the hand-ball shed ! More, it was only *vi et armis*, so to speak, that Father O’Boyle induced them to play on the Science Building, which had begun to burn, and which would have been not only a more serious loss, if possible, than the main building, but a source of grave danger to the whole quarter.

The good Sisters were, naturally, not a little alarmed, but, through God’s goodness—to them and to all Sandy Hill—there was no wind, and the peril passed them by. They removed, however, all their belongings to the other side of Waller street, which were, when safety was assured, carried back by the willing hands of some of the students.

But the incidents, major and minor, have been duly recorded by a legion of busy reporters. It only remains to revert to Mgr. Langevin’s telegram, which reminds us, opportunely, that Father

Tabaret's work remains—and must continue. This, it need not be said, the Rector means to do, with God's help, our Lady's and that of his assistants. In no long time, if God pleases, we shall see a new and more adequate building rise, like the fabled Phœnix, from the ashes of the old. We, who love the University can only pray that the glory of this latter house—spiritual, and material—may be greater, even, than that of the former.

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### IN MEMORIAM,

#### FATHER CHARLES FULHAM, O.M.I.

OBITU IN FEST IMMAC. CONCEPT. B. V. M. 1903. R. I. P.

O Mother of our God, Immaculate  
Take we entreat thine Oblate home, to be  
Forever with his well loved Lord and thee  
And thou blest portion of the priestly state  
Open, we pray, the fair celestial gate ;  
Pray ever to the great High Priest that He  
May grant His priest, through all eternity  
His joys, His glory, to participate.

Mother, he asked to see thy Festal Day  
Dawn on this earth once more, and thou hast heard  
Thy servant's prayer; so, now, for him we pray  
That, as he served, in thought, in deed, in word  
His Lord and thee, he may abide alway  
In calm, in love, in joy, in peace unstirred.

RECUS AMICUS.

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Rev. Father C. Fulham, O.M.I., who died Dec. 8th 1903—R.I.P.



## A Diary of the University Fire.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—*At 7.30 a.m.* Father Thomas Murphy, making his thanksgiving in the Sisters' Chapel, saw flames and smoke pouring out of the two windows of the Academic Hall, nearest to the stage. He at once raised the alarm of fire.

At about the same hour, Father O'Boyle, who was in the Fathers' reading room, with Father Pallier, noticed smoke. He raised the alarm in the students' refectory. These latter made their escape just as a corner of the ceiling fell in, followed by a great gust of smoke and flame. Father O'Boyle made an attempt to get to his room, but was repulsed at the door of the Academic Hall.

*It was about 7.45*, according to *La Presse*, that Fathers Boyer and Fortier, who were looking out at the skating rink, saw flames and smoke issuing from the lower windows of the Academic Hall, and raised the alarm. (Note. It seems impossible to determine the exact hour, or who first saw the fire.) Father Boyer rushed to the dormitories, to rouse those French students who, having taken part in the Play the previous evening, had been allowed to sleep late. Of these, some jumped into a net, one, Mr. Harvey, remained, calmly, on the cornice, until reached by a ladder. Father Boyer's escape—elsewhere described—was nothing short of miraculous. Father Fulham (*R. I. P.*) jumped into a blanket, and sustained injuries which, later, proved fatal. Father McGurty (*R. I. P.*) fought his way through smoke and flame, also sustaining fatal injuries. The Sisters and women were rescued by Father Legault, as were the invalids in the Infirmary.

*The Fire Brigade.* As to this, there has been a most acrid conflict of evidence. There can be no doubt, however, that (1) Father Boyer sent a verbal message; (2) that Father O'Boyle telephoned to the nearest fire station, and, receiving no reply, telephoned to the *Journal* office, asking the editor

to notify as many fire stations as possible : *all after the first alarm* ; (2) that it was *twenty* minutes after the alarm was given before the firemen began pumping water on to the burning building ; (4) that the ladders were too short and inadequately manned. These facts can be *sworn to*, and no "evidence" before a coroner can minimize their gravity.

*Father Rector's first thought*, after saving the Blessed Sacrament, was to notify (at nine o'clock) the parents of all the students, by means of Press Association telegrams, that their sons were safe. Next, to arrange, with the various railway companies, for the transport of the students to their respective destinations.

At 10 o'clock, an office was opened at Dr. Chabot's house, and students were supplied the means to return home.

This may be said to close the history of this memorable day ; except that it remains to thank our many friends for help, hospitality, sympathy and kind enquiries. His Excellency the Governor General sent an aide, at the earliest possible moment, to express his sympathy. There was a dinner at Government House that night, at which the fire formed the chief topic of conversation.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.—These three days were passed, one may say, first, at the bedside of the three injured priests; lastly, but by no means least, in receiving and answering messages of sympathy, verbal, telegraphed, written. For such sympathy, from all quarters, Ottawa University must ever rest under a debt of gratitude which can never be paid.

*A sensational report*, founded on "evidence" which only a newspaper in search of notoriety could accept, marred the general good feeling. A *French* newspaper sought to *attribute the fire to incendiarism on the part of students*. How indignantly this base calumny has been refuted by *all* the students need not be said. The paper in question published their protest on the 7th instant.

TUESDAY, December 8.—On this, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at 7 a.m., after most terrible sufferings, borne with patience, fortitude, and resignation to the will of God,

Father Charles Fulham, O.M.I., passed to his reward. *R.I.P.* On the same evening an important meeting was held at the City Hall, to consider a proposal to vote a grant of \$50,000 as the City's contribution towards the rebuilding of the University. Had the vote been unanimous, or nearly so, the contribution would have been gratefully received. As, however, the vote stood 12 to 7, and there were rumors of opposition on the part of certain Protestant ministers, Father Rector, in the name of Ottawa University, which has always stood for peace, unity and goodwill, wrote, officially, to the Mayor of Ottawa, declining to accept the proposed grant. As the *Temps* of the 12th justly says, this leaves the University free to buy materials, or to employ labor from any quarter. Had the grant been made—a small one compared to the loss incurred—there would have been a *quasi* obligation to deal only in Ottawa.

WEDNESDAY, December 9.—To this date belongs Father Rector's letter above referred to.

At 7.30 p.m. Father Fulham's body was carried from the Juniorate to St. Joseph's Church, and Matins and Lauds for the dead recited. Members of the Oblate Order, and others, watched round the dead priest all night.

THURSDAY, December 10.—At 9 a.m. a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by Father Rector for Father Fulham, in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop, who gave the absolutions.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY.—These days were passed in answering letters and messages of sympathy, most, if not all, of which are printed in this Souvenir, or Fire Number of THE REVIEW, and in making arrangements for the return of the students, and the opening of the classes on January 7th, as if nothing had occurred.

TUESDAY, December 15.—Father McGurty died at 5 p.m. after terrible sufferings.

WEDNESDAY, December 16.—At 7.30 p.m., the remains of Father McGurty were removed to St. Joseph's Church, and the Office for the dead recited. His Grace the Archbishop met the coffin at the church door, and gave the absolutions.

THURSDAY, December 17.—(This completes the fifteen days since the fire.) Requiem for Father McGurty at 9 a.m., sung by Father Duffy, O.M.I., of Tewksbury, Mass., Master of Novices.

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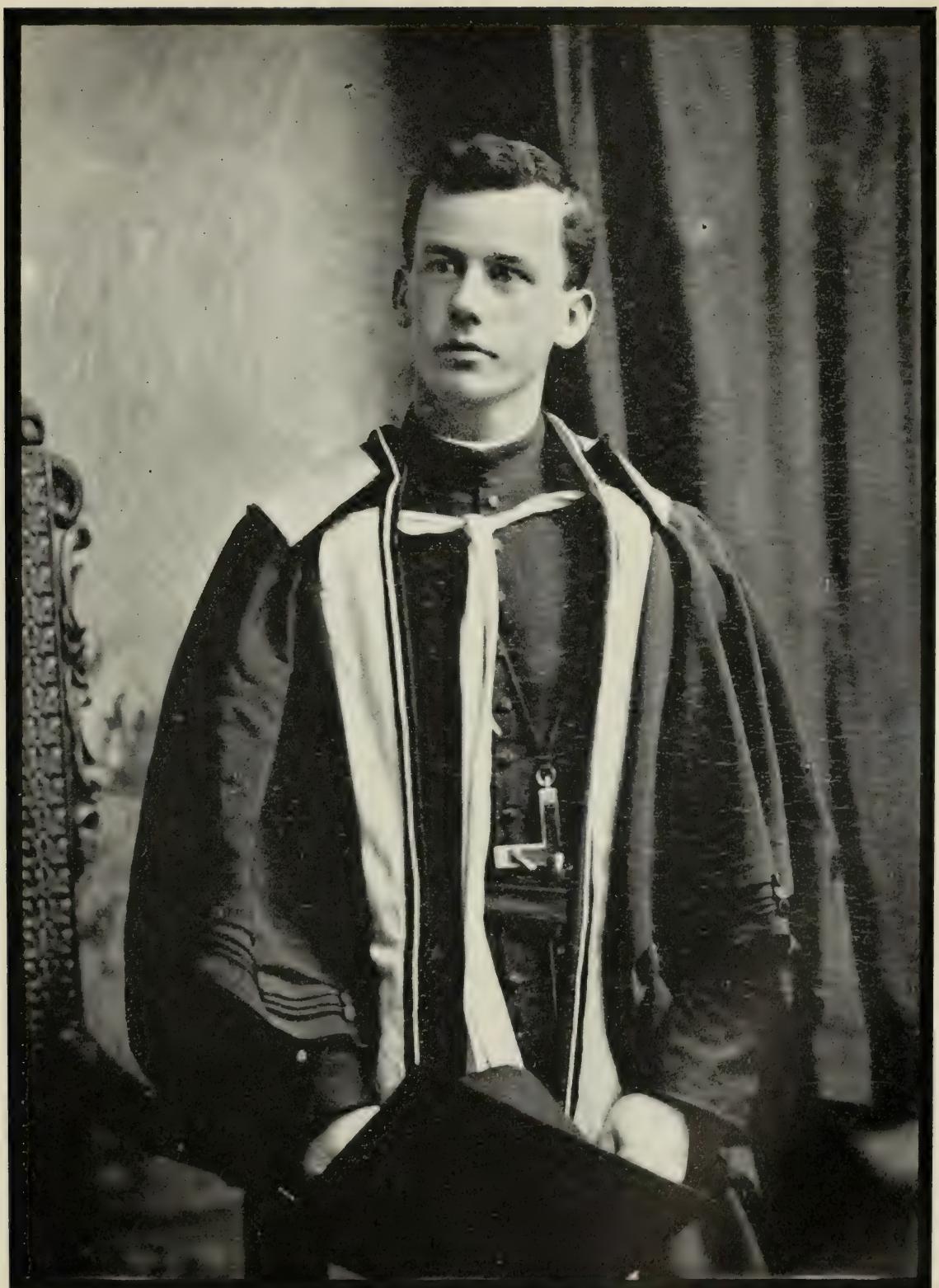
### In Memoriam.

FATHER CHARLES W. McGURTY, O.M.I.

OBIIT IN DIE OCTAV. IMMAC. CONC. B.V.M. 1903.

DEAR, gentle friend, God grant thee sleep,  
 And the reward of those He loveth best ;  
 In thy desired haven safe to rest,  
 After short voyage o'er life's troublous deep ;  
 There, where no wild waves toss, nor storm winds sweep,  
 —Nor more by sin assailed, by griets opprest,  
 No doubts to grieve thee—give thee entrance blest :  
 With Him, the Festivals of Heaven to keep.  
 Soon may The Master call thee there, to sing,  
 His praises, and the praises of our Queen,  
 Our Mother, Mary, who to thee hath been  
 A gentle Mother : Virgin Blessed, bring  
 Thy servant to the bliss no eye hath seen,  
 Into the very Presence of The King.





Rev. Father McGurty, O.M.I., who died Dec. 15th 1903.—R I.P!



## To Our Friends.

“ **O**n earth peace, to men of goodwill.” It is an old Christmas message, but the best that can be sent.

“ The time draws near the Birth of Christ,” and to those who love Him one thought, surely, must be present, above all others ; the thought of the Word made Flesh, “ for us men and for our salvation.” That was the extent of God’s goodwill ; that is how peace has come to men : “ peace which passeth all understanding.”

“ God so loved the world ” ; or, as the old Latin hymn has it :

“ *Amor coegit Te Tuus,*”

“ Thy love constrained Thee ” to take upon Him our nature, knowing as He did, all that He must suffer by doing so. The Crib is the centre of our Christmas devotions ; but it stands, as it were, in the shadow of the Cross. “ For our salvation.”

For us, this year, the Crib stands, if we may say so, nearer to the Cross than we have, perhaps, been wont to realize. Death has been in our midst. As was said by a great orator—John Bright—“ we have heard the rushing sound of his wings.” Two, whom we loved, have passed—as we hope and pray—from earthly Feast to eternal Festival ; from the Cross to the Crown.

But though, for us, the Crib stands under the shadow of the Cross, we remember that the message of Christmas is “ tidings of great joy . . . to all mankind.” So, to our friends we say, with all our hearts : All Christmas joys and peace be yours !

“ *Jesus, Mary and Joseph.*”

In these three names lie all our Christmas joys.

But we have yet another message to our friends, one of heartfelt gratitude for the expressions of sympathy and encouragement which have come, from all quarters, by letter and telegram. These, we have decided to enshrine, as it were, in this “ Souvenir Number,” to reprint them, one and all, that they may survive as records of a time never to be forgotten, of kindness and goodwill to be ever remembered. To all those, then, who

have sorrowed in our sorrow, and sympathized with us [in this calamity which has come upon us, we reiterate the best of Christmas wishes :

PEACE TO MEN OF GOODWILL.

New Westminster, B. C., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

FATHER EMERY,

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

Sympathy to yourself and Fathers over great loss.

BISHOP DONTENVILLE.

Valleyfield, P. Q., Dec. 2 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE RECTEUR DE L'UNIVERSITÉ.

La navrante nouvelle du désastreux incendie nous afflige profondément. Veuillez recevoir nos cordiales sympathies. Dieu, vous soutienne dans cette terrible épreuve.

EMARD, EVEQUE.

Pembroke, Ont., 2 Dec. 1903.

RÉV. J. EMERY, O. M. I.,

Recteur, d'Ottawa Université, Ottawa.

Mes sincères sympathies dans votre grand malheur.

MGR. N. Z. LORRAIN.

Sherbrooke, Q., Dec. 3rd, 1903.

REV. RECTOR,

Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Deeply shocked by news of catastrophe. Accept heartfelt sympathy.

BISHOP OF SHERBROOKE.

Trois Rivières, Que., 4 Dec. 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur, Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.

A mon retour j'apprends avec peine le triste malheur qui vient de vous frapper. Vous offre mes sincères et profondes sympathies.

F. X. CLOUTIER,

Evêque des Trois Rivieres.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

FATHER EMERY,

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Heartfelt sympathy, good courage, trial blessing, material building, not Father Tabaret's work burnt, warm blessing.

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN.

Kingston, Ont., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Reector, Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Need I assure you of my deepest sympathy ?

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER.



27  
Scene during Fire.—The Seminary in flames.



Scene during the Fire.—Sister's House in foreground was saved.



Kingston, Ont., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL,  
Ottawa.

The terrible news has just reached me. You have my deepest sympathy.

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER.

[Montréal, Q., Dec. 2 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur, Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.

Agréez mes plus vives sympathies dans votre grande épreuve.

L'ARCHEVÈQUE DE MONTRÉAL.

Québec, Dec. 3 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur, Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.

Agréez ma vive et sincère sympathie dans votre désastreux incendie.

ARCHEVÈQUE DE QUÉBEC.

Washington, D. C., 3rd Dec., 1903.

RECTOR,

Catholic University, Ottawa, Ont.

With sorrow, learn great loss. Sympathy to all.

FALCONIO.

Rome, 4th December, 1903.

MONSEIGNEUR DUHAMEL,

Archbishop of Ottawa.

Holy Father keenly sympathises in the terrible disaster. He prays for all and sends blessing.

R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

Alexandria, December 4th, 1903.

VERY REV. DEAR RECTOR,

I avail myself of this opportunity to express my sorrow, and to tender my sincere sympathy to yourself and your Community for the loss sustained by the destruction of your noble University by fire last Wednesday. It was dreadful in itself, and appalling in its suddenness.

With the zeal and energy of the devoted Fathers, it is hoped that it will rise again from its ashes in a modern and more substantial form to continue the good work of Catholic education as in the past.

I remain, with much sympathy,

Your obedient servant,

† ALEXANDER MACDONALD,

Bishop of Alexandria.

V. Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., Rector.

Pembroke, 2 Décembre, 1903.

AU RÉV. PÉRE J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,  
Recteur.

MON CHER PÈRE.—Vous, vos Pères, toute votre communauté, avez mes plus sincères sympathies dans le grand malheur qui vient de vous frapper, par l'incendie de votre Université.

Les fruits de tant de sacrifices, de fatigues, de privations, détruits dans quelques heures ! !

Toute fois, Dieu soit loué, il n'y a pas de perte de vie—mais si le feu avait éclaté entre les 4 et 5 heures du matin, cette pensée fait frémir—des centaines de vie auraient été perdues.

Si cela peut vous rendre service, quelques uns de vos Pères peuvent trouver l'hospitalité dans le diocèse. Nous en prendrons un à l'Evêché, et je suis sûr que Messieurs Devine, Chaine et Brunet, seront heureux d'en recevoir chacun un.

Pariant Dieu de vous consoler et de soutenir votre courage  
Je demeure, bien sincèrement, votre tout dévoué serviteur en J. C.,N. Z. LORRAIN,  
Ev. de Pembroke.

Toronto, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

May it please Your Grace:—

A reporter on one of our daily papers has just telephoned to say that fire has destroyed in part, the University of which you are the honored Chancellor. I am very sorry indeed for this misfortune, and I write to express to you and to the Rev. Fathers in charge of the University, my heartfelt sympathy. It is also reported that one of the priests was seriously injured. I hope this is exaggerated, and I trust that when the truth is known, it will be found that all the inmates escaped injury. The material loss is hard enough to bear.

May God in His goodness grant courage to bear the trial, and also the means to replace the losses it entails.

I remain, Your Grace,  
Yours very sincerely,  
† DENIS O'CONNOR,  
Archbishop of Toronto.His Grace the Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, DD.,  
Archbishop of Ottawa.Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception.  
Burlington, Vt., Dec. 3rd, 1903.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP.

We all sympathize with the great loss by fire to you, the fathers, and to the diocese.

With great respect,  
Yours truly,  
† JOHN,  
Bishop of Burlington.To the Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, DD.,  
Archbishop of Ottawa.

Québec, le 3 Décembre, 1903,

A SA GRANDEUR MONSIEUR J. T. DUHAMEL,  
Archevêque d'Ottawa.

MONSIEUR,—

Hélas ! votre grande école a passé par le feu ! Quel désastre ! Ici c'est le sujet de toutes les conversations et aussi le chagrin de tous les cœur, car s'il y a un endroit où l'on connaisse les suites funestes des incendies, c'est bien à Québec où le feu a fait tant de ravages. Notre tour semble passé. Puisse le vôtre être aussi terminé !

Respectueusement de Votre Grandeur le très dévoué serviteur.

N. TETU, Ptre.

MON RÉVÉREND ET BIEN CHER PÈRE—J'apprends à l'instant le malheur qui vous frappe et m'empresse de vous adresser ainsi qu'à vos bons Pères mes plus vives sympathies—j'ai passé par des voies semblables, je sais ce que c'est—votre oeuvre ne sauraient périr et votre université se releva plus belle, plus grande et plus brillante que jamais, c'est le vœu de mon cœur ; mais comme en attendant ce sont des peines, des inquiétudes et des sacrifices qui vont être votre partage, je ne vous oublierais pas dans mes prières.

Votre tout dévoué en J. C. et M.

J. BLANCHE.

Toronto, Dec. 2nd, 1903,

THE RECTOR,

Ottawa University, Ottawa.

The University of Toronto has learned with deepest regret of the casualty which has befallen Ottawa University, and extend sincere sympathy under the distressing circumstances.

J. LOUDON.

Kingston, Ont., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

SANDFORD FLEMING,  
Ottawa.

Have just learned with very great regret, that the buildings of Ottawa University have been destroyed by fire. Kindly convey to the President of the University the sincere sympathy of Queen's University in their misfortune, and express our hope that they may soon be enabled to rebuild and carry on their work with their accustomed energy.

DANIEL M. GORDON.

Notre Dame, Ind., 3rd Dec., 1903.

VERY REV. J. C. EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

You have the sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame in your great loss. May the University of Ottawa rise from its ruin grander and more majestic than ever.

A. MORRISSEY,  
Notre Dame University.

Niagara University, N. Y., 2nd Dec., 1901.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

The faculty and students of Niagara University sincerely sympathize with you in your heart-rending affliction.

W. F. LIKELY,  
President.

Montreal, Dec. 5th, 1903.

REV. DR. EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

McGill won, Ottawa excels in oratory. Reception magnificent. McGill University sympathizes heartily.

MACDONALD.

Québec, Déc. 2, 1903.

TRÈS RÉV. PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur de l'Université, Ottawa.

Veuillez accepter l'expression de mon profond chagrin. Que Dieu vous donne courage nécessaire.

O. E. MATHIEU,  
Laval Université, Qué.

Montréal, Qué., Déc. 2.

RÉV. PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Nos plus sincères sympathies, bon courage et confiance.

CHANOINE ARCHAMBEAULT,  
Vice-Recteur, Laval Université, Montréal.

Montreal, Q. 2nd Dec., 1903.

REV. FR. EMERY,

Rector University Ottawa, Ottawa.

Sincere sympathy of Fathers and pupils of St. Mary's College.

TURGEON,  
Rector.

L'Assomption, Qué., 3 Déc. 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMÉRY,

Recteur de l'Université, Ottawa.

Agréez nos vives sympathies dans le preuve qui vous frappe.

VICTOR PAUZE,  
Directeur Collège l'Assomption.

Brynmaur, Pa., 3rd Dec., 1903.

TO PRESIDENT OTTAWA UNIVERSITY,

Ottawa.

Villanova College extends her sincerest sympathy in your great loss.

REV. L. A. DELUREY.



Ruins after Fire.—Father Tabaret's statue intact.



To RECTOR OTTAWA UNIVERSITY,  
Ottawa.

We deeply regret to learn of your disaster and we extend to yourself and faculty the sincere sympathy of St. Michael's College.

J. R. TEEFY.

St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., Dec. 3rd, 1903.  
VERY REV. J. E. EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

You have our prayers and deepest sympathy in your great affliction.  
SISTER PAULINE.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.  
REV. FATHER,

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Each member of the community sympathizes in your great loss.

SISTER SUPERIOR,  
Holy Angels Academy.

Longueuil, Q., 3rd Dec., 1901.  
REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,

Oblates Immaculate, Ottawa.

The community at Longueuil offers its deepest sympathy in your severe trial.

MOTHER OLIVER,  
Pro. Superior.

Arthur, Ont., 3rd Dec., 1903.  
ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL,  
Ottawa.

Just heard at Arthur, sad news of fire at University. Heartfelt sympathy with sufferers and yourself.

ARDEN, CATHOLIC EMIG. ASSOCIATION,  
Park Avenue, St. Henri,  
Montreal.

Montréal, Déc. 3, 1903.  
AU RÉVÉRENDS PÉRES OBLATS,  
Université de Ottawa.

La Congrégation de Notre Dame s'empresse d'offrir leurs profondes sympathies aux Révérends Pères Oblats.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 3rd, 1903.  
REV. FATHER EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

Heartfelt sympathy from Archbishop Langevin and Oblate Fathers here in your awful calamity.

POITRAS.

REV. RECTOR,

Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Accept our heartfelt sympathy.

J. N. PELLETIER, O.M.I.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

FATHER EMERY,

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

Accept deepest sympathy in your terrible loss.

FATHER DORGAN, O.M.I.

New Westminster, B.C., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Ottawa University, Ottawa,

Sincere sympathy to yourself, professors and students.

FATHER MCKENNA, O.M.I.

San Antonio, Tex., 2nd Dec., 1903.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY,

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

Regret great loss, sympathy in affliction.

REV. DR. SMITH, O.M.I.

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

REV. DR. EMERY, O.M.I.,

Rector, University, Ottawa, Ontario.

Sincerest sympathy ; courage.

REV. DR. H. A. CONSTANTINEAU, O.M.I.

Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa,

Oblates of Holy Angels send heartfelt sympathy, if we can be of assistance  
command us.

REV. DR. M. FALLON, O.M.I.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY, O.M.I.,

St. Joseph's Scholasticate, Ottawa.

Dear Father, you have our deepest sympathy, ready to do anything we  
can for you.

REV. JOHN P. REYNOLDS,  
Rev. J. P. FLYNN, O.M.I.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Juniorate, Ottawa.

Our sincere sympathy from the Fathers of St. Joseph's Church, Lowell.

Montreal, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

TO REV. FATHER EMERY,  
Ottawa.

Accept our heartfelt sympathy in your great loss.

F. WAFER DOYLE

L'Orignal, Ont., 3rd Dec. 1903.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL,  
Ottawa.A painful and terrible disaster has just stricken the diocese of Ottawa.  
I offer to Your Grace and to the Oblate Fathers my sincere sympathies.

OCT. BERUBE, P. P.

Crysler, Ont., Dec. 3rd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa.

I am deeply grieved at your great loss, my house is open to any of your  
fathers.

D. R. MACDONALD.

[South Bend, Ind., 3rd Dec., 1903.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY,

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

We are all shocked by the dreadful news. Sympathy and prayers.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH.

Brownsville, Tex., Dec. 3rd., 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Accept deepest sympathy from oblates of United States and Brownsville,

LEFEBVRE,

Provincial.

London, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

REV. DR. EMERY,

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Sincere sympathy in present calamity.

DR. CUSACK,  
London.

Father Point, Que., 3rd, 1903.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY,

Ottawa.

In the awful and sad calamity which has befallen you, please accept my  
sorrow and heartfelt sympathy.

CHAS. H. HENEY.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, !

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Accept sympathy in your great misfortune.

B. F. McNAMARA,

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

H. J. MACDONALD,

University of Ottawa.

Would you mail particulars regarding fire. Offer Rector my sympathy.

W. A. MARTIN,

Holy Angel's College.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2nd 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O. M. I.,

Rector University of Ottawa.

Please accept my sincere sympathy in your great loss, be of good hope.

E. FITZPATRICK.

Buffalo, N. Y., 2nd Dec. 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY,

Ottawa University.

Just heard of the fire, accept heartfelt sincerest sympathy.

E. CAREY.

Buffalo, N. Y., 2nd Dec. 1903.

REV. R. E. EMERY,

Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Accept my heartfelt sympathy.

W. L. HANRAHAN.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY,

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

Accept deepest sympathy in your trouble.

MRS. W. M. O'BRIEN,

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O. M. I.,

University of Ottawa, Ottawa.

Kindly accept our sympathy ; was fire fatal in its results ?

B. MURRAY.

Montréal, Déc. 3, 1903.

REV. P. S. BRAULT,

Juniorat du S. C., Ottawa.

Très peiné—faire part sympathie au Père Recteur et à tous.

ADRIEN BRAULT.

The Presbytery, Quyon, Que., Dec. 7th, 1903.

REV. FATHER ANTOINE, O.M.I.,

DEAR FATHER,—Indeed I read in the evening papers with dismay and grief about the great misfortune that has befallen our dear University. It's not the loss of the Oblate Fathers alone, it's the loss of Catholic Canada. And I hope that when called on to manifest our sympathies, it will be done in a

generous spirit. It's not my *alma mater*, but I look on it just the same. It has been a great disaster, but out of those ruins shall arise a University greater than ever. Let your President appeal if necessary to the Catholic Bishops and priests first and the laity afterwards. I feel confident that each one will do his duty. We cannot do without it. So what has been a misfortune will turn out in the designs of providence to be a blessing. A University new and bright, built on a grander, and if possible, more solid scale is the earnest wish of your humble servant.

REV. B. J. KIERNAN.

Lochiel, Ont., Dec. 8th, 1903.

REV. A. ANTOINE, O.M.I.,

Of Ottawa University, Ottawa.

REV. DEAR FATHER,—When I wrote to you a little over a week ago, I little thought I should be writing to you again so soon and under the sad circumstances. The ruins of the home you occupied then, the ruins of the good old University only now remain ; but up from those ruins I hope will rise a grander edifice with the old University renewed therein, more substantial in structure, and with influence for good more widespread than ever before, I would have written you as soon as I had heard of the fire, but I knew you had too many things to attend to at the time.

I see by the papers that the destruction was complete and the rapidity of it was remarkable, yet it was at an hour when perhaps the least number of lives would be lost, at any other time I fear the loss of life would be tremendous.

I trust that those who were injured will rapidly recover.

Again extending my deep sympathy to you all.

I remain, yours sincerely,

DONALD D. McMILLAN.

125 Metcalfe Street,

Ottawa, December 7th, 1903.

TO THE REV. FATHER EMERY, D.D.,

Rector of Ottawa University.

Rev. and dear Father,—

I have been instructed to forward to you the following resolution, passed at a meeting of the Bishop and Clergy of the Anglican Church in Ottawa to-day :

“ That the Clergy of the Church of England residing in the City of Ottawa, in conference with the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, desire to express their sympathy with the authorities of Ottawa College in their recent severe loss in the destruction by fire of their main buildings ; they would further express their deep sympathy with those clergy connected with that institution, and others, whose lives are in great danger, and offer up their supplications to Almighty God in their behalf.”

REV. T. BAILEY,  
Secretary.

Peterboro', December 9th, 1903.

**VERY REV. FATHER EMERY, O.M.I.**

My dear Fr. Emery,—I am writing you a few hurried lines expressive of my sympathy with you and sincere sorrow over the ruins of what was only lately the pride of Canada—Ottawa's great and grand University. I cannot imagine that such a magnificent edifice is still smouldering on the ground. Often I admired it from within and without; it was all so perfect and so well equipped. And the grand chapel, and hall, and library, and refectory, and in fact everything, that one must say that it will take some time to replace all. I am glad no lives were lost, though you will please convey my sympathy and sorrow to the good priests who have sustained such injuries as are reported.

REV. JAS. SWEENEY.

The Catholic University of America.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7th, 1903.

**DEAR FATHER EMERY:**

Just as I was leaving Washington for a few days, I heard a rumor of the destruction of Ottawa University, and on my return I found awaiting me, copies of Ottawa papers, which apprised me of the extent of the catastrophe. It was sad reading, for the earliest years of my scientific zeal, co-operated with those of the best and dearest friends that I ever had in bringing Ottawa University to the plane of excellency on which it stood when this disaster occurred.

You have my heartfelt sympathy. I know that the Oblate order will set to work with that ardor which brooks no obstacles, and erect a newer and larger pile, better adapted to its position of prominence in educational life than the structure just destroyed.

With best wishes for your success in the great work that this calamity forces upon you.

I remain, sincerely yours,

JNO. J. GRIFFIN.

Nazareth Seminary,  
New Westminster, B.C., Dec. 4th, 1903.

**VERY REV. FATHER EMERY, O.M.I.**

Reverend and dear Father Emery,—With feelings of the profoundest sorrow I heard last Wednesday the news that Ottawa University had been destroyed by fire. I was especially grieved to learn that some of the Rev. Fathers had been seriously injured. I sent you a telegram of sympathy, but a telegram is a very limited means of conveying one's feelings on an occasion so sad.

Ottawa University was dear to me for many reasons. I spent many pleasant days within its walls. There I made my perpetual vows, and said my first Mass. Please accept my sincere sympathy for yourself personally in the great sorrow it has pleased God to send you. Kindly convey my deep

sympathy and good wishes for a speedy and complete recovery to my dear friend, Rev. Father McGurty, and likewise to the other sufferers, hoping their injuries are not so bad as reported. I also sincerely sympathize with all the other Rev. Fathers, Brothers and Professors. Hoping that you are well, and praying Almighty God to comfort you in this hour of trial,

I remain,

Most sincerely yours in J. & M. I.,

B. J. McKENNA, O.M.I.

P.S.—The students of Nazareth Seminary unite with me in sending sincere sympathy to all.

### SÉMINAIRE DE ST-HYACINTHE.

AU TRÈS RÉVÉREND PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

MON RÉVÉREND PÈRE —L'effrayant malheur qui vient de réduire en cendres l'oeuvre de tant de sacrifices et de dévouements frappe tous le cœur qui vous connaissent et qui aiment leur pays et l'Eglise Catholique dont votre université était une des gloires. Pour nous, qui comptons, grâce à Dieu un si grande nombre des nôtres devenus les vôtres, c'est en quelque sortes un malheur de famille, qui nous déplorons. Il nous est tout naturel de nous joindre à vous dans votre deuil sur ce qui n'est plus, mais ressuscitera bientôt. Veuillez donc, mon Révérend Père, permettre au supérieur d'une maison humblement dévoué à la vôtre, de vous offrir à vous et à vos Pères, l'expression de notre profonde sympathie, et aussi de l'espérance que Dieu vous viendra en aide pour le prompt accomplissement de la promesse prophétique que vous faisiez hier sur les ruines funestes de la noble institution, dont vous disiez, avec une calme et ferme assurance : Resurget.

Je demeure, mon Révérend Père, avec un profond respect et la nouvelle assurance de la sincère sympathie de tous vos confrères,

Votre humble et dévoué serviteur en N. S.

J. R. OUELLETTE, Prêtre,

Sup. St-Hyacinthe.

3 Décembre, 1903.

Séminaire de Sainte-Thérèse, 3 Décembre, 1903.

RÉV PÈRE EMERY, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

TRÈS HONORÉ PÈRE RECTEUR.—Permettez-moi de vous offrir les vives sympathies des prêtres de notre séminaire dans la rude épreuve que vous subissez. Nous avons trop de rapports avec Ottawa et les Révérends Pères Oblats pour n'être pas des plus sensibles au malheur qui vous frappe. D'un autre côté nous nous rappelons le passé et nous pouvons parfaitement apprécier la fâcheuse position faite à un collège par un incendie au cours de l'année scolaire. Nous demanderons à la bonne Providence de bénir votre œuvre pendant les années d'externat et de seconder vos efforts pour une

reconstruction si généreusement décidée sur les cendres encore chaudes de la maison incendié.

Veuillez accepter des sympathies toutes particulières pour ceux de vos Pères qu'on dit avoir reçu des blessures graves.

Veuillez me croire, très honoré Père, votre très humble et tout dévoué,

L. A. JASMIN, Ptre,  
Superieur.

LE PÈRE H. BÉDUNEAU, C. M.,

Supérieur des Missionnaires.

Terrifié par l'affreuse nouvelle apprise hier soir, tient à offrir aussitôt au T. R. Père Emery, et à tous les siens, ses sincères condoléances et sa cordial sympathie. Daigne Marie Immaculée aider et consoler ses enfants en cette terrible épreuve !

Montréal, 3 Dec. 1903.

LES FRÈRES DE L'INSTRUCTION CHRÉTIENNE,

Ont l'honneur de présenter leurs respectueuses condoléances aux Révérends Pères Oblats pour le malheur qui les a frappés.

Buckingham, P. Q.

Halifax, N.S.

DEAR DR. EMERY.

Please accept my sympathies concerning your recent disaster. I trust you may see a way soon to recover the losses.

Yours with sincerity,

T. O'SULLIVAN,

Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER EMERY.

The terrible news has just reached us. Need I say that our hearts go out to you and to all the Fathers in this dreadful affliction. I cannot write more than to say that if your brothers in Buffalo can be of any assistance to you, we are at your command.

With deepest sympathy.

I remain,

Yours fraternally in J.C. and M.I.,

M. F. FALLON, O.M.I.

St. Ann's Church, Alpena, Mich., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

VERY REV. FR. RECTOR,

Ottawa University, Canada.

Very Rev. and Dear Father,—My sympathy for your irreparable loss in the burning of the University. I am grieved to read in papers that some of the Fathers were injured, please send me details. It would be a most opportune time to send out a subscription card to all the alumni, for a small contribution, it should certainly be favorably received by all. A contribution of one

to five dollars by every Varsity Alumnus would make a splendid showing and be a credit to the old boys.

With cordial wishes to you and all, and hoping to have an opportunity of placing my name to the alumni contribution list for a five. I am only beginning my work in the ministry and cannot very well do better at present, but if all the alumni give a small sum, the amount will be large.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

T. W. ALBIN.

Crysler, Ont., Dec. 3rd, 1903.

THE REV. FATHER EMERY, O. M. I.,  
Ottawa.

I was simply stunned by the dreadful news of the destruction of our dear old College. The sympathy I telegraphed to-day I wish to renew by letter, and to place my house at the disposal of any of your Fathers who would care to come with me for some time. One or two will find here the same kindly welcome and hospitality that I so often received from yourself and other Fathers when visiting the dear old home where I spent nine happy years.

I have no doubt but the old students all—hundreds—will be glad to come to your aid.

In the meantime you all, and particularly the injured fathers, will have our most fervent prayers.

Believe me, dear Father Emery,

Yours very sincerely,

D. R. MACDONALD.

Brudenell, Dec. 6th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY.

Dear Father,—A little tardy, but none the less sincere are the sympathies offered by my Rev. Brother and myself in the great calamity that has befallen our Alma Mater. We wish to be ever numbered among her loyal sons, but especially now in her great misfortune.

I remain, your humble servant,

F. L. FRENCH, P.P.

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1903.

REV. DEAR FATHER EMERY.

The daily papers have brought me the sad news of the total destruction of old Ottawa University. I am very sorry for you and all the members of your Community. God was good in not permitting the conflagration in the night time.

Yours very sincerely,

A. M. LEYDEN.

386 Buttler Ave.

Mineville, N. Y., Déc. 1903.

RÉVÉREND MESSIEURS. — Vous avez ma profonde sympathie dans le malheur qui vous a visité. Espérons que l'université se relèvera plus belle de ses cendres.

J'espère recevoir de bonne nouvelles.

A vous de cœur en N. S.

A. L. DUFRESNES, P. P.

Collège St.-Laurent, P. Q., 3 Décembre 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÉRE EMÉRY, O. M. I.

Sup. Université d'Ottawa.

MON RÉVÉREND PÉRE—Le personnel du collège St.-Laurent vous prie de croire à toutes ses sympathies dont le malheur qui vous frappe en ce moment. Espérant que l'Université d'Ottawa se relèvera de ses cendres le plus tôt possible et continuera son action bienfaisante dans cette partie française du pays.

Je demeure, de votre Révérence, le sympathique et dévoué serviteur,

ALF. CREVIER, C. S. C.,  
Ass.-Sup.

SA GRANDEUR MGR. JOS. TH. DUHAMEL,

Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Je n'apprends que ce soir qu'un desastreux incendie vient de réduire en cendres votre magnifique Université. Le ciel se plait à éprouver votre grandeur par les incendies ; avec ses immenses malheur grandissent les sympathies qui entourent votre personne vénérée. Je vous prie d'agrérer les miennes et celles de toute ma famille religieuse, avec les vœux que je forme pour voir se relèver de ses ruines la belle et grande institution dont tout le pays pleure la perte.

Veuillez bien agréer l'expression de meilleurs sentiments et l'entier et respectueux dévouement avec lequel je suis.

Monseigneur, de votre grandeur le bien humble serviteur,

C. DUCHARME, C. S. V.  
Provincial.

Outremont, 2 Décembre, 1903.

Portage du Fort, le 3 Décembre, 1903.

A SA GRANDEUR MONSEIGNEUR J. THOMAS DUHAMEL,

Archevêque d'Ottawa.

MONSEIGNEUR—Acceptez, s'il vous plaît, toutes les sympathies de mon cœur dans le chagrin qui vous arrive par la destruction si inattendue de votre florissante université. Puisse-t-elle renaître bientôt de ses cendres plus belle que jamais ! Dieu est bon, et quand il nous visite, c'est pour nous prouver son amour. Les amis vont sans doute se souvenir et en se souvenant faire

quelques sacrifices. Vous pouvez y compter, Monseigneur ; les pauvres mêmes donneront de leur pauvreté.

Si l'occasion se présente, votre Grandeur voudras bien exprimer à nos bons Pères Oblats mes sentiments de regrets et d'espérance.

Je demeure, bien sincèrement et respectueusement votre vieux et affectueux,

A. BRUNET, P. P.

Thurso, Décembre le 4, 1903.

**MONSEIGNEUR L'ARCHEVÈQUE**—J'apprends avec le plus poignante douleur, la stupifiante nouvelle de l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa. Quelle calamité pour la ville et le diocèse d'Ottawa et quelle perte immense pour le pays tout entier. Je comprends toute la grandeur de cette épreuve pour votre cœur d'évêque. Je me rappelle qu'en 1894, agenouillé aux pieds de Leon XIII, d'illustre mémoire, j'avais l'honneur de répondre à cette question de sa Sainteté : "Comment est Mgr. Duhamel, et comment va son université." A la suite de ma réponse, ce grand Pape s'exclamait : "Comme il doit être heureux de l'état si florissant de son université et de tout le bien qu'elle produit, comme ce bon évêque tenait à cette université."

Au milieu de cette terrible épreuve, devant ces ruines fumantes qui font saigner votre cœur, veuillez Monseigneur, agréer l'expression de ma plus vive et de ma plus sincère sympathie, je n'oublie pas non plus ces vaillants enfants de Mazenod admirables dans tous leurs champs de labeurs, dont les travaux sont si importants dans toute l'Amérique du Nord, mais qui remplissaient une mission si bienfaisante d'Ottawa dans le domaine des hautes sciences. Espérons que ces pionniers de la religion et de la civilisation véritable trouveront le moyen de ressusciter leur université de ses ruines, pour continuer leur œuvre si bien commencée, et productive de si grands résultats.

Je demeure votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

P. CHATELAIN, Pt.

St.-André Avellin, 4 Dec. 1903.

A **MONSIEUR J. T. DUHAMEL**,

Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur,—La triste nouvelle m'arrive ! Quelle calamité ! Quelle perte !! l'Université d'Ottawa ! Cette maison qui faisait votre gloire, pour laquelle vous vous êtes dépensé, que vous aimiez, et à bon droit, où votre Grandeur a puisé la science ecclésiastique est détruite de fond en comble ! Cette épreuve terrible votre Grandeur saura la supporter parcequ'elle sait se plier à la volonté divine—Vous avez, Monseigneur, la sympathie et de votre clergé et des fidèles de l'archidiocèse,

Pour ma part, Monseigneur, je partage votre chagrin et votre douleur intense, et je vous offre une fois de plus et ma sympathie et mon dévouement.

Ces bons Pères Oblats sauront relèver bientôt les murs de cette institu-

tion appelée à faire tant de bien à l'église. La Vierge Immaculée leur fera trouver les moyens qui assureront leurs succès.

Veuillez me croire, Monseigneur, plus que jamais, votre très humble et dévoué fils en N. S.

J. P. BÉLANGER, Ptre.

Saint-Jacques-le-Mineur, le 3 Décembre, 1903.

MGR. J. THO. DUHAMEL,

Arch. d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur,—Que votre Grandeur veuille bien accepter mes sincères sympathies dans la douleur d'avoir perdu son université—Je m'intéresse encore beaucoup aux choses de votre diocèse, et l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa m'a vivement affecté.

De votre Grandeur Monseigneur, l'humble et dévoué serviteur,

S. A. MOREAU, Ptre.

Saint-Hyacinthe, le 3 Décembre 1903.

AU RÉVÉREND PÈRE BOYER, O. M. I.

Mon Révérard Père,—Nous avons appris avec douleur le terrible fléau qui vient de détruire complètement votre belle université. Croyez, mon cher Père que je suis particulièrement sensible au malheur qui vous frappe si cruellement. Les desseins du bon Dieu sont insondables ; et dans pareille occurrence, la parole du Divin maître ; "que votre volonté soit faite," toute pénible et difficile, doit cependant venir à nos lèvres. J'espère pour vous, que les blessures reçues n'auront pas de suites facheuses. Veuillez donc recevoir l'expression de mon entière sympathie et l'assurance de mes plus ferventes prières pour la prompte réorganisation de vos classes, et pour votre rétablissement et celui des bons Pères, victimes de cet accident si facheux.

Courage, mon cher Père, et consolez vous dans l'espoir que le bon Dieu ne vous abandonnera pas et vous aidera efficacement à relèver de ses ruines votre institution si glorieuse et si utile au pays tout entier.

Croyez moi de tout cœur avec vous,

J. ARTHUR VÉZINOPHE,

Séminaire de Saint-Hyacinthe.

St. Joseph's Cathedral.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER EMERY :

I have just received word from Mr. F. A. Johnson, one of the young men sent you, stating that the College was burnt this morning. Words are not mine to express my profound sorrow in the very serious loss which yourself and community have sustained. Borne up however with confidence in our dear Lord and Mary Immaculate, you will soon be able to continue your noble work. Please extend my sympathy to the other Fathers of the community, and believe me,

Your faithful servant in Xte.,

FRANCES A. JORDAN.

Collège de Valleyfield, 3 déc. 1903.

RÉV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,

Recteur Université d'Ottawa.

Révérend Père,—Je ne puis rester indifférent, au malheur qui vient de vous frapper et je vous offre mes plus sincères sympathies ainsi que celles de l'institution que je représente. Je souhaite que le Bon Dieu, qui a toujours favorisé votre œuvre vous aide puissamment, vous et votre personnel, à traverser cette épreuve.

Bien à vous M. le Recteur,

A. P. SABOURIN, Ptre.

Saint-Jacques-le-Mineur, le 3 Dec. 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÈRE,

Oblats O. M. I., Ottawa.

Mes chers Pères,—La nouvelle de l'incendie de votre université m'a vivement affecté, et la présente est pour vous exprimer mes sincères sympathies.

De vous tous, mes chers pères,

Le bien dévoué en N. S.,

L. A. MOREAU, Ptre.

Rockland, Ont., 5 Dec. 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMERY, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,—Lorsque je suis allé au juniorat mercredi dernier je n'ai pu vous voir pour vous présenter mes sympathies dans la calamité qui a frappé votre Université.

A vous en J. C.

S. HUDON, Ptre.

St. Casimir de Ripon, le 6 décembre 1903.

AU RÉV. PÈRE EMERY, O.M.I.,

Recteur à l'Université d'Ottawa.

Bien Rév. Père,—Grande consternation ici en apprenant par les journaux hier soir la destruction de l'Université d'Ottawa lors du terrible incendie de mercredi dernier. Pour le moment, bien Rév. Père, nos plus sincères sympathies vous sont présentées.

Avec beaucoup de considération,

L. J. GUAY, Ptre.

REV. W. P. O'BOYLE, O.M.I., D.D.,

Secretary Ottawa University.

Reverend Dear Father,—Kindly accept our sincere sympathy in the unfortunate event of the 2nd inst. We indeed feel great sorrow in seeing the historic old building destroyed, especially so, when its destruction was accompanied by so many sad accidents.

We sincerely trust none of them will prove fatal. Of course there are many details with which we are not yet acquainted, but we hope the account which we received was an exaggerated one.

Kindly convey to the injured our sincere sympathy. We trust that you, dear Father, were not seriously injured, and pray for the immediate recovery of all,

Your sincere friends,

Ottawa Students Semin. of Philosophy,

Montreal.

HARRY E. LETANG.

J. J. HURLEY,  
J. P. HARRINGTON,  
G. GARAND,  
H. E. LETANG,

Pittsfield, Mass., 5 Dec. 1903.

AU TRÈS RÉV PÈRE EMERY,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Mon Bien Cher Père—Absent en voyage depuis quelques jours, je viens justement d'apprendre la triste nouvelle de l'incendie de votre université, et je m'empresse de vous exprimer la profonde affliction que cette nouvelle m'a causée, et des vous offrir mes plus vives sympathies en cette circonstance où, je le comprends, vous avez besoin de force et d'encouragement pour supporter une si terrible épreuve.

Vous avez je n'en doute pas les sympathies de tout le public au Canada comme aux Etats Unis car votre université jouissait partout d'un prestige et d'une célébrité justement mérités, mais j'oserais dire que le collège de l'Assomption qui s'honneure de vous compter au nombre de ses anciens élèves et qui a fourni à votre communauté tant de sujets marquants, partage votre deuil plus qu'aucun. Aussi il fait des voeux ardents pour que de ces cendres renaisse le plutôt possible une nouvelle université plus belle et plus florissante encore que l'ancienne.

Veuillez me croire M. le Recteur votre tout dévoué,

G. V. VILLENEUVE, Ptre.-Sup.

Collège de l'Assomption.

New York, le 7 Déc. 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMÉRY, O. M. I.,

Recteur Université d'Ottawa.

CHER M. LE RECTEUR—Je vous offre, ainsi qu'à vos distingués collègues, ma profonde sympathie dans le malheur qui vient de frapper l'université.

Avec le Canada Catholique tout entier j'émets le voeux que nous reverrons bientôt renastre de ses cendres cette université—l'orgueil de la nation et de la religion.

Je demeure, M. le Recteur, avec la plus haute considération, votre très humble en N. S.

L. P. GRAVEL.

Montfort, 3 déc. 1903.

MON TRÈS RÉVÉREND PÈRE.

Les journaux nous apportant la nouvelle de la catastrophe d'hier, et de la terrible épreuve qui fond sur votre congrégation, au moment où l'on devait le moins s'y attendre. Je tiens à vous adresser au nom de notre congrégation toutes nos sympathies. J'espère que Dieu dans sa miséricorde fera tourner à bien une épreuve si cruelle, et que la charité chrétienne aidant, la magnifique Université d'Ottawa se relevèra de ses ruines plus florissante qu'auparavant.

Veuillez agréer mon très Révérend Père, l'expression de mon profonde respect,

ARMAND BOUCHET, P.C.M.

Outremont, près Montréal, 2 Décembre 1903.

AU RÉV. PÈRE EMÉRY, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,—Ce soir seulement j'apprends qu'un désastreux incendie a réduit en cendres, aujourd'hui même, votre magnifique université, et je m'empresse de vous en exprimer mon vif regret et vous prie d'agréer mes plus sincères sympathies et celles de toute ma famille religieuse. Je fait aussi les voeux les plus ardents pour que la divine Providence vous permette de réparer au plus les pertes immenses que vous venez de faire.

Dieu proportionne aux mérites de ses serviteurs les croix qu'il leur envoie. A ce point de vue je serais presque tenté de vous féliciter, vous et tous les vôtres ; mais sans rien enlever aux mérites de la foi, la voix de la nature peut ici se faire entendre, pour partager la douleur des grandes victimes choisies par le regard divin.

Dieu abaisse ses serviteurs pour les éléver d'avantage ; c'est dire que de ses cendres fumantes votre belle et noble institution sortira bientôt toute rajeunie.

C'est le voeu que je forme en vous renouvelant mes meilleurs sentiments et me souscrivant,

Votre tout dévoué serviteur,

C. DUCHARME, C. S. V.,

Provincial.

Ottawa, 2 Décembre, 1903.

AU TRES RÉVÉREND PÈRE EMÉRY, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

TRÈS RÉVÉREND ET CHER PÈRE—Une terrible épreuve vient de fondre sur vous et les vôtres, en consternant jusqu'au plus intime de l'âme, vos nombreux amis.

En apprenant, ce matin, que l'université n'était plus qu'un amas de ruines, cette université qui hier soir encore nous donnait une hospitalité si cordiale, je fus atterri.

Oui, vos frères, les Dominicains partagent votre deuil, comme vous êtes venus vous-mêmes nous associer à leurs craintes et à leur joie, dans des circonstances qui faillirent amener pour eux, un denouement aussi cruel.

Bien qu'assez à l'étroit dans notre couvent, nous aurions été combien heureux, de vous faire une place pour vous recevoir, et nous aurions fait appel à toutes les délicatesses fraternelles, pour vous faire oublier un peu votre épreuve.

Cette épreuve, fort accablante qu'elle puisse être s'est trouvée moins forte que votre courage à la supporter.

Vous avez exprimé, très Révérend Père Recteur, l'espérance de voir l'université se relèver plus belle qu'elle n'était, et cela, à un moment où tout s'effondrait, la rage du feu poursuivant plusieurs de vos Pères atteints à mourir peut-être.

Cette espérance deviendra réalité, et, dans la chapelle reconstruit, l'on pourra répéter ces belles paroles du Missel, paroles de joie et de résurrection : Deus qui mérabiliter condédisti et *mirabilius reformasti*.

Pour moi très Révérend Père, je serais trop heureux d'avoir hâté cet événement, de mes humbles prières et du sacrifice immense de se voir n'ayant rien, tout en voulant tout donner. J'ai foi en Dieu et j'ambitionnerais de voir vérifier en moi, et à votre avantage, la divine parole ; *Deprecationem pauperis exaudiet dominus*. Je vous renouvelle de nouveau, très Révérend Père Recteur, ainsi qu'aux révérend pères de l'université, l'expression de mes fraternelles et bien vives condoléances, en attendant que saison me soit fournie—et Dieu veuille que ce soit le plus tôt—de vous offrir mes meilleures félicitations pour l'accomplissement de l'œuvre de reconstruction qui vous tient si particulièrement à cœur.

Religieusement votre en N. S.,

PÈRE J. A. HARPIN,

Prieur des Dominicains d'Ottawa.

Montréal, 2 Déc. 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE EMERY, O. M. I.,

Recteur, Ottawa.

MON REVEREND ET CHER PÈRE—Nous venons de recevoir la triste nouvelle de l'incendie de votre maison, et je m'empresse de venir vous offrir, à vous et à toute votre communauté mes plus vives sympathies dans l'épreuve qui vous accable tous en ce moment.



Ruins of the Chapel.



Ruins of Library and Academic Hall.



Dieu la voulu ainsi, et faut adorer ses desseins impénétrables et croire que sous une apparente rigueur il cache des desseins de miséricorde dont nous aurons à le benir plus tard. Ce qu'il importe pour le moment c'est de rester fermes et confiants, et de ne pas se laisser abattre.

Le R. P. Provincial part à l'instant pour Ottawa, vous aviserez avec lui aux moyens a prendre pour vous procurer des locaux et continuer les cours après les vacances de Noël.

Rendons grâces à Dieu de ce qu'aucune accident n'est arrivé tant parmi les professeurs que parmi les élèves pendant l'incendie.

Courage cher Père, et confiance.

Bien à vous en N. S. et M. I.

J. JODOIN, O. M. I.

St. Peter's Cathedral,

Peterborough, Ont., Dec. 3rd, 1903.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

I was very sorry to learn of your disastrous fire at University. I am sincerely thankful however no lives were lost, and hope those who have been injured will soon recover. Your loss has been very great, but we feel certain a merciful Providence, will make the way easy to rebuild.

It was very fortunate it did not take place at night or the consequence would have been dreadful.

With best wishes for the future, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

In Xto,

W. J. McCOLL.

Rev. W. O'BOYLE, D.D.,

Ottawa, Ont.

St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont., Dec. 3, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER O'BOYLE,—

I was at Victoria Road, when your telegram came, so I did not get the news until my return this morning. You and Father Rector and all the Fathers have my sincerest sympathy in your loss. It is indeed sad, by reason of the deaths that accompanied the disaster. I hope the injured priests will all recover. The boys arrived this morning. My Sisters and Father Frank join in sending our sympathy.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

D. J. CASEY.

Mayor's Office,

Ottawa, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Rector, University of Ottawa, Ottawa.

Dear Father Emery,—

Permit me to express my profound regret at the great loss which you and your associates have sustained by the destruction of your beautiful University

building. In thus writing you, I am sure the feeling of sorrow which I express is shared in by all classes in this community. I trust that before many months are over we shall see a new University building erected, larger and more commodious, if that were possible, than the one destroyed to-day. If I can be of any service to you at this time, pray command me.

Very sincerely yours,

FRED. COOK,  
Mayor.

Renfrew, December 10th, 1903.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,

Rector, University of Ottawa.

Very Reverend and Dear Father.—It was my intention to assist this morning at the funeral of Rev. Father Fulham, and to express personally to you my sympathy in the loss of this Reverend Father as well as the great calamity which was the occasion of his death. Unfortunately my curate was unavoidably called away yesterday, and I was engaged to attend this morning a distant sick call which did not admit of postponement. I have therefore to express by letter my sorrow for the catastrophe that has for the time overwhelmed our Alma Mater, and brought so many other deplorable accidents in its train; and the confident hope that the University will rise again from its ashes in new and indestructible life. And when former students are called upon—as I expect and understand they shall be—to offer something more tangible than sympathy to aid in the reconstruction of the University, I assure you, Reverend Father, that I will answer the call, as generously as my means will allow.

Yours respectfully,

P. T. RYAN, P.P.

Winterholme, Ottawa, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

THE VERY REVEREND J. EDWARD EMERY,

President University of Ottawa.

Dear Sir,—I have this morning received the enclosed telegram from Principal Gordon of Queen's University, Kingston. As Chancellor of that seat of learning, allow me to add my warmest expression of sympathy in the great misfortune which has so suddenly carried away the home of your University which so recently as last week you were good enough to take me over. Much as I admired the old building, I hope with the principal, professors and friends of Queen's that you will soon be enabled to rebuild on a scale commensurate to your great work and aims.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

SANDFORD FLEMING.

150 Elgin street, Ottawa, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O M.I., D.D.

My Dear Sir,—I really cannot express to you, my regret, on learning of a sad fire this morning, destroying the entire "College Buildings." It is a

loss not alone to Ottawa, but to Canada, in all of which kindly accept my warmest sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. GRANT.

172 Metcalfe St., Ottawa, 3rd Dec., 1903.

REV. SIR,—Though a stranger to you personally, will you allow me to convey to you my very severe sympathy in the great calamity which has befallen you, as well as this city and country.

My intercourse with the members of your Order in a distant land prompts me to write to you. I had the privilege of being received into the Church by an Oblate of Mary Immaculate in Johannesburg, and have very many true friends among the Oblate priests in Cape Colony, Transvaal and Natal.

I wish that my feelings for you in your great loss could take a more practical form, but I should like to give you some assurance of its sincerity and depth.

I remain, Rev. Sir,

Yours respectfully,

R. F. WILSON.

Rev. Father Emery, O.M.I.,  
Ottawa University.

St. Andrew's Manse,

Ottawa, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

THE REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,  
Rector of Ottawa University.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Please accept the assurance of my profound sympathy with you and the members of the Faculty, in the great loss you have sustained and the painful circumstances which accompanied it.

Yours sincerely,

Rev. W. T. HERRIDGE.

350 Bay street, Ottawa, 4th Dec., 1903.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER.

Pray accept the assurance of my heartfelt sympathy with yourself, the Faculty, and the student body in the calamity which has befallen the University. I feel especially grieved at the sufferings of the devoted priests now in hospital, whose usefulness, it is to be feared, is irreparably impaired by the serious nature of their injuries.

Material misfortunes, however, are by no means the worst; on the contrary, they often are turned into the means of wresting a splendid victory from adverse fortune. May it be so with the University of Ottawa!

The graduates and friends of the institution will, I trust, be afforded an opportunity later on of testifying their sympathy and good will in a manner substantial rather than rhetorical.

With every good wish and with very great esteem for yourself personally, believe me to remain, dear Reverend Father,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN FRANCIS WATERS.

To the Reverend Dr. Emery, O.M.I.

350 Bay St., Ottawa, 4th December, 1903.

DEAR DR. O'BOYLE,—

When I received your kind letter of the 17th of November, how little could either of us have foreseen the doom which impended over the University!

As I have been endeavoring to express my sympathy in that regard in a letter already on its way to the reverend Rector, this brief missive is to be regarded as an expression of congratulation to yourself personally on your so providential escape. I was, believe me, sincerely sorry to learn of your injuries (which might so easily have been fatal); and I thank God that you were preserved for what, with His blessing, cannot fail to be a career of usefulness to the community, to the cause of Higher Education, and to good citizenship, and of honor to our holy religion.

With kind regards and best wishes, believe me to remain, dear Reverend Father,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN FRANCIS WATERS.

To the Reverend Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I.

Ottawa Ladies' College, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

THE RECTOR OF THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you the sympathy and deep regret felt here at the calamity which has befallen you and your University. I cannot attempt to console, but I can pass on what has many a time been God's comfort to me in times of distress, that chastisement has really more love in it than prosperity, inasmuch as medicine from a parent's hand has more love in it than sweetmeats. Yet we shrink from these love tokens.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA ROSS,  
Lady Principal.

Montreal. Dec. 2nd, 1903.

THE REVEREND DIRECTOR,

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I regret to read by the Bulletin of the very serious disaster that has befallen the College, where I have, from time to time, in days gone by, received such kind treatment when in your City playing football.

While, I know that the disaster will put the College to great inconvenience, I trust that the buildings are well insured, and that even, if possible, a finer building will be erected on the ashes of the old.

Permit me to convey to you my sincere regrets.

Yours very truly,

A. G. B. CLAXTON.

Canadian Club of Ottawa,

2nd December, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER O'BOYLE,

Allow me to express to you my sincere sympathy in the great misfortune which has befallen your university to-day, and the hope that the good work which Ottawa University has carried on for so long, will be suspended for a very short interval.

I trust that from the ashes there will spring a greater and a grander university, which, with new equipment and facilities, will easily retain its high place among the universities of Canada.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

HAMNETT P. HILL.

Toronto University Club, Ottawa,

110 Wellington street, Ottawa, Dec. 5th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY, O.M.I., D.D.,

Ottawa University, Ottawa,

Dear Sir,—At the annual meeting of the Toronto University Club of Ottawa held last evening, the following Resolution was moved amid general expressions of sympathy :—That the members of the Toronto University Club of Ottawa desire to express to the Rector and authorities of Ottawa University, their sympathy in the great loss sustained by them in the destruction by fire of the University building, and earnestly hope they will ere long be in a position to resume with still better equipment, the excellent educational work that has characterized this University in the past, and I am instructed to forward the same to you.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. C. HILL,

Secretary.

Ottawa Council, No. 485, Knights of Columbus,

Ottawa, 9th December, 1903.

REV. DEAR SIR,

I am desired by the Ottawa Council of the Knights of Columbus to extend to you and to your reverend colleagues their sincere sympathy on the heavy loss you have sustained in the recent fire, which has devastated your main building, and on the tragic death, as a result of injuries received on that occasion, of a valued and esteemed member of the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Reverend Charles J. Fulham.

Respectfully yours,

STEPHEN E. O'BRIEN,

Recorder.

The Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D.,

Rector, University of Ottawa, Ottawa.

Ottawa, 4th December, 1903.

REV. DR. EMERY,

Rector of the University of Ottawa.

Dear Sir,—I have been instructed by the Public School Board to express to you and the other members of the faculty of the University, the profound regret of the Board at the destruction of your University buildings, and to convey to you the Board's sincere sympathy in your great misfortune. The Board feels that your misfortune is also a severe loss to education in Canada, but sincerely hopes that you will be able at an early date to resume with renewed vigor the work which you have been carrying on successfully for so many years.

Yours respectfully,

W. REA,

Sec.-Treasurer.

Congregation des Sœurs de St. Anne.

Lachine, 4 Décembre 1903.

L'Assistante Général des Sœurs de Sainte Anne présente ses respectueuses et cordiales sympathies et celles de sa communauté au révérend Père Recteur et à ses dignes confrères de l'Université d'Ottawa, à l'occasion du désastreux incendie qui vient de détruire un établissement si cher à l'Eglise et à tout le pays.

Avec des vœux sincères pour la prompte réédification de ce vaste édifice, elle les prie d'agréer une petite offrande qui aidera peut-être à subvenir aux besoins les plus pressant de ces jours d'épreuve.

Convent des Saints Noms de Jesus et de Marie.

Hochelaga, le 9 Décembre 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÈRE J. E. EMERY, O.M.I., D.D.

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Très Révérend Père,—L'écho de vos malheurs est parvenu triste et douloureux au coeurs de toutes les religieuses des Saints Noms de Jésus et de Marie. Celles qui se disent filles et sœurs des Oblats de Marie Immaculée pouvaient-elles ne pas ressentir profondément l'épreuve qui, d'un seul coup, ensevelit sous les cendres le fruit de tant de labeurs, de dévouements et de sacrifice ? La source de cette première prospérité, il est vrai, n'est pas tarie ; elle renferme encore des trésors féconds pour les œuvres de Dieu. La Providence, nous le savons, se plaît à faire briller sa sagesse sur des ruines et à mettre au cœur de ceux qu'elle éprouve des énergies, des puissances qui étonnent. Néanmoins, comme nous savons aussi que la prière est toujours le moteur des merveilleux resorts de cette Providence, nous unissons, avec une affection tout à la fois filiale et fraternelle, notre prière à la vôtre pour obtenir du ciel que ces désastres se changent en bénédictions, pour que nos supplications se changent bientôt en actions de grâces.

J'interprète ici, mon Révérend Père, les sentiments de notre très honorée Mère Générale, actuellement en route de Winnipeg à Chicago ; car je sais que ses sympathies sont à l'unisson de celles de ses filles pour tout ce qui touche aux chers Oblats. Je vous prie donc de les agréer avec l'hommage du profond respect avec lequel je demeure.

Très Révérend Père,

Votre très humble en Notre Seigneur,

SR. M. JEAN DE DIEU,

Asste. G'en'l'e.

Providence Maison Mère.

Montreal, 4 Décembre 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÈRE EMERY, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,—Les Sœurs de la Providence ne sauraient rester étrangère à l'épreuve qui vient de frapper votre congrégation dans l'incendie du 2 courant, et elles se font un devoir de vous exprimer leurs profonds et sympathiques regrets.

L'Université d'Ottawa dont nous avons à déplorer la perte, était l'un des principaux foyer intellectuels de notre pays en même temps qu'un édifice religieuse dont l'église Canadienne avait droit d'être fière. Mais ce qui rend cette catastrophe doublement pénible, c'est que, si nous sommes bien informées, il en couterait la vie à quelques uns des vôtres.

Nous formons des vœux pour que bientôt, sur ces ruines encore fumantes, s'élève une nouvelle institution non moins florissante que par le passé.

Veuillez agréer, Mon Révérend Père, avec ces témoignages de sympathie, l'assurance de notre profond respect.

Vos très humbles servants,

LES OFFICIERES GÉNÉRALES.

Congrégation de Notre Dame, Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Ottawa, le 5 Décembre 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÈRE EMERY, O.M.I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Très Révérend Père,—Permettez que les élèves du couvent de la Congrégation de Notre Dame d'Ottawa vous offrent l'hommage de leur profonde sympathie. C'est une petite famille qui pleure avec le Père que vous avez eu la bonté de lui donner et qui prie avec ferveur pour que toutes sortes de consolations jaillissent, pour votre chère congrégation, du creuset où le Maître des événements vient de la jeter.

Oui, nous espérons voir renaître de ses cendres plus spacieuse et plus florissante que jamais, votre belle université ; et par dessus tout nous demandons au ciel à grands cris, la guérison des vénérées victimes de l'incendié, membres de votre famille religieuse, bienfaiteurs de notre pensionnat.

Dans l'espoir que la Vierge Immaculée saura vous consoler dans votre grande affliction, nous associons nos regrets aux vôtres en nous disant avec le plus profond respect.

Très Révérend Père,  
Vos enfants affligées,  
Les élèves du pensionnat de la Congrégation de Notre Dame.

General Hospital, Pembroke, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

TO THE REVEREND FATHER EMERY, O.M.I.

Very Dear Father,—The news of yesterday's calamity unnerfed me so I could not write even one line to assure you of my sincere sympathy. Truly this is a heavy cross the good Master has given you and all your community. Sister Superior, and all the sisters here, unite with me in offering you profound sympathy. Rest assured dear Father, if my prayers can be of any avail with the good God you will have them.

Asking your blessing and a remembrance in your prayers.

I remain dear Father,  
Yours in Jesus Sacred Heart,  
SISTER ST. GEORGE.

"Elm Bank," Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REVEREND J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,

To our sympathy the most profound, for this morning's terrible disaster, we blend our pleadings with the Precious Blood, for your courage and consolation.

Fain would we ease the burden so laid on your heart, by the utter destruction of years of sacrifice. In our helplessness, we turn to the Immaculate One, asking that her hand give such blessings with our enclosed little offering, as to make it beseeming our desires.

Your very humble,  
SR. MARIE IMMACULÉE,  
Superior.

Convent of Mary Immaculate,  
Pembroke, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

REVEREND FATHER EMERY, O.M.I.,

Rector of Ottawa University.

Reverend Father,—The news of the terrible calamity which has befallen an order so closely allied to our own, has not failed to excite the deepest sympathy among the members of our community here in Pembroke.

Earnestly have we and our pupils prayed that God may console you, Rev. Father, in his own good way, and that He may give you the courage and strength to bear this heavy trial. The fact that the fire occurred almost on the eve of the festival of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother, leads us to believe that what is generally considered a terrible affliction, may be a signal favor obtained for her devoted sons—a blessing in disguise.

Reverend Sister Superior and all our Sisters, desire me to assure you once more of their sincere sympathy and fervent prayers. While I beg to remain, Rev. Father, in the Divine Heart.

Your ever sympathetic,

SR. ST. PETER.

Congrégation de Notre Dame du Sacré-Cœur.

Ottawa, 7 Décembre 1903.

AU RÉV. PÈRE J. E. EMERY, D.D., O.M.I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,—J'ai été chargé par le Conseil de la Congrégation de Notre-Dame-du-Sacré-Cœur, de vous transmettre copie d'une résolution de sympathie passée par ce Conseil, à l'occasion de la perte de votre institution causée par l'incendie du 2 de Décembre courant.

Veuillez agréer Mon Révérend Père, l'expression de ma vive sympathie et l'assurance de mon entier dévouement.

L. H. FILTEAU,

Secrétaire.

C. N.-D.-du-S.-C.

Congrégation de Notre-Dame-du-Sacré-Cœur.

Ottawa, 6 Décembre 1903.

A une séance spéciale tenue dimanche, le sixième jour de Décembre courant, le Conseil de la Congrégation de Notre-Dame-du-Sacré-Cœur, dite Congrégation des Hommes, a passé la résolution suivante :

Il est proposé par le Préfet, Monsieur A. E. St. Pierre appuyé par le 1er Assistant, Monsieur V. P. Aubin et résolu :

Que les membres de ce Conseil témoins attristés de l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa, mercredi le deuxième jour de Décembre courant, offrent au Rév. Père J. E. Emery, D.D., O.M.I., et Recteur de la dite Université et au Rév. Père E. A. Pepin, O. M. I., et Directeur de la Congrégation, l'expression de leur vive sympathie dans le malheur qui vient de frapper leur florissante institution.

Que copie de cette résolution soit adressée par Monsieur le Secrétaire au Rév. Père Recteur de l'Université et au Rév. Père Directeur de la Congrégation.

Copie conforme à l'original.

L. H. FILTEAU,

Secrétaire,

C. N.-D.-du-S.-C.

Ottawa, December 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER EMERY.

Allow me on behalf of the Ottawa Football Club, to tender you and the Faculty, our sincere regrets at the great calamity, that has happened, in the destruction of your fine College buildings.

We all sympathize with you, in your great loss, but knowing your energy and pluck, we feel it will not be very long before you have still finer buildings in their place.

SR. ST. PETER

Believe me,

Yours truly,

J. A. SEYBOLD,

President O.F.P.C.

Loretto, Abbey,

Toronto, Dec. 7th, 1903.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER.

Words of sympathy in your great loss are seemingly empty sounds, but I wish to convey some expression of our sincere sorrow at the calamity which has befallen you. A calamity which all the world deplores, but which is a personal affliction to you, dear Father, and your order. To you in a special manner, and to your zealous confrères, we offer heartfelt sympathy and the assurance of our fervent prayers that Our Heavenly Father, who has permitted this heavy trial, will bestow blessings in abundance on the poor sufferers as well as on the devoted Superior, who has the greater portion of the cross to carry. But you are not alone, dear Father, for God's all sustaining power will never forsake you.

With renewed sympathy.

Yours most respectfully,

M. J. IGNATIA,

Sup. I. B. V. M.

Institut Canadien Français.

Ottawa, Ont., 3 decembre 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÈRE,

Le Conseil de l'Institut me charge de vous exprimer ses plus vives sympathies à l'occasion de l'effroyable incendie qui vient de balayer la belle institution dont vous êtes le chef; plusieurs de nos membres ont puisé leur instruction dans ce collège et la gracieuseté avec laquelle la salle académique a si souvent été mise à la disposition de l'Institut est de nature à aviver les regrets de tous.

Le concert que nous devions donner dans votre salle, nous le donnerons à la "Harmony Hall;" vous êtes respectueusement prié d'y assister de même que les révérends Père de votre maison.

Veuillez me croire, mon Rév. Père,

Votre tout dévoué,

ARTHUR PARE,

Secrétaire.

Maison Mère des Petites Sœurs de la Sainte-Famille,

Sherbrooke, 2 déc. 1903.

AU RÉVÉREND PÈRE J. E. EMERY, O. M. I.,

Supr. Université d'Ottawa, Ont.

Mon Révérend Père,—Je ne saurais vous rendre la pénible impression que j'ai éprouvée en lisant le télégramme de Sœur Ste.-Lucie qui m'annonçait

la terrible conflagration de l'université. Comme de juste un télégramme ne donne pas de détails et je suis très anxieuse d'en recevoir. Nous avons téléphoné de suite au "record" qui nous a tirées d'inquiétudes en nous disant qu'il n'y avait pas de pertes de vie, mais que quelques pères avaient été obligés de sauter par les fenêtres pour se sauver du feu, ceci me donne de l'inquiétude et me porte à penser que peut-être quelques-uns ont reçu de blessures. Nous allons prier bien fort afin qu'il n'y ait pas de blessures fatales et pour que les affaires temporelles s'arrangent bien. Sœur de l'Assomption, qui doit être partie de ce soir pour Ottawa, soulagera, je l'espère, nos chères sœurs de votre maison, qui probablement sont fort énervées par la catastrophe.

Sa Grandeur Monseigneur LaRocque à qui j'ai, de suite, communiqué la nouvelle du télégramme sympathise bien à votre malheur. J'avais pensé de me rendre à Ottawa, mais j'ai cru que Sœur de l'Assomption ferait mieux que moi, encore une fois, soyez assuré que nous allons bien prier afin que les choses s'arrangent pour le mieux.

Vous souhaitant un grand courage dans l'épreuve, je vous prie d'agrérer l'hommage du profond respect avec lequel je me souscris,

Mon Révérend Père, votre humble servante en N. S.,

SŒUR MARIE LÉONIE, Supre.

Office of the Southern Messenger,

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.,

Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Rev. Father.—We regret very much to learn of the severe disaster that has befallen your institution, and the serious injury to the members of your community. Don't despair; Almighty God will help you again.

Very respectfully yours,

L. WM. MENGER,

General Manager.

Per W. A. MENGER.

Montreal, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

T. F. CLANCY, Esq.,

Ottawa, Ont.

My Dear Sir,—What happened yesterday is a very sad thing. But you must not forget that the College has a lot of friends.

Hopes for the better in future.

If any subscriptions are made in aid of your terrible loss, kindly put us down for \$25.00 (twenty-five), and draw on us at any time for above amount.

Yours truly,

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, LTD.,

P. GEO. D. FUCHS & D. RAYMOND.

226 McCaul street, Toronto, Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY,

Rector, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont.

My Dear Father Emery,—As a former student and sincere admirer of Ottawa University, I desire to express to yourself and the members of the Faculty, my deepest sympathy for the severe loss you have just sustained.

Sincerely trusting that the injured will soon recover and that the College will, in the near future, be in a position to continue its excellent work.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK T. CONLON.

DEAR FATHER RECTOR.

Father O'Sullivan telephones me as to a terrible disaster. I have read nothing, and have heard nothing else. I hope he may be misinformed. If not, I only trust that such powers may be called forth in trouble, and such goodwill shown as may turn all troubles into future greater success.

Yours with much respect,

Very sincerely,

W. T. P. STOCKLY.

Sydney, C.B., December 4th, 1903.

THE REV. J. E. EMERY,

Ottawa University.

Rev. Dear Sir,—I have just learned with sorrow of the terrible calamity that has befallen the University, and I hasten to express to you and all the Fathers my sincere sympathy, trusting too that Father McGurty and the other priest, reported as in grave danger, will soon recover. Not only has your order suffered a great loss but all Canada too, and the loss to educational circles cannot be estimated. I sincerely hope that you will find some way of continuing class work without much interruption. And if there is any way at all in which I can be of service to you, command me.

Even in remote Sydney there is great sympathy for you. May God comfort you in all your trial. This is the sincere wish of a sincere friend both of the University, of its staff, and of yourself.

Yours in sympathy,

THOMAS F. HORRIGAN.

Offices of the Daily and Weekly Star,

Montreal, December 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER EMERY.

I cannot tell you by a mere letter how shocked and grieved I was to hear of the loss of the good old College. It seems to me one of the incredibly sad things that nothing can ever quite explain—like the death of some good person in early youth.

There is little use of my trying to express my feelings of sympathy with you and the other Fathers, but be sure I shall remember you in my poor prayers.

Believe me,

Your friend in deepest sympathy,

KATHERINE HUGHES,

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 2,

Ottawa, December 4th, 1903.

REV. DR. EMERY, O.M.I..

Rector of Ottawa University, City.

Very Rev. Sir,—By the unanimous voice of this division, I am instructed to transmit to you the following resolution passed at our regular meeting last evening : —

Resolved, That we the members of Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, express our deep sense of pain at the sad accident which has befallen our beloved Bro. the Rev. C. Fulham, O.M.I., and the Rev. Father McGurty, esteemed assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church, through the recent fire, which destroyed the noble institution of piety and learning, the Ottawa University ; and the Rev. Father Boyon, a professor in that institution.

That we humbly beseech our merciful Father to grant to our beloved priests, the grace of fortitude and resignation to bear the intense suffering which now afflicts them.

That we extend to the Faculty of the Ottawa University, our sincere sympathy in the irreparable loss the order has sustained, no less the Catholic community of the City, in the destruction of that venerable seat of learning ; the acquisition of toil and industry of the Order of Mary Immaculate extending over half a century.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. J. CANTWELL,  
Recording Secretary.

Countersigned

J. HANLAN,  
President.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, State Hospital.

Tewkesbury, Dec. 8th, 1903.

FATHER EMERY,

Director, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Father Emery,—I was very sorry to hear of the great disaster and great loss which you have sustained at your University, concerning which, of course, I can have but a faint idea. I was informed by Father Sirois the destruction was so complete and so speedy, that there was only time to attempt to save the lives of the occupants, and that everything else must have been a total loss. I was happy to hear from Father Sirois that you yourself sustained no injuries, and I hope that all of those who were injured will make as speedy a recovery as is possible.

With kindest regards for the present, and hoping that you will in the near future be able to re-establish your college and your work.

I am, yours sincerely,

JOHN H. NICHOLS,  
Superintendent.

Chambers of Court McGee, No. 695, I. O. F., St. Patrick's Hall.  
Ottawa, Dec. 4th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY.

Ottawa University.

Dear Father,—At a regular meeting of this Court held this evening, on motion of Bro. T. Howe, seconded by Bro. Jno. Foran, it was unanimously resolved that :

This Court do tender to the faculty of Ottawa University and to the students, our sincere sympathy in the great loss they have sustained.

Yours very truly,

HUGH E. DOYLE,

Chief Ranger,

Chas. Warner,

P. O. Dept., Ottawa.

Rec.-Secretary.

New York Dental Parlors.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 5th, 1903.

TO THE PURSER,

University of Ottawa, Canada.

Sir,—I have read in the city papers a short account of a fire that occurred in your College, but was so meagre as to details, that as an interested party, I would like further information. Please send me at your convenience, some details taken from the local papers, if any are to be had, and state if help is needed, to relieve any present or future distress.

I have been a student at your college so long, that I naturally feel interested, and my oldest boy who is nearly ten years old now, is anxious himself to go to his "papa's college" as he calls it. Let me hear from you,

Very respectfully,

E. E. WOISARD, D.D.S.

1042 Main street, Bridgeport, Ct.

Ex.-'90.

North Bay, Dec. 10th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY, O.M.I.

Rector of the University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

Rev. Father,—Allow me to tender you my sincere sympathy, in the loss of life, and of the Ottawa University buildings,

Yours sincerely,

H. C. VARIN,

Sheriff of Nipissing.

Montreal, 3 Décembre 1903.

RÉVÉREND, PÈRE

Supérieur, Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

Révérend Père,—Nous avons appris avec beaucoup de peine le désastre national que vous venez de subir par l'incendie de votre Université.

Veuillez croire, Révérend Père, que nous sympathisons de tout cœur dans cette perte que nous oserons dire presqu'irréparable ; car votre Université,

comme le disaient les journeaux d'hier était réellement une des gloires de notre pays; et les sacrifices que votre digne communauté s'était imposés en ont fait une des meilleures institutions du Canada, et une des plus fréquentées par la jeunesse tant Canadienne qu'Anglaise.

Nous osons espérer qu'avec l'énergie qu'a su si bien distinguer la Communauté des Révérends Pères Oblats jusqu'ici par les grandes entreprises qui ont toujours été conduites à bonne fin, elle saura relever de ses ruines, et sous un délai très rapproché, votre grande et belle institution.

Nous venons vous offrir, gratuitement, dans le cas où votre papeterie serait complètement détruite, de vous imprimer 1,000 en-têtes de lettres et autant d'enveloppes, avec la vignette de votre Université que nous avons en notre possession.

Veuillez agréer, Révérend Père Supérieur, avec nos plus vives sympathies, l'expression des nos sentiments les plus dévouées.

J. B. ROLLAND & FILS.

Montréal, le 8 Décembre, 1903.

MON RÉVÉREND PÈRE,—Veuillez agréer de la part d'un ancien élève de l'Université d'Ottawa toutes mes sympathies à l'occasion du désastre qui vient d'avoir lieu.

J'étais au collège au moment où la première pierre de la nouvelle aile a été posée, j'ai assisté à l'inauguration de la salle des séances par Lord Lansdowne, et c'est avec le plus vif regret que je vois disparaître le collège dans lequel j'ai passé quatre années sous la direction d'hommes qui s'appelaient les Pères Tabaret, Filiâtre, Balland, Duhaut, Mr. Griffin, le Père Denteinville et d'autres dont j'ai gardé le meilleur souvenir.

Votre tout dévoué,

MARCEL BEULLAC,

Ingénieur civil, 35 rue Mayor Montréal.

281 Théodore, Ottawa, 3 Dec, 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÈRE EMERY.

Monsieur le Recteur,—Je voulais vous écrire hier, afin de vous offrir mes sympathies dans la grande épreuve qui vient de tomber sur l'université, mais surtout sur vos épaules comme recteur de la maison, j'espère qu'il n'est pas trop tard pour le faire, et en même temps venir vous remercier au nom des orphelins et au miens de votre bienveillance envers nous, en vous rendant à notre demande comme vous l'avez fait, et veuillez me permettre de vous dire qu'il y a deux manières de faire la charité, et que vous avez la plus aimable comme la plus chrétienne.

Avec remerciements et reconnaissance de votre toute dévouée,

VIRGINIE W. BAUSET.

223, rue Ontario, Toronto, le 3 Décembre, 1903.

LE T. R. P. EMERY, O. M. I., LL. D.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Très Révérend Père.—La nouvelle du malheur qui vient de fondre sur l'université me remplit d'horreur. Cette calamité jette la consternation dans tout l'Ontario Catholique.

J'espère que les rapports des journaux ont exagéré la gravité des accidents survenus à vos pères.

Veuillez accepter, très révérend père, pour eux, pour l'université, pour la vénérable congrégation des Oblats et pour vous-même, dans ce temps de douloureuse épreuve, l'expression de la vive sympathie et l'assurance des prières d'un ancien élève et professeur de l'université à jamais reconnaissant à son Alma Mater,

A. BÉLANGER.

Ste.-Anne de Bellevue, 3 Decembre, 1903.

RÉV. P. EMERY.

Supérieur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

RÉV. P. SUPÉRIEUR.—J'ai appris hier, par les journaux, le terrible incendie qui a réduit en cendre votre belle université. Quel grand malheur pour votre communauté et en même temps quelle perte nationale? Veuillez accepter mes plus sincères sympathies dans votre profonde affliction.

Sans doute que Dieu, qui vous envoie cette grande épreuve, saura vous donner la force de la supporter et le courage et l'énergie de relèver de ces cendres cette belle institution qui faisait la gloire d'Ottawa et l'orgueil de notre race. Avec ma famille nous prierons Dieu pour que les blessés se rétablissent promptement et pour qu'au moins il n'y ait pas de perte de vie. Encore une fois veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Directeur, l'expression de mes sincères sympathies.

J. L. MICHAUD.

St.-Eustache, 2 Décembre, 1903.

RÉVÉREND M. LE SUPERIEUR,

de la Communauté des Oblats, Ottawa.

Monsieur,—Les journaux de ce soir nous apportent la triste nouvelle du grand malheur qui vient de frapper votre communauté.

Aucun ne reste indifférent en face d'une pareille catastrophe. Vous avez des sympathies de toutes personnes connu ou inconnues pour vous.

Le peuple aime votre communauté pour le bien que vos membres dévoués ont généreusement fait à la religion et à la patrie.

Quant à moi, le plus humble et le plus inconnu de vos admirateurs je me sens cruellement frappé de votre infortune. Je sympathise avec vous et vos nombreux collègues formés dans mon Alma Mater (college Ste.-Therese).

Ma consolation est que la patrie vous sera reconnaissante.

Agreez la sincère considération de votre bien dévoué,

GEORGES N. FAUTEUX, Notaire.

Louiseville, 6 Déc. 1903

RÉV. J. E. EMERY, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ont.

Révérend Monsieur,—Bien qu'en retard de quelques jours voulez-vous me permettre de venir vous offrir toutes mes sympathies à l'occasion du malheur quasi irréparable qui est venu fondre sur votre maison, mercredi dernier.

Non seulement votre université avait sa place bien choisie, elle était indispensable dans la capitale du Canada.

Sans oublier qu'une foule de choses très précieuses sont à jamais disparues sous les ruines de ce déplorable incendie, j'espère que l'Université d'Ottawa se relèvera de ces cendres pour continuer la haute mission qui lui était dévolu, tout en étant un point de mère parmi les premières institutions du pays.

Croyez-moi, Rév'd Père, avec une haute considération, votre, etc. etc.

J. H. LEGRIS.

Senate.

St.-Hyacinthe, Qué., 3 Déc. 1903.

R'DS. PÉRE OBLATS,

Ottawa.

R'ds Pères,—C'est avec peine que nous avons appris par les journaux d'hier que votre splendide bâtieuse avait été consumée par les flammes, veuillez R'ds Pères accepter nos plus sincères condoléances pour la grande perte que vous venez de subir.

Nous sommes d'autant plus peinés vu que c'est nous qui avons fait l'intérieur de votre belle chapelle et lequel ouvrage était le premier contrat que nous ayons obtenu au début de notre carrière comme contracteurs.

Veuillez nous croire R'ds. Pères, vos humbles et dévoués serviteurs.

PAQUET &amp; GODBOUT, J. A. D,

Montréal, 4 Déc. 1903.

RÉVÉREND PÉRE J. E. EMERY, O. M. I.

Ottawa.

Monsieur le Recteur,—Tout en vous offrant ma cordiale sympathie pour l'épreuve terrible que vous venez de subir j'ai cru devoir vous offrir mes services pour l'emprunt que vous devez faire. Je serais très honoré s'il vous plasait m'accorder votre confiance.

Avec respect votre humble serviteur,

SIMÉON MARDIN.

Québec, 4 Décembre, 1903.

LE R. P. ANTOINE, O. M. I.,

Ottawa.

Mon Cher Père,—J'ai appris avec un bien vif regret la conflagration qui a détruit l'Université d'Ottawa. C'est une perte énorme non-seulement pour votre ordre, mais pour le pays tout entier, car cette institution rendait des services signalés à la haute éducation.

C'est une grande épreuve sans doute, mais, je ne doute pas que les prêtres courageux qui sont à la tête de cette œuvre trouveront les moyens de faire renaître de ses cendres votre belle université.

Quand nous avons appris la nouvelle, dans ma famille, n'ayant pas d'informations précises, nous craignions qu'il vous fut arrivé quelque malheur. Depuis, heureusement, nous avons appris qu'il n'en était rien. Nous vous offrons nos plus vives sympathies dans votre malheur.

Veuillez me croire avec la considération la plus distinguée votre très dévoué.

CHAS. LANGELIER.

Montréal, le 5 Décembre, 1903.

RÉV. PÈRE RECTEUR,

Université d'Ottawa.

Révérend Père,—C'est avec un profond chagrin que nous avons appris la nouvelle de la destruction de votre maison, et nous désirons vous en exprimer toutes nos sympathies.

Veuillez agréer, Révérend Père, avec nos sincères condoléances, nos respectueuses salutations.

GRANGER FRÈRES.

Buffalo, Dec. 4th, 1903.

REV. DEAR FATHER.

Seeing an account in the "News" last evening of the destruction of your beautiful University, I offer you my heartfelt sympathy, hoping you or any one else was not injured in the fire.

MARY DONOVAN.

Lowell, December 3rd, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY, Sup.

Dear Father,—A few lines to tell you how very largely and sincerely we all sympathize with you in this sad affliction. Our poor prayers joined to our sympathy are all that I see we can offer you in this circumstance; the former will be abundant, and should there be any thing else that you might wish us to do, you have only to mention it, to have our ready co-operation.

In the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we are,

Yours sympathetically,

SISTER M. ANGELA.

437 West Ave., Buffalo, N.Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

DEAR FATHER EMERY.

We just learned with much sorrow of your terrible affliction, we extend our heartfelt sympathy and promise our earnest prayers.

Very sincerely,

MITTIE BYRNES.

Holy Cross Acad., 343 W. 42nd St.,

New York City, 4th Dec., 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.

Rev. and Dear Father,—Let me express our sympathy in the great loss of your buildings by fire, and at the same time thank God no lives were lost in the fire. If the paper report is correct, your household came off with very little injury to any of you.

Also regretting the great temporal loss to your community.

I remain, Rev. Father Emery,

Yours truly,

SR. M. SYLVIA.

Clifton Springs, N. Y., Dec. 2nd, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I., D.D.,

Ottawa, Ont.

Rev. and Dear Father,—I regret exceedingly to learn by the papers today of the great loss which you have sustained by fire in the burning of the University. I only hope it is not quite so bad as the reports give it, but I wish to assure you of my deepest sympathy, not only in the loss which has come to you, but which has come to the City of Ottawa and to the country generally. I sincerely hope that there has been no loss of life.

I am here resting for a little while by the doctor's orders, and was very much surprised when I heard of the fire.

Again assuring you of my truest sympathy.

Believe me, most respectfully yours,

JAMES OGILVY,

Of 191 Sparks street.

Chicopee, Mass., Dec. 3rd, 1903.

J. E. EMERY,

Rector of Ottawa College.

Rev. Dear Sir,—I am very sorry for your great misfortune. I trust however, that the College will rise Phoenix like from her ashes. With the most heartfelt sympathy for you and all,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

C. J. DRISCOLL.

Elmbank. Déc 2, 1903.

A SA GRACE MONSEIGNEUR DUHAMEL,

Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur et Dévoué Père,—L'angoisse de votre cœur pour le désastre de ce matin pénètre les nôtres d'une profonde douleur, si du moins nos souffrances pouvaient alléger les vôtres, vous attirer des coeurs généreux, verser entre vos mains à flots les moyens pour faire renaître des cendres l'œuvre grandiose qui fut une des gloires de votre Episcopat.

Mais ne pouvant que prier et nous immoler, pour l'honneur et le culte du sang de Jésus, vos dévouées enfants de "Béthanie" se donneront avec une nouvelle ardeur à leur oeuvre bénie et le Sang Précieux coulera à flots en grâces de force et de consolation sur votre âme attristée.

A la Vierge Immaculée nous confions ce voeu ardent et intime. Elle veillera sur notre Père et sa main lumineuse le protégera au milieu d'une si sombre épreuve. Dans ma prière qui s'appuie sur cette rassurante conviction, je demeure, Monseigneur, avec toute la communauté, de votre Grâce la soumise et sympathique,

SR. MARIE IMMACULÉE,  
Supérieure.

Sudbury, Dec. 4th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY.

Please accept our deepest sympathy on the great loss of your magnificent Chapel and University. Hoping this will find you all well considering your great excitement.

I remain, your friend,

MRS. J. LAUZON.

Ottawa, 4th December, 1903.

DEAR FATHER EMERY.

Please accept the enclosed.....with Miss Tormey's sincerest sympathy.

Cheboygan, Mich., Dec. 7th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY, D.D.

It was through the public papers I first heard of the distress and destruction caused by this terrible and unexpected calamity. As you may remember, I left Ottawa the night before.

I am grieved to hear the Rev. Father Boyon, Fulham and Mc Gurt were so seriously hurt. It is my constant hope and only prayer that they may soon recover.

My parents unite with me in best regards and truest sympathy.

I am ever, yours sincerely,

ARTHUR LAPRES.

Lowell Mass., December, 1903,  
Feast of Our Immaculate Mother.

VERY DEAR FATHER.

I presume I am the last of all to express my sympathy, that does not hinder its being very sincere, as you know.

I thank God the dread destroyer came in daylight; had it been otherwise, I shudder to think of the consequences. Poor old St. Joseph's, for the children of Ottawa it is another old friend laid away. I wish I could come to you with a couple of thousands, or that I had some rich relations I could command. Alas!

I pray God to protect you and keep you and give you the help you need in this time of trial.

In deepest sympathy,

Yours very sincerely always,

SISTER ST. THECLA.

Niagara Falls, N.Y., Dec. 4th, 1903.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY, D.D., O.M.I.,

Rector of the University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

My Poor, Afflicted Father,—I learned with profound sorrow of the great loss which you and the devoted Oblates of Mary Immaculate have sustained by the destruction of the University buildings. May our dear Lord give you the strength necessary to bear up under your heavy cross, and may our blessed Lady and good Saint Joseph, under whose patronage your community and institution is conducted, inspire generous souls to furnish the means with which to rebuild the ruined structure, is the fervent prayer of

Yours sincerely in Christ,

THOS. P. McGRATH.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 14th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY :

You have the heartfelt sympathy of me and family. Let us hope that in a few months we may all see a larger and grander building erected in its stead, if that be possible. Again giving you my sincerest sympathy in your trouble.

I am, your friend,

MRS. P. A. TISONE,

84 Washington street.

Castroville, Texas, Dec. 14th, 1903,

Dear Father,—The sad news has reached me of the terrible calamity to my "Alma Mater."

I hasten to send you my sympathy, knowing as I do, how deeply you are interested in any work given you, and how zealously you sacrifice yourself for souls. I can understand how you feel under the trying circumstances; but Ottawa University will rise from its ashes more glorious than ever. Such is my wish and prayer.

I am faithfully, fraternally,

J. H. QUINN, O.M.I.

St. Michael's College, Toronto, Dec. 17th, 1903.

VERY REV. DR. EMERY :

Very Reverend Dear Father,—Kindly accept my most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the great calamity that has befallen your community. The destruction of your beautiful University was certainly a great loss, but the time will come I trust, when you will be able to erect, even a finer building. But the loss of two holy and learned priests, two dear confreres, is almost

irreparable. However, God's holy will be done. They can be more useful to your good community in Heaven than on earth. I said Mass for them this morning, and besought Our Lord, through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, to admit them to the joy and happiness of Heaven, where I hope they are at present.

I remain, yours faithfully,

E. F. MURRAY,

From Hon. Senator Poirier,

Shediac, N. B.

B. P. LACOSTE, O. M. I.

Mes sympathies les plus sincères pour l'incendie de l'université.

PASCAL POIRIER.

Ottawa, December 16th, 1903.

REV. DR. EMERY, O. M. I.,

University of Ottawa.

Reverend Sir,—I have been directed by Branch No. 94, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, to express to you our deep sympathy and regret at the heavy and most serious loss sustained by your Order, as well as by the laity of the Church in the older provinces of the Dominion, occasioned by the sad conflagration that destroyed that renowned seat of learning, the Ottawa University, on Wednesday morning, December 2nd.

This institution that has been justly celebrated in our broad land, by the number of gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in literature, law, medicine, science and in the Church, who claim the honor of receiving their education within the portals of their venerated, esteemed and cherished Alma Mater.

Our grief is intensified by the loss of valuable lives, the devoted priests of God, whose existence were sacrificed to duty and obedience, resulting from that most regretted accident.

I desire further to convey to you, Reverend Sir, the expression of our most sanguine hopes, that at no distant day, we shall have the proud satisfaction of seeing your worthy institution rising from the ashes of its present ruins, to continue its mission, commanded by "The Master" to teach the truths of religion and Christianity to all nations.

Believe me to be, Reverend Sir,

Yours respectfully,

M. J. O'FARRILL,

Secretary.

164 East 56 Street, Dec. 11th, 1903.

REV. FATHER EMERY.

Dear Sir,—It was with exceeding sorrow that I read of the great calamity that befel your institution, accept my sincere regrets. Trusting that our Lord will find you a way out of your difficulties.

I am respectfully,

MISS A. J. O'KEEFE.

Buffalo, December 5th, 1903.

MY DEAR FR. EMERY.

This is the first moment I have been able to find to send you a small expression of the sympathy which we all feel for you and your beloved order in the great loss which you have so lately sustained. It was a blessing that the fire did not break out during the night. It would have been hard for so many to get out alive.

With kind regards from the other members of the family.

I am, yours sincerely,

MARY F. CREHAN.

133 West 82nd Street, Dec. 11th, 1903.

VERY REV. J. E. EMERY.

Rev. Father,—It is with the deepest sorrow I read of the destruction of the University by fire. It was a sad sight to see such a magnificent structure entirely destroyed, but I will pray our dear Lord will spare you to see a much handsomer one erected on its site.

Yours sincerely,

MARY C. MOORE.

D'Youville Academy,

Plattsburgh, Dec. 11th, 1903.

Rv. FATHER EMERY, SUP.,

Ottawa.

My Dear Father,—The great, the irreparable loss sustained by you and your community recently in the burning of the Ottawa University, seems to command silence rather than words.

The language of the heart alone seems fit to treat of things so sacred as those swept away by a few cruel blasts from the fiery fiend.

However, I wish to assure you of the sincere sympathy of the Grey Nuns of Plattsburg, not only in the loss of your respected Alma Mater, but especially in the death of your regretted Brother and co-laborer Rev. Father Fulham. We trust and pray that the others injured at the same time may be spared for further usefulness, and we have the consoling hope that the near future will see on those same grounds a grander structure, and higher spires raised to the glory of God, and the advancement of Christian education in Canada, under the tutelage of Mary Immaculate.

Wishing yon, Reverend Father, health and courage to bear this severe trial.

I have the honor to be,

Yours in prayer and sympathy,

SR. M. DE LA VICTOIRE, SUP.

Buffalo, December, 6th, 1903.

REV. DEAR FATHER.

Seeing the account of the fire in the paper, I must write a few lines to let you know how sorry I am, I cannot tell you how I felt when I first saw the account of the fire.

M. A. COON.

"The Genesee."

Buffalo, Dec. 3rd, 1903.

433 West Avenue.

REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I.

Dear Father,—We fail to find words to express our great sympathy for you and the Oblate Order, at the loss of your grand University, we can hardly realize that the grand building is totally destroyed. I trust by the time this letter reaches you, that the dear Fathers who were injured will be on the road to recovery, and that the Sacred Heart will give you strength to bear this great trial. With sympathy and prayers from the family.

I remain as ever,

Your sincere friend,

MRS. FRED. BENNETT.

206 F. Street, N. W.,

Washington, D.C., December 14th, 1903.

REV. J. E. EMERY,

University of Ottawa.

I was inexpressibly shocked to read in the papers here of the destruction by fire of a large portion of the University of Ottawa, and beg to express to you and all connected with the University, my sympathy, and deep regret in the great loss you have sustained. I sincerely trust that all those who were injured are recovering.

I am especially interested being a Canadian myself, and two years ago had the pleasure of visiting the University, and greatly admired the beautiful library, which I notice has been completely destroyed. The fire was indeed a great calamity and a peril to many lives, but I hope the rebuilding of the burned portion may be made possible within a short time.

(MRS.) MARY BULLOCK,

Per R.

Loretto Academy, Guelph, Dec. 7th, 1903.

Rev. and Dear Father Emery.

All this week I have been with you in spirit in your great trouble, and I have not failed to ask our dearest Lord to help you. Most heartily do I

sympathize with you ; I have read all in *La Presse* : you have I assure you, the prayers of all my dear Sisters, and I can say of the whole community.

Again assuring you of my sympathy, as well as that of the community.

I am always your

Very devoted Sister in J. C.,

Sr. MARIE JOSEPH

T. B. V. M.

Buffalo, Dec. 11th, 1903.

Dear Rev. Father Emery.

With sorrow I read of the University fire. I was glad all were saved, hoping the poor girl is not burned.

Yours sincerely, in M. J.,

BRIDGET E. MORGAN.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Rev. Dear Father Emery.

Please accept from Mother and myself, sincere sympathy in your recent affliction.

Yours most sincerely and respectfully,

JENNIE M. ROWAN.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 10th, 1903.

Dear Father Emery.

Although I have not written to you since the great trouble that has come to you, you know that my thoughts and prayers, poor though they are, have been with you. We all hope that God will give you health and strength to face the great work of rebuilding the University, may God comfort all who were injured, and grant eternal rest to those who lost their lives. I wish I could influence Andrew Carnegie, the rich Scotchman, surely he could not do a greater work than re-build the University. The Sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto, sent me a very handsome pin-cushion, fit for a fine lady's bureau, and if you give me permission, I will ask Father Fallon to give me leave to get numbers on it, and so realize a little money to help. Please let me know soon. The Nuns have offered to make some other articles for that purpose, but I can do nothing without first having your permission, and then our Pastor's, especially as Holy Angels parish is to have a booth at the Orphans Fair, and Father Fallon called a meeting to get ladies to help, and they are out collecting. When Father Slattery was to build St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, I had him send me 1,000 circulars, 1,000 envelopes (with the seminary address on each one), and I spent my spare moments mailing them all over the States to get collectors.

Yours most sincerely,

MRS. H. MURRAY.

Buffalo, December 5th, 1903.

Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D.

Dear Father Emery,—We of 213 Vermont street wish to tender our deepest sympathy over the terrible calamity that has visited your Alma Mater. We keenly feel the strain which must be yours over the dreadful affliction. Words are useless at this time, but we are one in heart and spirit with you in your sorrow.

Your sympathetic friend,

BEE KELLY.

Saint-Boniface, 2 Décembre 1903.

Mon bien cher Père Emery,—Je viens pleurer avec vous sur les ruines matérielles ; mais je ne pleurerai pas comme ceux qui n'ont point d'espérance.

Les pierres sont renversées et calcinées ; les ruines sont grandes ; surtout le sort du cher Père Boyer nous émeut ainsi que celui des Pères Fulham et McGurty, mais l'œuvre, la grande œuvre du Père Tabaret est encore debout. Vous serez à la hauteur de l'épreuve et même, avec la grâce de Dieu, vous deviendrez le nouveau fondateur de la chère université qui à mérité tant de sacrifices à la congrégation et qui a rendu tant de services à l'église et à notre chère patrie canadienne. Que je voudrais être avec vous tous, pauvres affligés, ce soir.

Quel terrible coup ! Dieu soit bénî ; car s'il détruit c'est pour édifier ! Que je voudrais avoir des détails sur vos désastres ; j'espère que le Père Gendreau nous en donnera.

Je vous embrasse et vous bénis en *præcordis in oxculo sancto. Mera in Deo. In tribulatione dilatartine.*

ADÉLARD, O. M. I.,

Arch. de St.-Boniface.

Cour Guigues, No. 1515, I. O. F.

Au Révérend Père Emery, O. M. I.,

Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,—J'ai l'honneur de vous communiquer copie de la résolution suivante votée par la Cour Guigues, des Forestiers Indépendants, le 15 décembre, 1903.

Il a été proposé, appuyé et adopté :

Que les membres de la Cour Guigues, No. 1515, I. O. F., offrent leurs plus respectueuses et sincères sympathies au Révérend Père Recteur et aux membres de l'université, à l'occasion du désastreux incendie qui vient de détruire leur belle institution et causer des pertes de vies précieuses.

Que copie de cette résolution soit transmise au Révérend Père Recteur et aux membres de l'université.

(Copie conforme.) L. LAFRAMBOISE, (Signé.) RÉMI TREMBLAY,  
Secrétaire-Archiviste. Chef Forestier

The Catholic University of America,  
Washington, D.C., Dec. 11th, 1903.

Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I.,

Rector of Ottawa University, Ottawa, Canada.

Reverend and Dear Dr. Emery,—The Rector, Faculties and students of the Catholic University of America have learned with the deepest regret of the severe calamity which has befallen Ottawa University, and we offer you and the Faculties of the University our sincere sympathy.

With you we deplore the loss of life and the personal injuries which make the disaster irreparable. The claims of the Ottawa University on the Dominion of Canada are manifold: the noble work of the missionaries who have left its portals to carry the Gospel to the wild North-West, the zealous priests whom it has distributed throughout the land, the talented members it has given to the learned professions, all encourage us to hope for the speedy rebuilding of an institution which has done so much for Church and State.

Believe me, with sentiments of profound sympathy and respect  
Your obedient servant in Xto,

D. J. O'CONNELL,  
Rector.

University of New Brunswick.

Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1903.

To the Reverend Father Emery, LL.D.,

President of the University of Ottawa.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—At the last meeting of our Academic Faculty, we unanimously resolved to send you an expression of our sympathy in your trying circumstances. Our former Professor Stockley having been once on your staff, and the fact that I had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with you in London last summer, tended to make us very sorry indeed to hear of the destruction by fire of your fine college building.

I have no doubt however, that your University will rise from its ashes, and that the glory of the latter house will be greater than that of the former.

Please accept the sincere sympathy of a Canadian Sister University and believe us always your well-wishers in the struggle against ignorance and irreligion.

I beg leave to remain,

Reverend and dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

THOS. HARRISON,  
Chancellor University of New Brunswick.

Emerald Court No. 213, C. O. F.

Ottawa, Dec. 9th, 1903.

Rev. Father Emery,

Superior Ottawa University, City.

Dear Reverend Father,—The members of Emerald Court No. 213, C. O. F., desire to convey to you their deep regret for the very great misfortune

which has recently befallen your Order through the burning of your University. Severe as was the blow, it was sadly intensified by the death of one of your devoted Fathers, Rev. Father Fulham.

The destruction of an institution deservedly holding a first place in the training of young men, morally, mentally and physically, can be regarded only in the light of a national calamity, and it is the earnest wish of Emerald Court that Ottawa University may, within a few short months, arise from its ashes, and resume its old position of pre-eminence in the noble work of education.

On behalf of  
EMERALD COURT No. 213, C.O.F.

J. C. Enright,  
Thomas Smith,  
J. F. Sullivan.

New York, December 9th, 1903.

Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., Rector,  
University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Canada.

Very Reverend Dear Sir,—With deep regret we learn of the awful destruction caused by the conflagration.

In expressing our sympathies and hopes that a new building will soon replace the one destroyed, we take the liberty to make our enclosed little offer, trusting that it may prove acceptable.

Extending our best wishes for a speedy recovery from the catastrophe, we remain,

Yours respectfully,  
BENZIGER BROTHERS.

A. J. D.

"Canadian Freeman" Office,  
Kingston, Dec. 1903.

Dear Father Emery,—It is unnecessary for me to express the sorrow which the Catholics of this district feel for the loss of the Oblat Fathers great Canadian educational institution.

Hoping that the Ottawa University will rise from its ashes and be better than ever, and adding the compliments of this holy season to the Fathers and yourself,

I am, yours, &c.,  
PATRICK DALEY,  
"The Freeman."

212 North Capital Street,  
Washington, D.C., 8th December, 1903.

To the Very Reverend President of the  
University of Ottawa.

Reverend and Dear Sir.—I was greatly shocked and grieved at the news of the burning of your splendid University. As a man honored by your

degree, and as the guest of many of your alumni, I feel your loss as a personal loss and sorrow. I trust that you received my telegram, and I beg that you will permit me to contribute to your library. At present, owing to legal complications over our estate, I can offer only books from mine; but I hope in the future to offer you a contribution worthy of my respect and admiration for you and your University.

Yours truly,

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Superior Court of the Province of Quebec,

The Judges' Chambers, Montreal, 3rd Dec., 1903.

His Grace Archibishop Duhamel,

Ottawa.

My Dear Archibishop,—I need not tell you how shocked and grieved I was at the telegraphic report announcing the destruction of our University building. I tender you and all concerned my heartiest sympathy. At the same time if you think I may be of any use, in connection with a movement amongst the old students, or in any other way, you are aware that I shall be ready and only anxious to do whatever you may suggest. Hoping that Providence may come to your aid in the hour of calamity, believe me,

Dear Archibishop,

Your sincere friend,

J. J. CURRAN.

Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers,

Tewksbury Centre, Mass., December 9th, 1903.

My Dear Father Emery.

Superiors and others in authority, have been either writing to you or going to go to express their sympathy with you in the terrible trial, which it has pleased Almighty God to inflict upon you: so I thought it would be no intrusion on my part if I sent you a few lines to show you that the humbler members of our Congregation feel for you as keenly as those who are placed over them.

Believe me, my dear Father Emery, with the most sincere sympathy and respect.

Yours very sincerely in J. and M.I.

LAWRENCE CHAS. PRIDEAUX FOX, O.M.I.

Apostolic Mission House, Catholic University,

Washington, D.C., December 4th, 1903.

My Dear Father Emery.

I was much grieved to read about the destruction of the old buildings. But Providence has thereby arranged for a new and brilliant career for the University.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER ELLIOTT,

Rector.

Church of the English Martyrs.

London, E., 3rd Dec., 1903.

Dear Father Emery,—I need not tell you how sorry we all were to hear the sad news this morning, and hope that it is not so bad as represented.

How hard it must be for you and all to be visited with such a terrible calamity, but as you have seen how the congregation has prospered in adversity, so now do not forget that Providence will cause good to come from the visitation. Like a Phœnix your College will rise again from the ashes, and with the help of God be a grander work than ever.

Please accept my sincere sympathy and I know this is the feeling of all. With kind regards to yourself, Fr. Fulham and all.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. F. MOXLEY, O.M.I.

Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers,

Tewksbury Centre, Mass., Dec. 4th, 1903.

Very Rev. and Dear Father :

Words cannot express how deeply pained we were to hear of the self sacrificing Fathers. What a grand thing for the people who put their sons in your care that they return to their homes unharmed and uninjured, but on the other hand their directors thought not of themselves, and are in consequence suffering martyrs of duty and charity. May God restore them to the full enjoyment of their health. I speak to you Fr. Emery, in this manner, for I fully realize the great responsibility obedience has placed upon your shoulders, and to sympathize with you is my sole motive in writing. It is possible present to the sufferers our assurance that daily, hourly and during the holy sacrifice of the mass especially, are they remembered by the little community at Tewksbury. Assuredly your community has been sorely tried, but perchance this great cross may be the forerunner of a great grace, and to God's will let us say to be resigned. You know fully well that the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart of Mary is open to you and yours, and hence if you can, kindly come and enjoy a respite from your many distracting pre-occupations. Again assuring you of our sympathy and wishing to be kindly remembered to the sick.

I remain, yours, &c.,

J. C. D.

Church of the Immaculate Conception, Brownsville, Texas, 3 Déc. 1903.

Rév. et bien cher Père,—En arrivant ici hier soir après un voyage très long et très pénible, je fus atterré par la nouvelle de l'épouvantable catastrophe qui vient d'anéantir l'établissement le plus considérable de la congrégation. Pauvre Père Fulham ! Pauvre communauté ! Pauvre Université !

Que deviennent les pères, les frères, les séminaristes et même les junioristes !

Si nous pouvions utiliser quelques uns des vôtres, et même leur donner l'occasion de gagner quelques chose pour l'université, j'en serais très heureux. Je regrette beaucoup d'être si loin ; malheureusement, je ne puis pas retourner à Lowell avant la fin de décembre.

Le scolasticat-séminaire de San Antonio aurait bien besoin d'un père de langue anglaise, ne fut ce que temporairement. Espérons que la bonne Providence fera tourner les choses de telle façon que notre chère famille profite de ses immenses épreuves et à Ottawa et en France.

Ce matin, je vous ai transmis par le télégraphe l'expression de nos fraternelles sympathies, vous devez avoir reçu ma dépêche. Permettez moi de vous renouveler l'assurance de notre dévouement en J. et M. I.

J. LÉFEBVRE, O. M. I.,

Ptre. Prov'l. des Etats-Unis.

Maison des Pères Oblats, 107 Rue Visitation, Montréal, 10 Dec. 1903.

Révérend Père Recteur,—J'ai attendu du temps le retour de la paix dans votre âme pour venir vous exprimer les sympathies fraternelles des Oblats de St.-Pierre. Vos douleurs sont les nôtres et vos espoirs de résurrection sont nos vœux les plus ardents. S. G. Mgr. l'Archevêque de Montréal est venue en personne présenter ses condoléances ; son grand vicaire, Mgr. Racicot, l'avait devancée. M. Kavanagh, curé de St.-Vincent, nous a téléphoné ses respects et ses condoléances. Les Pères Jésuites de Montréal se sont aussi servis du téléphone pour exprimer sans retard leurs sentiments de sympathie. Vos élèves paroissiens de St.-Pierre vous sont bien attachés, et s'ils sont libres, ils retourneront à Ottawa vers les premiers jour de Janvier.

Puisse la divine Providence vous rétablir en des conditions favorables, au plus tôt et pour toujours !

Votre humble et affectionné en N. S. & M. I.

J. M. DROUET, O. M. I.

Farnham, P. Q., 3 Décembre 1903.

Rév. Père Harnois, O. M. I.

Mon Rév. Père,—C'est avec la plus grande peine que j'ai appris le malheur si affligeant et désastreux que vient de subir votre communauté. Veuillez en accepter l'expression de ma vive sympathie. On ne peut se figurer sans doute que sur expérience ce que peut-être un semblable désastre avec une œuvre comme la vôtre et le personnel nombreux que forme votre famille d'Ottawa.

Comme vous serez un certain nombre sans emploi pour un temps du moins. Je serais heureux de donner l'hospitalité à l'un de vous pour autant de temps que ses services ne seraient pas requis chez vous. Et afin de vous mettre à l'aise, il pourra exercer son zèle ici avec profit, mais il sera menagé. Un de mes vicaires part pour les Etats-Unis, porter secours, et s'y fixer la où

demeure sa famille. Je me rappelerai en plus que le mercenaire est digne de la récompense. Vous aurez donc par le fait accompli un acte de charité.

Dans cette assurance mon Rév. Père je me souscris avec haute considération, votre bien dévoué.

J. N. LAFLAMME, Ptre.

Montréal, 4 Dec. 1903.

Révérend Père P. M. Drouet,  
Supérieur Eglise St.-Pierre.

Révérend Père,—N'ayant pas l'honneur de connaître le Révérend Père Emery, les marques de sympathies que je pourrais lui offrir dans le grand malheur qui vient de frapper votre ordre par l'incendie du collège d'Ottawa, pourraient lui être indifférents.

Il n'en sera pas de même avec vous, mon Père, qui connaissez les liens qui me rattachent à votre maison. Je voudrais pouvoir donner à mes sympathies une forme plus pratique et en proportion avec le triste événement, mais ce que je pourrais faire cette année ne saurait guère être considérable à cause des nombreuses obligations qu'il m'a fallu rencontrer. Cependant je ferai la petite part que vous pourrez me suggérer sous les circonstances.

Votre bien respectueux et dévoué,

JOS. VENN.

Ottawa, Ont., 11 Décembre 1903.

Au R. P. Edw. Emery, O. M. I.,  
Recteur, Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,—Le conseil de l'Institut Canadien-Français désiront donner une forme pratique à ses sympathies pour la grande perte que vous venez d'éprouver et comptant sur l'appui non seulement de ses membres, mais encore de tout le public outaouais, a conçu le projet de donner un autre concert, au théâtre Russell, vers la mi-janvier, 1904, au bénéfice de l'université cette fois.

Si ce projet obtient votre approbation nous ferons tout en notre pouvoir pour en faire un succès.

Veuillez croire, mon Révérend Père, à l'assurance de dévouement de votre humble serviteur.

ARTHUR PARÉ,  
Secrétaire.

A Sa Grandeur Mgr. T. Duhamel,  
Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur,—Lorsque dans les premiers jours de 1889 je me trouvais, par votre bienveillance et sous votre direction, aux pieds du glorieux Léon XIII, je compris qu'à la joie de votre cœur se joignait une profonde gratitude pour les faveurs que l'illustre Pontife venait d'accorder à votre Université.

Ce souvenir, Monseigneur, s'est présenté tout vivace à mon esprit lorsque j'ai entendu le récit du malheur qui vient de frapper votre puissant institut, et j'ai compris que la joie de votre cœur paternel entretenue jusqu'ici par ses développements successifs venait de se changer en une douleur amère.

Pardonnez-moi, Monseigneur, de ne savoir pas résister au désir d'offrir à Votre Grandeur mon humble mais bien sincère sympathie. Permettez-moi d'y joindre l'expression de mes vœux bien ardents pour la prompte réédification des murs détruits. Que votre Université, portant toutes les fécondes bénédictions de l'épreuve, et bénéficiant de toutes les sympathies dont elle est si digne, se relève de ses cendres et plus belle et plus forte. Que vous la voyiez bientôt, Monseigneur, s'épanouir avec un nouveau lustre qui rejallissoit avec encore plus d'éclat de votre ville épiscopale sur tout notre pays et jusqu'à l'étranger.

Veuillez, Monseigneur, recevoir l'expression de mes sentiments avec esquels je demeure toujours, de Votre Grandeur.

le serviteur très humble et bien dévoué,

F.-X. TRÉPANIER,

Chan. hon. aumonier de l'Institution des Sourds-Muets.

Chatham, N.B., December 5th, 1903.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel,

Ottawa.

Your Grace,—With deepest sympathy in your great loss, I send my mite for the rebuilding of your grand University.

In view of your Grace's past kindness it should and would be much more had we not begun a few months ago the building of the Cathedral, a want so long felt. May God strengthen and sustain you and the good Oblate Fathers in this hour of great trial !

Very sincerely in J.C.,

† THOS. F. BARRY,

Bishop of Chatham.

Rimouski, le 4 décembre 1903.

Monseigneur,

A mon retour d'une mission où j'étais loin des fils télégraphiques et guère plus accessible aux communications des journaux, je viens d'apprendre ici la très douloureuse nouvelle de l'incendie des magnifiques bâtiments universitaires de vos dignes Pères Oblats. C'est une perte très grande et très sensible à tous. Pour ma part j'en suis très péniblement ému. Et c'est bien le cœur plein de ce sentiment que je m'empresse de vous exprimer mes plus vives et sincères condoléances. Qu'il plaise à Votre Grandeur de les agréer pour Elles et pour ses chers Pères si grandement éprouvés dans la circonstance. Je forme aussi les vœux les plus ardents, accompagnés des prières

les plus ferventes, pour que la Providence aidant, le désastre soit réparé d'une manière digne de la haute institution qu'il importe de ressusciter de ses cendres.

Dans ces sentiments, j'ai l'honneur d'être,  
Monseigneur,  
Votre tout dévoué serviteur,  
† ANDRÉ-ALBERT,  
Ev. de Saint-Germain de Rimouski.

A Sa Grandeur Mgr J.-T. Duhamel,  
Archevêque d'Ottawa, à Ottawa.

Pembroke, 7 décembre 1903.

A Sa Grandeur Mgr J. T. Duhamel,  
Archevêque d'Ottawa,

Monseigneur,—Je comprends facilement quelle est votre affliction à la vue des ruines fumantes de l'Université d'Ottawa, votre Alma Mater, au développement de laquelle vous avez travaillé avec tant de dévouement et avec un zèle si éclairé et si persévérant.

Veuillez agréer l'expression de mes sympathies les plus sincères, et en même temps, accepter les vœux ardents que je forme pour que cette Institution sorte promptement de ses cendres, aussi spacieuse et plus belle qu'avant sa destruction.

Je demeure bien sincèrement,  
Votre tout dévoué serviteur en J. C. et frère dans l'épiscopat,  
† N.-ZÉPHIRIN,  
Evêque de Pembroke.

Ottawa Printing Co., Limited,  
Ottawa, December 11th, 1903.

Rev. Father Emery, O.M.I.,  
Rector, University of Ottawa.

Rev. Father,—I exceedingly regret the disaster which has visited your institution. The loss is, I feel, almost irreparable, yet I trust all will join in a general co-operative movement towards the re-building of the University. I hasten to tender my heartfelt sympathy and that of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

C. S. O. BOUDREAUXT,  
Provincial Chief Ranger.

Prince-Albert, le 10 décembre 1903.  
Au Rév. P. Ed. Eméry, O.M.I.,  
Recteur de l'Université.

Bon Rév. Père et tendre ami,—C'est un peu tard venir vous offrir mes sympathies et mes amitiés les plus fraternelles pour la pénible situation où vous a placé l'immense désastre dont nous parlent les journaux. Il vaut

mieux tard que jamais. A cette perte immense, à ce désastre épouvantable viennent s'ajouter encore les peines morales causées par les lettres et les cancans des mauvais cœurs. On dit qu'un malheur en attire un autre. J'aime à croire que vous saurez fouler aux pieds toutes ces sottises et que votre cœur et votre haute intelligence trouveront moyen de surnager au-dessus de ces épreuves. Ici, nous avons tous appris la triste nouvelle avec peine, et je suis chargé de vous offrir à vous et à tous nos frères de l'Université, et particulièrement aux blessés et aux malades nos plus vives sympathies.

Voudriez-vous, mon cher Père, prier le R. P. Provincial de permettre à quelqu'un de nos Pères, parlant l'anglais, de venir prendre du repos, se distraire et nous tenir compagnie à l'évêché de Prince-Albert pour le temps qu'ils le jugeront à propos en attendant que l'Université se reconstitue.

Je vous bénis et vous embrasse bien cordialement.

Votre humble frère,

† ALBERT PASCAL, O.M.I.

Ermitage de St. Michel, Pincher-Creek, Alberta,  
13 décembre 1903.

Le Très Rév. Père Emery,

Recteur,

Bien cher et Rév. Père, —Avec une douleur sincère et un serrement de cœur, nous apprenons votre grand malheur. Que c'est triste et regrettable ! Les Missionnaires Oblats de ce district vous offrent leurs sympathies fraternelles.

Moi surtout qui a reçu tant de charités et d'hospitalités dans cette Université, je pleure sur vos ruines. Je ne peux me faire à l'idée que tout est détruit. C'est terrible rien que d'y penser.

A l'approche du Nouvel An, permettez-nous de vous offrir nos vœux et nos souhaits afin que l'Enfant Jésus vous donne la résignation et aussi le courage pour supporter une semblable épreuve.

J'apprends avec consolation, que vous avez décidé de vous mettre à l'œuvre de nouveau.

Bon courage et succès.

Je demeure, avec affection votre très dévoué frère,

A. LACOMBE, O.M.I.

A.M. L'Annonciation, 3 décembre 1903.

A Sa Grandeur Monseigneur J. Th. Duhamel,

Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur, —Nous apprenons avec grande affliction le désastre effrayant qui vient de détruire l'Université d'Ottawa. Ce doit être une dure épreuve pour votre cœur de Père et fondateur de cette œuvre si chère à tout le diocèse. Nous prions Dieu pour qu'il daigne consoler et soulager les saintes

victimes de cet accident ; et désirant avoir une part à leurs mérites dans cette épreuve voulue de Dieu pour un plus grand bien, je me permets de vous transmettre l'obole de notre pauvreté, nous prions Monseigneur, de la faire parvenir à destination, et vous demandant pardon du trouble que cela va vous occasionner. "Occasione datâ." Dites aux vénérés Pères qui souffrent, combien nous prenons part à leurs douleurs, et croyez-moi, Monseigneur de Votre Grandeur

l'humble et obéissant serviteur,

Fr. ANDRÉ MOUTTET, C.T.I.C.

2723 Park Avenue, Walnut Hills,

Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., Dec., 19th, 1903.

Reverend and Dear Father.

I am sincerely grieved to see by the newspapers that your University has been devastated by fire. I hope, however, that it will arise from its ashes stronger and more beautiful than ever, for it is certainly too valuable a centre of Catholic education not to do so.

Wishing you a happy and holy Christmas.

I am with great respect,

Yours faithfully,

A. M. WEBB.

Ottawa, 21st December, 1903.

Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I.,

Rector, University of Ottawa.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—The following resolution was passed at the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, C. M. B. A. :—

Proposed by Bro. Patrick Clarke, seconded by Bro. C. J. Steers, that the regret and sympathy of the membership of this Branch be tendered to the Rev. Rector of the University of Ottawa, on account of its entire destruction by fire on the 2nd inst., as well as to the friends and relatives of the Reverend Fathers Fulham and McGurty, who lost their lives by the said calamity.

Yours in sympathy,

THOMAS McGRAIL,

Rec. Sec., Branch 28.

St. Bridget's Court, C. O. F., Office of the Secretary,

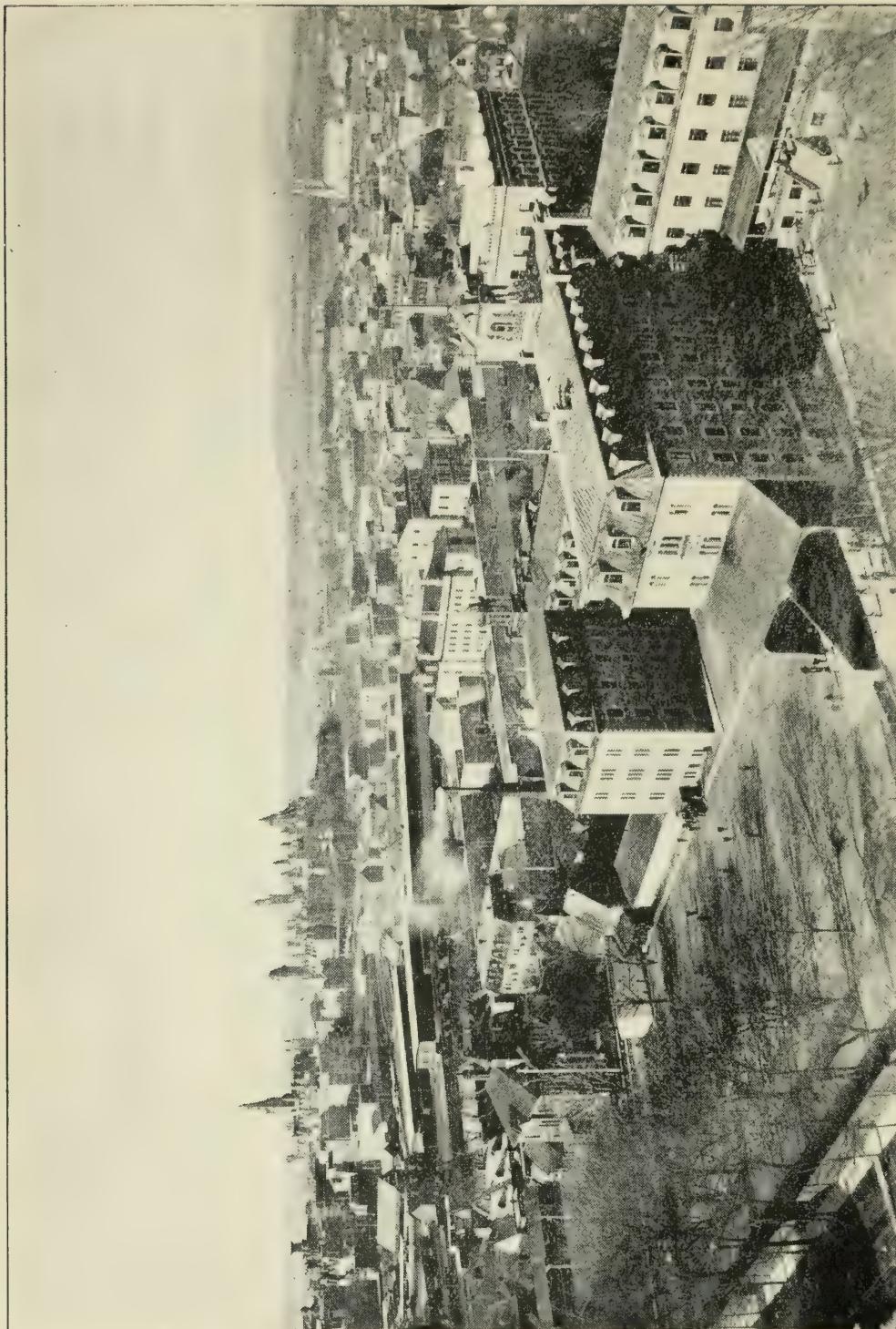
153 George St., Ottawa, Dec. 21st, 1903.

To Very Rev. Dr. J. E. Emery, O.M.I.,

Rector, Ottawa University.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir,—At the last regular meeting of St. Bridget's Court, No. 376, C. O. F., the following resolution was unanimously adopted :





Bird's eye view from Theodore Street.—Before the Fire.

Resolved, that the heartfelt sympathy of St. Bridget Court be tendered to you in the great loss which your noble Order, and Roman Catholics in general have sustained by the total destruction by fire of that great seat of education, the University of Ottawa.

Be it further resolved, that the sincere sympathy of this Court be, and is hereby tendered to yourself, and Rev. Father Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., in the irreparable loss you have sustained in the lamentable death of those beloved members of your order, the Rev. Father Fulham, O.M.I., and the Rev. Father McGurty, O.M.I.

(Signed) R. MACKELL,  
Chief Ranger.

M. F. KEHOE,  
Rec. Secretary.

St. Vibiana's Cathedral,  
Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 18th, 1903.

Rev. Father J. E. Emery, O.M.I.,  
Catholic University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

My dear Father Emery,—I send you my deep sympathy in the great affliction which has befallen you. I noticed it in the paper while I was travelling in the east, and delayed writing you until I returned to California. My personal esteem for yourself is added to the interest which I have always had in the University, and I feel deeply the great loss which you have sustained.

With much esteem, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

† THOMAS J. CONATY.

Ottawa, Dec. 23, 1903.

Rev. Father Emery,  
Rector, Ottawa College.

Rev. Sir,—I have been instructed by the Council of the Corporation of the County of Carleton to forward to you the enclosed resolution, which expresses the feelings of the whole Council.

Rev. Sir, may I also individually express my deep sympathy with you and your brethren in the great loss you have sustained.

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

CHAS. MACNAB,  
Co. Clerk.

## COUNTY COUNCIL CARLETON.

*Resolution No. 7.*

Moved by Mr. B. Rothwell, seconded by Mr. P. Cassidy, That this Council has learned with deep regret of the complete destruction by fire of the stately buildings of the University of Ottawa, and would hereby respectfully offer their sincere sympathy to the Rector and Faculty of this noble institution of learning in the disaster which has befallen them, which disaster has since been inexpressibly saddened by the deaths of the Reverend Fathers Fulham and McGuerty, from injuries received during the fire.—Carried.

St. Joseph's Branch, No. 159, C.M.B.A.,

Ottawa, Ont., December 15th, 1903.

Moved by Bro. E. P. Stanton, and seconded by Bro. P. B. Dunn:—

Whereas this Branch has learned with profound regret of the calamity that has befallen the University of Ottawa in the destruction by fire of its main building, painfully accentuated as that catastrophe has been by the loss of life, including the deaths of the two esteemed and beloved members of the Congregation of the Oblate Fathers in the persons of the Reverend Fathers Fulham and McGuerty; be it

Resolved, that the expression of this Branch, respectful and heartfelt sympathy be tendered to the Rector of the University in the heavy loss sustained by the authorities of that institution, and to relatives of the two devoted priests who have succumbed to the injuries received on the sad and tragic occasion, in this sad hour of loss coupled with the prayer that the Divine Consoler may be their stay in the visitation that has come to them.

J. L. BURKE,  
Rec. Secretary.

St-Albert, déc. 18 1903.

Rév. Père E. Emery, O.M.I.,

Recteur, Université, Ottawa.

Mon Révérend et bien cher Père,—La terrible nouvelle nous a attérés ici, il y a quelques jours quand on a dit: L'Université d'Ottawa n'est plus qu'un monceau de ruines fumantes. Cependant ce qui est encore plus pénible c'est l'annonce successive de la mort de ceux qui ont succombé des suites de cette terrible catastrophe. Voilà déjà deux décès que nous avons eu à enrégistrer; plaise à Dieu que ce soit les seuls que nous aurons à déplorer.

Je comprends aisément, mon bien cher Père, quels doivent être vos sentiments de tristesse et d'amertume, dans un si grand malheur. Et malgré l'énergie, qui veut et qui réussira à triompher, je l'espère, de tous les obstacles, pour relever cette grande institution, il y aura aussi, par moments des incertitudes, des doutes des tristesses. Je prie Dieu de vous soutenir dans ces moments penibles.

Soyez sur que nous sommes avec vous par la pensée et par le cœur. Hélas ! cette saison de joie et de réjouissances, sera bien sombre pour vous sans doute; permettez moi cependant de vous exprimer mes bons souhaits pour que Dieu sache au milieu des difficultés, vous surciter bien des encouragements et bien des consolations, dans cette année qui va commencer.

Ces souhaits feront l'objet de mes prières. Priez aussi pour moi et croyez, moi, mon bien cher Père,

Votre frère tout dévoué en N-S. et M. I.,

† EMILE J.,

Év. de St-Albert.

---

### “A PARTIAL LIST.”

Here is a partial list of works by Catholic writers recommended by the *Casket* to young men to read. In history, Newman's Historical Sketches, Lingard's History of England, Justin McCarthy's History of Our Own Times, Abbot Gasquet's Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries; in philosophy, Fr. Clarke's Logic, Fr. Maher's Psychology, Archbishop O'Brien's Philosophy of the Bible Vindicated; in biography, the Confessions of St. Augustine, Newman's Apologia, Wilfrid Ward's Life of Cardinal Wiseman; in fiction, Wiseman's Fabiola, Newman's Callista, and, Loss and Gain, Sheehan's The Triumph of Failure, My New Curate, Luke Delmege, Marion Crawford's Roman Singer and Marcio's Crucifix, Maurice Francis Egan's A Marriage of Reason and the Vocation of Edward Conway, Christian Reid's Armine, A Little Maid of Arcady, and indeed all of her works, Catherine Conway's Lalor's Maples; in general literature, Newman's Idea of a University, Present Position of Catholics in England, Discussions and Arguments, etc., Manning's Sin and Its Consequences, Wiseman's Lectures on the Holy Eucharist, Faber's All for Jesus, Maurice Francis Egan's A Gentleman, Catherine Conway's New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways, Father Sheehan's Under the Cedars and the Stars (just out); besides these, The Following of Christ, The Spiritual Combat, and last, but surely not least, the New Testament.

## AND MINISTERED UNTO HIM.

By S. H. KEMPER in *McClure's*.

**M**AY be in His more human weariness  
Came little things to minister and bless ;  
To touch Him in a humble way, to please.  
Perhaps came little earthly memories :  
The simple stir of Nazareth's sun-washed street ;  
The busy sound of Mary's housewife feet ;  
A pattern of leaf shadows at the door ;  
The scent of fresh curled shavings on the floor.

~~~~~

## TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the pressure on our space, the usual other departments must, of necessity, be omitted this month.

For the same reason, we are unable to acknowledge the exchanges received, but we hope to do so, in a future number. In the meantime, we cordially thank those who have kindly sent them, and trust they will accept this brief acknowledgment, under the circumstances.

THE EDITOR.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald . . . . .	243
The Little Midshipman . . . . .	253
POETRY :	
Why? . . . . .	257
The O'Connell's Happy Xmas . . . . .	258
Gerald Griffin . . . . .	268
EDITORIALS :	
Congratulatory . . . . .	272
An Apology . . . . .	274
Inter Alia . . . . .	276
Exchanges . . . . .	277
Among the Magazines . . . . .	280
Athletics . . . . .	281
Of Local Interest . . . . .	283
OBITUARY :	
Rev. Father Fulham, O.M.I. . . . .	286
More Letters of Sympathy . . . . .	288



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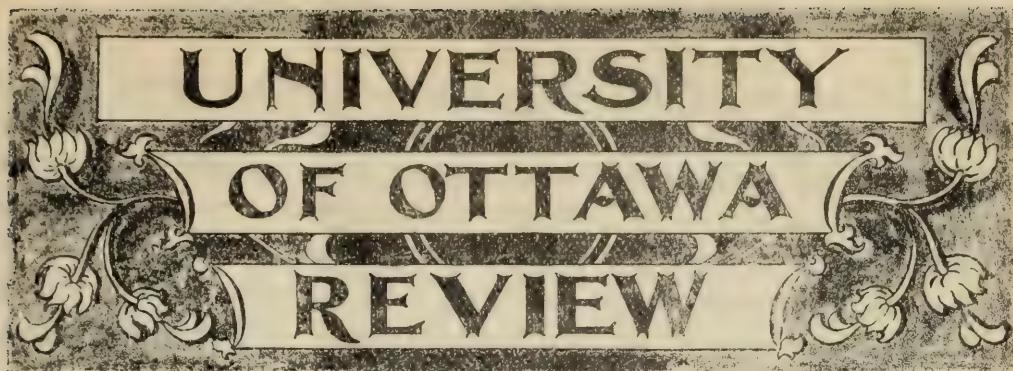
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# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 5

JANUARY, 1904.

Vol. VI

## The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.

### PART II.

THE WITNESS OF DOM PATRICIUS DESMOND, O. S. B., LATE PRIOR OF  
WATERFORD, IN IRELAND.

That which followeth is written at the Abbey of Duns, in the Low Countries, the same being the place of mine exile, now that the spoiler—whom God shall surely judge—hath destroyed *our holy and our beautiful house*, (1) wherein the brethren of our Holy Order had sung the praises of God during many generations. It is written, also, in the year of our Redemption, 1574, how many years after the great and terrible schism, they that will may count. Lastly, it is written, partly by command of our late sainted Abbot of Glastonbury, the glorious martyr, Richard Whiting ; partly by command of our good lord, the Abbot of Duns, whom God reward—as He surely will, for his hospitality extended to us poor homeless exiles.

But to my tale, lest any weary of it, ere it be rightly and duly brought to an end. Maidulph the monk, of our Holy Order of Saint Benedict, was, as all men know, driven by evil men, even by his own kith and kin, according to the flesh, from Erin the isle of saints, to Britain, the Dowry of our Blessed Lady Mary. There did he, at a certain ruined fortalice, built, men say, by the ancient Romans, set up his place of habitation, and gathered

(1) Isai, 64, 11.

round him, as our Holy Rule enjoins, certain scholars, sons of franklins, thanes, and even of serfs—since with Holy Mother Church, as with God, Himself, there is no respect of persons, and that she lifteth the poor man out of the dust to set him in the midst of her princes. (1) Among whom he loved most, as I doubt not, he most deserved to be loved, one Aldhelm, cousin to Ina, king of that country of the West Saxons. Which Aldhelm, as, again, is known to all men, he left as his successor, and as Abbot of that fair monastery he had founded, called to this day, Malmesbury, that is, the house of Maidulph.

Now Aldhelm, by God His Providence, and by command of that Pope who then ruled Christ His Church, even Sergius, of holy memory, was, in due time, made Bishop of Shireburne, in the country of the West Saxons. In virtue whereof, and with consent of the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury, he made one of our Holy Order to wit, Oswald of Ethandune, Prior of Bradford, on the River Avon, near to the famous City of Bath.

Now, it is of this Oswald that I am commanded to write things passing all belief, that were it not that I am, as saith the Holy Thomas of Kempis—in these same Low Countries—“under obedience,” I were loath to set them doubt, lest they that read take me for a teller of old wives’ fables, or of things that are not, yea, nor could not be. Whereto, and once more, by command of those whom I obey, as set over me in our Lord Christ, I add that I, unworthy that I be of so great favour, have, with mine own eyes, beheld much, if not all, of what I here relate.

Suffer me then, you that shall read this, after I shall have gone to render my account of it, as of all other, my deeds and misdeeds, done in the body, before the judgment seat of Christ, to tell some little of mine own life, that ye may understand how I came to know this most strange tale of Prior Oswald, as it hath been rightly named. Herein, with all humility, may I compare myself with Maidulph, of blessed memory—though he be not canonized that I wot of, yet is he no less a saint, on that account—seeing that I, also, was driven forth, by evil men of mine own

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(1) Ps. 112, 6, 7.

kith and kin, from my loved Erin, Isle of Saints, to Britain, then —alas ! that I should say, *then*—the Dowry of our Lady Mary, but now the spoil of heretics, the enemies of God and of Holy Church.

Following, therefore, as nearly as I might, in the footsteps of blessed Maidulph, I came, by God His Providence, to Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, which, it were well to say, lieth not far from Ethandune, from Sarum, and from Bradford, on the River Avon. In which Priory, as it had then become, I served some years of my novitiate ; whence I was sent to that most fair, most glorious Abbey of Glastonbury, the same that was founded by the Holy Joseph of Arimathea, what time he brought, from Palestine, the Chalice wherein Christ Our Lord did first change wine into His Precious Blood. Concerning which Chalice there are many legends, but that the blessed Joseph brought it to Glastonbury, I for my part, have no doubt whatever.

Now, it was at this same Abbey of Glastonbury that Oswald, Prior of Bradford tarried, by command of the Lord Abbot that then was, in the year of Salvation 705, as is set down in the writings of Brother Cedric the Cellarer, thereanent. Which writings, as God would have it, were, between the year 720 and the year 1520, eight centuries, to wit, lost sight of, but not wholly forgotten. As, indeed, it proved.

But of the place where, by command of Blessed Aldhelm,—and by consent, I doubt not, of the Lord Abbot who then was, and was, as our Holy Rule ordains, supreme within the limits of his own domain, and subject to our Lord the Pope, alone—wherein, I say, they laid the Prior Oswald, after he had fallen into that strange sleep whence none could waken him—as ye shall read—the memory had always been kept alive. Nay, it was whispered among the brethren, that, from time to time, the Prior had been known to stir in his sleep, and this, most of all, when some calamity seemed like to befall our Holy House. Yet would he—so men said—as it were, fall to his sleep again, and that calamity passed by our Holy House, even as the plagues of Egypt passed by the houses of God, His Chosen People.

These sayings, I, for my part, counted as idle tales, fit for a winter's evening, round the calefactory fire, and among th-

younger brethren, from whom men look not that they be staid and grave, as are their elders in years and in religion. For which cause, I paid no heed thereto, as also did our lord, the Abbot, that I was ever ware of, though, in sooth, he spake not of many things, at any season, being a man much given to prayer and meditation, nor less so, but rather more,—as was fitting—during the latter years of his earthly pilgrimage.

Yet it pleased God that, in the year 1529, I should see cause to depart from mine old opinion concerning the matter aforesaid. And not I alone, but our lord, the Abbot, himself, though, as I say, I know not what his mind, thereanent, had been hitherto, saw good to speak to me, at least, with the exceeding plainness, yet with great gentleness, as was ever his wont. That, as ye all know, was the year that came before the Great Schism ; whereby a wicked king, and his more wicked minions, rent, from our Blessed Lady Mary, if so a man my say it, the Dowry that was hers.

It fell out in this wise. Our Lord, the Father Abbot, for that he knew I had no small skill in penmanship, set me a task such as we, of the Holy Order of Saint Benedict, deem second only to the *Opus Dei*,—so our Great Founder called the Divine Office—to wit, the copying of an ancient manuscript but lately brought from our Abbey of Monte Cassino, in Italy. Make me, my son, said he, a fair and careful copy of the same ; which, as it chanced, was a most learned commentary on the Book of the Apocalypse, by one Beatus, that lived in the time of Saint Austin —he, of Hippo, I mean, not he of Canterbury, which last is one of the glories of our Order. And, said our Father Abbot, further, that thou mayest bring thy task to an end as soon as may be, write, said he, between the hours of Compline and of Matins, in thy proper cell. For, saith he, though thou rob thy flesh of needful slumber for a while, yet shall our Lord reward thee.

I wrote, therefore, as he bade me, during the long summer nights, being that I was young and strong, and of a wakeful humor at all seasons. And, on a certain summer night, it came to pass that I had need of parchment for my task, of which, as I was ware, there was great store beneath the chapel of Holy Joseph

of Arimathea ; wherein, as I was also ware, lay Oswald the Prior, in that strange sleep of his. Now, God be thanked, I was not one to start at shadows, or at noises of the night, nor at illusions of the evil one ; still less at idle tales, as I then deemed them. But, as God shall judge me at the last day, I write the simple truth. For, as I passed at midnight, or between that hour and the next, the place where Prior Oswald lay, once more, as God shall call me to account for what I here set down, I stood to gaze upon the moonlit valley, through the chapel window, ere I should go down to where, I knew, our Brother Librarian kept his store of parchment, to which, by command of our Lord, the Abbot, I had access at all times.

Now, as I stood and gazed at our Sister Moon, as Holy Francis of Assissi nameth her, I heard a sound as of one that moaneth in his sleep, as when oppressed by evil dreams. Thereafter, sounds as of one who stirred, who fain would rise, yet could not. Then did I arm me with the Holy Sign, lest this should be some snare set for me by the enemy of souls, and, so armed, drew near the place where Prior Oswald lay. Nor could I doubt that it was he who thus moaned in his sleep, and stirred, and strove to rise, but could not, seeing that his hour of rising was not yet come. For as I stood and listened, lo ! he spake, as one who asked a question of his guide, and, Lord, said he, once ; and again, Lord, said he : When shall these things be ? But though I waited, there was none that answered. As, in sooth, how should there be, seeing that he did but dream ? Thereafter, as it seemed, he did dispose himself to sleep again, like to a tired child, so that I could not doubt he had received some answer, in his dream, wherewith he was content. Whereupon, I went and fetched the parchment that I needed, lest my task should be delayed, and our good lord displeased at my remission.

This, then, I told, as I have set it down, to our good lord, the Abbot, and to him alone, in the great cloister, after chapter Mass. And, Son, saith he, see thou tell this to none other of the brethren. This said he, and no more, yet know I that he took it for a favor from High God, our Lady Mary, and Saint Benedict, and for a sign of what should come to pass ere many days.

As, in sad sooth, it so fell out, in the year following though, as ye know, the end was not yet. And, in those years that followed the great schism, to wit, nine years in all, from 1530 even until 1539, the Holy Abbot lived as one that knoweth he shall shortly enter into the joy of his Lord, and yet, men said, as though he deemed the Abbey that he ruled should endure in *ævum*, which, seeing that it was God's work that was done therein, and no work of man, was, meseems, none other but the simple truth.

But in the year 1534, there came another favour from High God, our Lady Mary, and our Holy Father Saint Benedict. And, in this wise came it. Ye must know, if so be ye have never heard it, or having heard it, ye have forgotten, or, perchance, cease to credit such a thing, that when the Blessed Joseph of Arimathea came first to Glastonbury from Palestine, he brought with him, as I have writ already, the Chalice wherein Christ our Lord and Master, did first change Wine into Blood of our Redemption, *in supremæ nocte Cœnæ*, as Holy Church singeth at the Festival of *Corpus Christi*. Which Cup, or Chalice, men of ancient times were used to call the Holy Grail. Whereanent, also, are many wondrous legends told of King Arthur, his court, and the knights of his Table Round. Which Holy Grail, as men waxed weak in faith, and iniquity did abound, High God Himself—so saith the legend—did withdraw from mortal sight and ken. Yet was there, notwithstanding, a tradition of our House, as to the place of its concealment, even as our brethren, of Durham, know where the uncorrupted body of S. Cuthbert lieth hid. And as to this Chalice of our Saviour Christ, we of Glaston, did believe that it was hidden in the Chapel of him who brought it hither, to wit, of Holy Joseph of Arimathea.

But, to my tale. In that same year, 1534, I was made by God, His Providence, and by appointment of our lord, the Abbot, Prior of our cell at Waterford, in Ireland, and was bid journey thither as soon as might be, staying, overnight, at our House at Bath, and so, on the next day to take ship at Bristol. I, therefore, though I knew mine own unworthiness of such a charge, did set to prepare me for my journey. And, to this end, by counsel our good Father Abbot, I did resolve to pass the hours between

compline and matins in the said chapel of Holy Joseph of Arimathea.

Herein, as God shall judge me at the Day of Doom, I passed the hours in wakefulness, and, as I trust, in prayer to God, our Lady Mary, and to the saints. But, as I prayed, and did make meditation on my sins and mine unworthiness, all on a sudden, I was ware that one stood by me, in the dark and silence. God knoweth, I was not afraid, since I knew that God, His angels, were about me in that Holy Place, that none, in earth or hell, might do me harm.

Then he that stocd beside me spake, and I did know it was none other than the Prior Oswald, who had wakened from his sleep. How knew I, ask ye? Surely, by his speech; for, Brother, saith he, see thou heed my word. The end of this our Holy House is near, though thou shalt not behold it; thereafter shall the end of that thou art about to rule not be for long delayed. And, in that day, shalt thou behold me once more. In token whereof, look thou, towards the altar, and do fitting reverence to that which thou art privileged to see.

Thereat, and in a moment, all the Holy Place was filled with light, such as, methinks did shine upon the chosen three what time they stood, with Christ our Lord, upon the Mount of His Transfiguration. And, in the very centre of the radiance, was the Chalice of the Lord, the Holy Grail. But, even as I looked thereon, the vision passed, and all was dark again. Then said Prior Oswald, See, saith he, that thou forget not this which thou hast seen. See, too, saith he, that thou guard well that which I give thee now. Then did he put within mine hands a roll, which later, as I knew, was the strange tale written by Brother Cedric, the which ye may here read, an ye will. So God keep thee, saith he, till we meet again, and so passed, I doubt not, to his resting place, though that I know not, seeing all was dark.

Which things, as ye may guess, I did make known to ou good Lord, the Abbot. And, Son, saith he, as he had said before, see thou tell none of this that hath befallen. See, too, saith he further, that thou take heed to what was told thee. Then did I kneel and kiss his ring in token of submission and farewell, not knowing that I should see his face no more in this world. Yet do

I trust, through God His grace, and the merits of our Blessed Lady Mary and the Saints to see him *terra viventium*, in the land of the living.

My tale, methinks, draweth to a close, and I thank God that it should be so. Of what befell in that dread year, 1539, this is no place to write, nor could I, God He knows, write thereof without tears and grief of heart. Truly, my pilgrimage, as I deem, draweth, like this my tale, to its appointed ending, my desired day cometh, *sicut mercenarii* as that of a labourer whose task is well nigh finished. What little there is left to tell must of necessity, be told quickly, seeing I know not if mine eyes shall be gladdened by to-morrow's sun or by the light of Christ His Blessed Face.

In 1543, therefore, came the end of mine abode at Waterford, and we of that cell, or Priory, were driven forth, to find, as I have found, through God His mercy, a city of refuge, or to die, as many have died. And, in this wise did the Prior Oswald keep his tryst.

It was on the morrow of the day that saw us scattered as sheep having no shepherd, that I did make my way towards the Port of Waterford, if so be, I might find a ship to take me into France. But as I journeyed, sorrowing over all that had befallen us, I was ware of one, clad in the habit of our Holy Order, who came to meet me, whom, as he drew nearer, I knew to be the Prior Oswald's very self.

And, Brother, saith he, presently, I am sent to guide thee on thy way. That said he, and no more, speaking the soft Latin tongue of one that hath tarried long at Rome. Then did I thank God, our Lady Mary, and our Holy Father, Saint Benedict, not forgetting my good Patrons, Saint Michael, and Saint Patrick, and did follow him, even as I was bidden.

Then, presently, we came even to the sea-shore, not, indeed, at the Port of Waterford, but at a lonely place, where was no habitation of man, nor any to see us. Then did he divest him of his cowl, which, as ye know, we of our Holy Rule do wear in choir, and spread it on the surface of the tide that ebbed towards the south and east, and, Brother, saith he, stand thereon, and fear not, for thus did I cross this very sea, but yesterday, whereas I came to seek thee, by command of God. Wherein, not doubting,

I obeyed him, and, in short space of time, did find myself upon the shore of Wales.

Thence did we journey many weary leagues, until we came at last, by God His grace, to that strange Abbey in the valley of rocks whereof the Brother Cedric hath writ, as ye may read, an ye list. Therein I tarried many days, with certain Brethren of our Rule, from Glaston and from Durham, and from other, our Houses in Britain and in Ireland. Many things, and wondrous, passing all belief, heard I and saw, what time I dwelt among them, which also, our Lord the Abbot of Duns had bidden me keep secret ; for, Son, saith he, these things are better hid from human ken, seeing that we know not who shall read them. And, saith he, I doubt not they shall be known when God He seeth good to make them known. For thee, saith our Lord, the Abbot, see thou walk worthy of such favor as High God hath shown thee.

But, of one matter, saith our Lord, the Abbot, I may write, ere I do lay aside my pen, and fit me, as I trust, for my last hour, to wit, of that same Holy Grail, which as ye know, it pleased our Lord that I should see on that last night, ere yet I did depart from Glaston. Now, in that Abbey of the rocks, there was a church, vaster and more magnificent than any other I have seen on earth, or even read of, wherein they that dwelt *in adiutorio Altissimi* in that secret place of the Most High, were used to chant Mass and office, night and day, without ceasing, even as the Blessed do praise God in Paradise.

Now, it pleased God that I should abide there during Passion-tide, and sing, with those who dwell there, the solemn offices which Holy Church hath ordained for that sacred season. And lo ! when as the mitred Abbot of our Rule, chosen by lot, to sing the Mass, turned to take the chalice from the altar, it had vanished. And, in its place, amid a blaze of glory, stood the Chalice of our Lord, the Holy Grail, itself. Then did we kneel, all, in humblest reverence, for that the Abbot, fearing much, yet trusting in God His mercy, and the merits of Blessed Mary and the Saints, did finish the Mass with that same Chalice of our Lord. And when the Mass was ended, lo ! the glory passed, and, therewith, the Holy Grail, and we saw it no more. And, on the altar stood the

chalice wherewith he would have said Mass, but that God gave to him the Holy Grail instead.

But to me, in due season, said the Prior Oswald, Brother, saith he, Write this, at least, which thou hast seen. This, too, that it was I who brought it hither. As for me, saith he, my task is done for this while, and I go to my place of rest. I know not, saith he, if I shall wake till the last trumpet shall rouse me; therein, let God do as seemeth Him best. Brother, saith he, God have thee in His holy keeping. Whereat, we went our several ways, and I saw his face no more.

This, then, I have written, by command of good Lord, the Abbot. Hereafter, or before, if ye will, read and mark well what Brother Cedric hath set down concerning Prior Oswald, the which I have set out in English as men speak it in these days. And so, God keep you.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.



### A RONDEL'

(From an old copy of THE OWL.)

LAUGHTER and smiles outweigh all trials,  
 Whene'er, where e'er whose e'er they be,  
 And loop-holes for escape we see  
 From out all dangers, at all whiles,  
 If we but watch with eyes merry ;  
 Laughter and smiles outweigh all trials,  
 And follow after if we flee.  
 The early morn their charm beguiles,  
 Only to ask, to gain, need we,  
 Their faithful guard through all life's wiles.  
 Laughter and smiles outweigh all trials,  
 Whene'er, where e'er, whose e'er they be !

L. M.

# The Little Midshipman.

**A**BOUT a stone's throw from the Royal Exchange and with the Bank of England as his neighbor, the little Midshipman stood looking into the swarms of hackney coaches forever plying up and down before him,—a would-be human barometer to mark the fluctuations in the financial surges of the instrument maker, Solomon Gills. The charlatans, auctioneers, ginghams, palms, howdahs, hookahs, cashmeres and more East India clerks and commerce no more affected him than the roar and hub-bub of Broadway. Like the hard-hearted little wretch he was, he manifested in every way a perfect indifference to all human speculations, never deigning a nod or shake of his head in acquiescence or disapproval of anything that passed under his gaze, as uncognizant of what transpired about him as Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse. When the mist cleared away and enabled him with his glass to sweep the horizon, he seemed so bent on his own personal observations that even the toes of his shoes turned up in utter contempt of everything terrestrial, and when the sun beat down on him in all his splendor in his blue coat and right foot thrust forward he stood forth a regular animated declaration of independence.

Such a disposition, as may easily be surmised, exposed him to many serious imputations, and wise heads predicted his humiliation. And so in fact it turned out. He indulged in such vast speculation that his patrons could not save him, though Walter, one of them, was the most energetic man in the metropolis, and the other Solomon Gills, rather old, somewhat thick, and decidedly flabby, left not a stone unturned to maintain the little Midshipman independent. But in spite of their united efforts his unrelenting superciliousness brought on a series of disasters.

One fine morning the little Midshipman was covered with huge drops as of perspiration. The fog was thick and not only made the slippy streets slipperier and the muddy streets muddier, but pervaded everything material and even immaterial,—I had almost said spiritual, which had been a serious blunder when ap-

plied to the mental operations of Solomon Gills, --but at all events the joy had gained access to old Sol's garret and he sat there in the shop, the tears rolling down his cheeks and his eyes blinking away in the most bewildering manner imaginable. When Walter came upon the scene and saw the drops of perspiration standing out on the little Midshipman and old Solomon melting away and fast approaching the vanishing point, he knew at once that something radical had gone wrong and that drastic measures had to be taken on the spot. So he made a rush at old Sol, and seizing him by the shoulders gave a series of jerks, somewhat after the fashion of a man with a watch to set the wheels in motion. The operation had the desired effect ; old Sol's. wheels began to revolve and after a couple of awful gasps finally secured sufficient hold of the line of escaping ideas, he was apparently trying to pump up, and said : " I'm-m seized upon." He certainly was : and it was not for some time when Walter looking round for an explanation spied in the shop Mr. Brogley, broker round the corner, with a large head and formidable corporation, who sat there nodding away in corroboration of the old man's statement, that Walter really understood the real state of affairs, viz., that his uncle had become bankrupt and was about to be turned out neck and crop.

If you suppose, however, that the drops on the little Midshipman were the effect of anything he held in common with the category of human misery, or the result of any compassion on his part over the misfortunes of Solomon Gills, you must dispel the illusion at once. The little Midshipman had neither bowels nor heart, one of these (figuratively speaking of course) marble hearted fiends read of in plays, or in the Roman Amphitheatre, one of these monsters in collar and tie impervious to all inferior connections as though there was nothing sublunary about him. But the little Midshipman claimed kindred to none of these. He had nothing human about him and did not pretend to have. He was in fact the woodenest of little wooden Midshipman and was determined to remain so. He was there to mark the financial equilibrium of Solomon Gills and he did it.

Whether, then, on this particular morning the drops on his brow were an indication of some relentment on his part to feel the woes of his fellow creatures, or due to the fog alone will long

remain a subject of debate, but sure it is that things, financially speaking, were at a pretty low ebb, and Walter felt it deeply. So off the latter ran and with the aid of Captain Cuttle, succeeded in securing sufficient pecuniary aid of Mr. Dombey to mollify the said Brogley, and as a consequence maintain the little Midshipman on his pedestal.

Still it was a severe shock and resulted finally in the little Midshipman losing his balance. When Mr. Dombey sent Walter away the little Midshipman lost one of his mainstays, and things so dwindled away, that old Sol. himself cut and ran as the Captain put it, so there was nothing left for the Captain but to pull down the blinds and keep dark. Everything fell under the auctioneer's hammer, and the little Midshipman, dethroned, was relegated to a disgraceful position lying on his back on the stairs, his toes turned up alarmingly. The ignominies he underwent there may better be imagined than described. Some even say the auctioneer in his fury to hammer everything had knocked the little Midshipman down to a Jew to be used for some unheard of indignity when the Captain bore down upon the miscreant and rescued him just before the irrevocable sentence of "gone" fell from his lips. But whether from a stroke of the auctioneer's formidable hammer or not, something of a like crushing nature befell him, for he was fast going to pieces when the Captain relieved again by bringing him out and nailing him to the counter.

Here he recuperated somewhat, though the range of his observations was necessarily limited. But when he and the Captain recovered from the shock of old Sol's. runaway, and Walter's death, the little Midshipman took up his position at the door again though not nearly so pretentious as formerly ; he had been humiliated and took a lower pedestal. As a matter of course he had to suffer various indignities here too ; as for instance, when Rob. the Grinder, a promising youth (as his name suggests) of no enviable reputation, when Rob. was leaving he gave the little Midshipman an unmerciful wring by the nose as a parting vengeance. People, too, going by or passing in and out of the shop used to twinge him by the nose, or put their hands before his glass, or commit other not-to-be-endured outrages ; besides his scope for investigations was intolerably small, as the houses on

the opposite side of the street and even tall people and women's bonnets were forever obstructing his view, not to mention the distractions. But, if nothing else it should have taught the little Midshipman the different stages and the amount of hardships attending each before we are on a pedestal sufficiently high to overlook the common herd, and can afford to be so independent as to despise the base degrees by which we mounted.

But the little Midshipman was incorrigible. When old Sol. turned up and Walter came back alive, and the Captain no longer in dread of the redoubtable Mrs. McStinger, raised the blinds and everything seemed to indicate high tides in the flow of Solomon Gill's fortune, the little Midshipman was burnished up and restored to his former position on the pedestal to continue his observations. But though everything had changed round him he remained *semper idem*, unchangeable in arrogance, and bent as much as ever on his discoveries. When "Gills and Cuttle" shone in bright letters over his head he assumed his old attitude of indomitable alacrity, and disdainful of the past, his quadrant at his right hand and his glass to his eye he was once again all absorbed in scientific pursuits and dead to all worldly concerns. The dust and fog made him spotted, and the rain made him bright as of old, but otherwise the same callous, obdurate, conceited, little Midshipman as of yore.

P. J. McGuire, O.M.I.



# WHY ?

WHY is it that the paths which to some feet  
Are smooth and green, and easy to be trod,  
To others are but pit-falls, where they meet  
With snares, and stumble on their way to God ?  
Why is it that some walk where others fall ?  
And why so often are those very things  
Which clog the steps of some—the ones of all  
To give to others angel-spreading wings ?

Why is it that some hearts must yearn and sigh  
For what the owner deems of little worth,  
Must watch him with a careless hand throw by  
That, which to them, were dearest of the earth ?  
That which is dross to some, to others gold ;  
That which to one is gain, another's loss ;  
While one is warm, another is a cold,—  
One wears his crown, the other bears the cross.

Why is it thus ? We may not say we know—  
But this—that if we have not understood  
All the meanings of this world below,  
Our God has made it, and He called it “good.”  
So, good it is—and if for you and me  
Its ways seem dark—why heaven lieth wide,  
But just beyond—when from its gates we see  
Our way on earth—we shall be satisfied.”

## The O'Connell's Happy Xmas.



ORES Grove, one among the many matchlessly picturesque and romantic dells of sweet Innisfail, nestles down between two ranges of hills with slopes dotted over by sheltering groves, grotesque old raths and delapidated castles. Bordering on this vale of Arcady lies the famous demesne of Kilcooly, the landlord's favorite summer home. Hither flock tourists from surrounding country and city to view the stately mansion, with its encircling forest, its beautiful artificial lake, its rich terraces and particularly its historic ivy-clad abbey a spot dear to the hearts of the people. Splendid as is this lordly property, it certainly does not eclipse the more simple and pastoral beauty of

“ The loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain :  
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.”

Among the inhabitants of this delightful dale lived one James O'Connell, whose honest upright life made him esteemed by all his neighbors. By industry and thrift he had become the wealthiest of the farmers. His wife was a true friend of the poor and the needy, and his beautiful and accomplished daughter Mary, when not attending the Visitation Convent School in Kilkenny city, was the angel of the home—the mother's most willing helper in household duties, and in her charitable undertakings. Never was a toil-worn beggar sent away without abundant alms, while the hungry ones were replenished with a good hearty meal, or cheered with a warm cup of tea such as none but those Irish matrons could make. In return the kind hearted family received what they prized far above gold or diamonds, namely the fervent prayers of the poor and lowly. On a well kept farm of sixty acres James O'Connell found able and willing co-operators in the persons of his two stalwart sons Joe and Mike. Every year new and vast improvements were wrought by these skilful toilers. The

moor lands were drained and converted into excellent pasturage ; the stony, unprofitable mounds, where once a lime-kiln stood, were levelled and sown with various crops ; the wild, useless tract of yellow furz and tall fern was burned, the tough roots torn up, and in their place might be seen to flourish a luxuriant field of oats or a more valuable plot of potatoes. Thus after several years of incessant labor every available spot on the farm was utilized.

O'Connell's home likewise benefited from his progressive spirit, for the old thatched roof which kept out the wind and rain perhaps for centuries, gave place to one of slate ; the out-houses were kept in first-class condition ; and in general appearance his was the prettiest and most comfortable farm residence in the County of Kilkenny. The generosity of this good farmer was appreciated by all the people in his vicinity, but by none so much as the poor laborers whose little plots of land were tilled, sown, and reaped by that dexterous ploughman, Joe O'Connell. Truly God blessed four-fold, the faith and charity of this typical Irish family by bestowing upon them health and contentment and prosperity.

However, this condition of things did not last. These prosperous peasants were soon to suffer adversity. It is well known how the majority of Irish landlords do not live in Ireland. They care nothing for the struggles of the poor tenants whose sweat enables them to spend their own lives amid luxury and ease in the great cities of the continent. To swell their revenues, agents are sent among the people to note their resources and to raise their rent accordingly. One dark day James O'Connell remarked such a visitor examining his fine farm. He foresaw his doom without being able to avert it. A week later, the land commissioners valued all his property.

Instead of being recompensed for his vast improvements he was compelled to pay for them by having his rent almost doubled. This same year the taxes were raised in order to sustain the enormous expenses of the British wars in Africa. Within a couple of years these overwhelming misfortunes were made more disastrous by a wet harvest, which blighted forever the prospects of this sorely tried man, and placed on his shoulders a burden he was unable to bear. Not even by the sale of his fine horses, cattle, and farm implements could he now [meet the demands of those

exorbitant rents and taxes. At last came the long-dreaded alternative. If he was not ready to pay every copper of the arrears he should quit his home at the expiration of eight days ; dismal ultimatum which has conveyed desolation to the homes and hearts of Ireland's population for centuries. At the close of those eight days was witnessed in the peaceful village of Gores Grove a scene which the imagination shudders to recall and the pen is powerless to portray ; yet it has been of almost weekly occurrence in some portion of Ireland since the landlords began to sway its destinies.

On the morning of the evictions no less than 200 British soldiers and some able-bodied policemen swooped down upon the quiet town land with equipments fit to storm the redoubtable rock of Gibraltar. With all the ceremonial of their profession the soldiers took possession of every road, boreen, or path leading towards the doomed cottage of James O'Connell. The black squad of policemen acted as a body-guard for the bailiffs,—those heartless wretches who had to execute their shameful work. By the ringing of the church bell the people were apprised of the evictions, and they flocked impetuously to the scene of action, to be roughly repelled with baton and bayonet by the officers of the law. Within the cottage were Mr. O'Connell and family. "When the cruel oppression crushes them those peaceful peasants cannot help striking back in terror and in anger."

Hence, though, James O'Connell was the possessor of a mild, genial temperament, when he saw the home of his ancestors and of his childhood invaded by the remorseless executors of unjust laws, contrary to the supplications of his wife and children he took his stand in the open doorway, axe in hand he told the approaching bailiffs that they would be obliged to tread on his dead body before they could despoil his home. Seeing the determination of this brave farmer, the bailiffs retired. Then that merciless system put in its ghastly appearance when the Residing Magistrate, having read the Riot Act, bade the stubborn man to withdraw. Heedless of this threat and command, there the stalwart figure remained firm as a rock. Two soldiers with loaded rifles were ordered to advance, to take aim. The moment the sergeant was yelling "fire !" the distracted daughter rushed past her father and

threw herself before the muzzles of the rifles. Silence deep as death fell upon all ; the soldiers stood in a trance unable to move the triggers. As the dreadful word, fire, was belched forth a second time, a horse with rider plunged before the lovely maiden in time to receive the fatal bullets. The dead horse fell with its wounded rider ; the terrified father snatched up his fainting daughter ; the mother and infuriated sons rushed to their assistance. To everybody's amazement the chivalrous horseman proved to be the landlord's son who accidentally came on the scene, and, witnessing the abominable injustice about to be enacted, imperilled his life for the safety of the brave farmer and daughter. He was carried to his mansion in Kilcooly in the Magistrate's coach, grieving that he was powerless to stop the terrible work.

The eviction was at once resumed without show of opposition. The bailiffs proceeded to dismantle a once happy home, to dislodge cherished objects handed down from generation to generation and in use for years without number.

It is impossible to imagine the grief that smote the affectionate hearts and impressible minds of this family at the sight of their dear belongings in the dresses, tables, chests, chairs, beds and other furniture ruthlessly torn apart and cast out before their very eyes. Their anguish and horror was extreme to see the holy pictures that adorned their humble dwelling, especially the venerated crucifix and loved statue of the Blessed Virgin, seized by the despoilers and sacrilegiously bundled out to be broken into pieces ? The house itself would then have been reduced to ashes were it not for its slate roof. It was preserved for the use of the Care-taker.

It was truly heartrending to behold this afflicted family upon the road side,—outcast from their beloved home, exiles in their own country,—evicted from that cherished abode which had sheltered their forefathers from time immemorial.

Oh, but what a glorious example of steadfast faith, resignation and hope did they not exhibit in this hour of misfortune ? They anchored their eternal hope in the love, goodness, and mercy of an all-wise, all-merciful God ; they praised Him in their affliction ; and they prayed fervently for strength to bear this trial without complaint. It was upon this occasion that the sublime Irish faith

of that desolate family made evident its hidden depths, as those fond parents endeavored to console their children by giving vent to their inner feelings in such beautiful sentiments : "Welcome be the holy will of God!" "God wills it, we must be satisfied!" "God is good! He will one day repay us for all!" Thus how stirring, how active, how real is the undying faith in those people in whose daily lives and conduct are embodied the noblest and the loftiest principles of Christian civilization, and the very teachings of Christ himself. How true are the words of one of Erin's foremost writers : "The thoughts, the instincts, the desires, the very passions of this people tend toward the supernatural."

The eviction of James O'Connell was by no means the only one which took place on that occasion. In one short week not less than thirteen families were ejected from their humble dwellings. At each and all the same fiery Celtic character, the same beautiful illustration of divine faith, the same eternal hope in the final triumph of God's goodness and mercy were exhibited. Nor were these homeless peasants forgotten for a moment by their guardians and guides, their truest friends and sincerest consolers — their devoted priests. Backed by the then powerful organization, the Land League, these watchful shepherds quickly came with substantial aid to their afflicted people. Through the magnanimous generosity of more fortunate neighbors the evicted tenants were given small plots of land whereon were constructed wooden cottages. Here they lived supported partly by the League and partly by the industry of their own hands.

It was sad to see the large number of young men and maidens compelled to tear themselves from their sorrowing parents, from all they held dear on earth, to seek in foreign and more hospitable land those rights and privileges denied them at home. Among others was Joe O'Connell who soon afterwards went to find employment in America's great metropolis, New York city. James O'Connell himself became a day laborer; while his wife and daughter carried on a flourishing grocery business in their little wooden cottage.

Mr. O'Connell and his daughter, filled with gratitude for the heroic act of their rescuer, paid him a visit at his magnificent mansion. With pleasure he accepted the fresh bouquet of sweet

smelling flowers presented by the bashful maiden, while the heartfelt sentiments of sincere thankfulness expressed by the pair overwhelmed him. Deep down in the heart of this high-souled young nobleman were sown the seeds of sympathy for those oppressed peasants, and of love for the farmer's daughter. His mind and heart became enamored of this peasant maiden. Her purity of soul expressed in her calm modest countenance, her open frank manner, her devotedness and solicitude for her parents, but above all her solid, vivid faith,—all those striking traits made a lasting impression on him. He decided to do his utmost to repair the work of his tyrannical father. But for the present he was powerless, and so summer after summer when he visited his mansion he never failed to call frequently at the neat little grocery store of James O'Connell. Here a zealous novelist might find sufficient material to build up a delightful romance.

At length he solicited the hand of this village girl. She unhesitatingly refused, for her heart and hand were plighted to Larry Tobin, a splendid young Irishman who had to emigrate after the evictions, but who was soon to return to claim his bethrothed. Great was her grief, however, when, some few months later, she heard of the total wreck of a great ocean liner, that was conveying her intended husband home over the Atlantic. Hence, in the following summer, when the landlord's son visited his estate he found this barrier to the object of his affections removed. Yet there stood a yawning gulf between them, for he was not of her faith. But, as we have seen, his sensitive, noble mind was not unimpressed by her piety and virtue. An intimate and clear insight into the ways, manners and steadfast faith of the Irish people also unfolded to him the purity, divineness and moral influence of the Catholic religion. The more closely he examined the daily lives of these simple, thrifty people the more keenly was he touched by their faith in the supernatural; their firm belief in an existing and ever-ruling Providence; and their ardent and child-like devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. All this was a revelation to him, and contrasted strongly with his own cold, unlovely religion. Finally, the truth, beauty and grandeur of the Catholic faith broke in upon his soul. He decided to walk no more in the darkness of error's endless night. His first step was

to visit the familiar grocery store, there to unveil his designs to Mary O'Connell. Her heart overflowing with delight and her countenance all-radiant with joy, she took his hand in hers and raising her blue eyes to heaven she thanked God for having heard and answered her constant prayer as well as the prayers of the poor. Unbounded was the rejoicing and endless was the gossip which the tidings spread throughout the country. All saw a bright day not far distant for the poor evicted tenants of Gores Grove.

On the memorable Sunday preceding the Advent of 1886, a momentous and joyful event took place in the parish church when the wealthy, handsome and gallant young neophyte was wedded to the modest, yet beautiful and accomplished, peasant girl. There was no demonstration, no great ceremony, though the Nuptial Mass was attended by a large crowd of the poor in whose hearts and on whose lips was a fervent prayer for those loved and esteemed ones who were now entering upon a new and altogether consecrated life.

Two weeks later the landlord's son received news of the death of his father, who left him in possession of all his estates. A new era now dawned upon the evicted farmers.

After a weary absence of eight years the O'Connell family was reinstated in their cherished homestead. Measureless, indeed, was the joy which flooded the hearts of this sorely tried family upon that bright day ; sincere were the prayers of gratitude which they offered first to God, next to their generous benefactor for such signal blessings.

Christmas was now approaching. The whole country was in preparation for that grand old festival, so dear to the hearts of Christians in every clime, and having a special claim for the inhabitants of Erin's Isle. For what people can so clearly realize, and so keenly feel, the sublime lessons of the crib, if not that persecuted race who have carried the Cross of their Crucified God ; and have borne His joys and sorrows, His humiliations and mortifications for seven long centuries ?

The simple homes of the Irish undergo a complete transformation at this period, and display to the utmost advantage their modest cheerfulness. The newly furnished home of James O'Con-

nell reflected the prevailing spirit. The walls were freshly white-washed, the old furniture glistened with varnish, the cooking utensils and lamps brightly polished with brick-bat; the china-ware were arranged with taste on the dresser: while the vy and holly were abundantly and artistically arranged around the pictures and in every corner, threw over all an air of comfort and cheerfulness. The blazing column fire which lighted up the cleanly swept hearth. Without the cold pierceing winds could be heard whistling through the leafless trees and the falling snow was being whirled into the sheltered nooks; within, all was security, peace and happiness.

As the father, mother and son sat comfortably by the fireside the memories of the many joyous Xmas days formerly spent within those hallowed walls flashed upon their minds,—memories seasonable of the great event in the history of man's redemption. But though these remembrances were happy in the present, yet they were sad in the recollection of their absent son, who ignorant of the change would spend Xmas day far away in New York city. While such reflections occupied their mind, a side car stopped before the door. In a moment a tall handsome young man stood before them. With one quick glance James O'Connell recognized the features of his son Joe. The enraptured parents shed tears of joy and love to behold once more their darling eldest son, their former renowned ploughman, now a confirmed Yankee, from that wonderland America. Surely never was a Xmas Eve wrought with a downpour of graces and blessings as did those happy folk enjoy on that memorable occasion. As the traditional candle burned brightly in the window, this reunited and reinstated family gathered round the cosey hearth,—that rallying place of the affections,—and talked far into the night of the events of the past eight years. With eager, joyful countenance did Joe listen to the details of the happy marriage of his beloved sister; while the others in turn drank in with wonder and astonishment the thrilling stories of American life.

When the solemn hour which gave to this dark, sinful world a Redeemer,—that hour the contemplation of which touches the tenderest chords in the human heart, because it commemorates the coming of Jesus Christ, our joy, our hope, our love—when

that august hour approached this truly joyous family, not forgetful of heavenly favors which were being lavished upon them, gathered round their little altar—so much like the one of old—in order to pour forth to God fervent prayers of thanksgiving, and to welcome in a most befitting manner the first moments of that glorious Xmas Day. Having completed this act of love and devotion with the Rosary, all retired “to sleep the sleep of innocence and dream its dreams.”

Gay and resplendent was the beautiful Christmas morning which dawned upon Gores Grove. Though the snow continued to fall and the piercing winds kept blowing, yet the warm-hearted peasants could be seen wending their way from far and near to the little parish church, there to participate in the three Masses and to feast their eyes on the venerated crib. Elevated were the thoughts, holy the aspirations, and fervent the prayers which issued from the hearts of those humble worshippers as they devoutly assisted at Mass. Amongst them was the O'Connell family, who occupied one of the front seats, together with those two idols of the people—the landlord's son and his charming bride. For the zealous convert the whole scene was touching in the extreme, especially at that awful moment of Consecration, when all bowed down in adoration before the Presence of Him whose glorious Nativity they were that day celebrating. “Let no one say,” writes Father Sheehan, “that our poor Irish do not grasp the meaning of this central mystery of faith; for whosoever understands our people will agree with me that no philosopher in his rostrum, no great theologian in his study, no consecrated nun in her choir, realize more distinctly the awful miracle of love and mercy that is enshrined on our altars—and named Emanuel.”

Equally impressed was he to behold both young and old, rich and poor, assemble around the lowly crib, there to contemplate with love and sympathy the Christ-Child who came to redeem fallen man, and who was to be the Way of Truth and the Light to future generations. It was here that their Celtic imagination transported them back over nineteen centuries till they found themselves before the door of the humble cave adoring their New-born King with the shepherds of Bethlehem. At length, strengthened and refreshed by those heavenly gifts and

graces which the Divine Babe lavishes upon the whole Christian world on this joyful day those glad people returned to their happy homes where all the sweetness and joyousness, the conviviality and mirth of the jubilant season of peace, love and good-will awaited them, and where friends and neighbors assembled to exchange heartfelt and time-honored greetings of a Merry Christmas. Nor shall we now dare intrude upon the heavenly joy and peace which reigned in the O'Connell home—that sanctuary of domestic felicity around which the most sacred memories of the heart were entwined, that abode fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys where the merriment and gaiety of this happy Yuletide held full sway, and, in a word, where were gathered together those fond kindred hearts whom the sorrows and cares of the world were continually drifting apart. How joyously could this blissful family sing with the poet :

“ Still round our old paternal hearth  
Do loving faces meet,  
And brothers parted through the year  
Do brothers kindly greet.

Oh may we aye whate'er betide  
In Christian joy and mirth,  
Sing welcome to the blessed day  
That gave our Saviour birth.”

P. J. P. '04.



# Gerald Griffin.



HE lovers of true Irish literature have last month been celebrating in quiet, befitting manner the centenary of the birth of Gerald Griffin. The works of this writer are well known and read, though not as much perhaps as they deserve. His novels, poems and plays furnish much that should appeal to our younger generation of students who look to Goldsmith, Longfellow and Washington Irving as models of a style gracefully descriptive and heart reaching.

Gerald Griffin was born in the City of Limerick, Ireland, on the twelfth day of December, 1803. He was the youngest of a family which comprised nine sons and three daughters. While he was yet of tender years he developed a taste for reading and composing which remained with him throughout his life. His first tutor, Mr. McEligot, was an Irish pedagogue of the old style, the representative of a class that is now almost extinct.

When the young Gerald was seven years of age, the family moved to a country place on the banks of the Shannon, twenty-eight miles from Limerick. Here the best part of his boyhood was spent and in all his troubles and hardships he never forgot the early impressions of nature which he received there. He continually recurs, in his poems and sketches, to those scenes of his youth and dwells on them with undiminished fondness. His mother undertook his education until a capable tutor could be found. At last one was discovered who was infinitely superior to the pompous and self-sufficient McEligot. Under such tutelage the young pupil advanced rapidly in his studies and applied himself with such ardor that composing became quite a pastime for him. A few years after this his parents emigrated to America, together with some of the family, leaving him with three brothers and two sisters in Ireland. They established themselves at Adare, a small village in the vicinity of Limerick. His proximity to that city afforded Griffin many literary advantages and enabled him to make the acquaintance of the staunchest friend of his life, Banim,

who was the author of "Tales of the O'Hara family." At this time he became a member of a Thespian society and wrote four plays, of which "Gisippus" alone remains. At eighteen he was the editor of a Limerick newspaper.

The desire for fame now seized upon our young hero, and when barely twenty years of age he resolved to cast himself into the seething vortex of London, confident in his own powers and scorning the very idea of repulse or defeat. But he was destined as many another before him to undergo innumerable trials and hardships before he could even hope to become known in the literary world. Often indeed had he to live in the greatest poverty, not having a shilling to his name, but too proud and independent to ask assistance. He managed to earn a miserable and uncertain pittance by reporting trials for the newspapers, and contributing to periodicals, a mean occupation indeed for the man who was capable of producing such a literary creation as "The Collegians." He had set out with the enthusiasm of youth to reform the drama, having brought with him a number of plays, among them "Gisippus" and "Aguire," but realizing the utter impossibility of the task which he had set himself he soon lost heart and destroyed these compositions upon which he had expended so much youthful labor.

Soon afterwards he secured a position as a parliamentary reporter and began to breathe more freely, but he yearned for a higher level and the fame of a literary life. Encouraged by the acceptance of one of his plays at the "English Opera House," Griffin began to write "Hollandtide," a description of Irish manners and characteristics. It immediately became popular and his success as an author was assured. This induced him to publish the next year "Tales of the Munster Festivals." It was even more popular than "Hollandtide," and the critics began to load him with praise. The greatest of his works "The Collegians," was published the following year and crowned his fame. This book which was the most highly wrought and thrilling of his works was written with little care, the work of each day being wanted for "copy" the next.

Gerald Griffin was now at the height of his fame and the days of poverty and privation were past and gone, but he never forgot

his affection for his old home. Speaking of the River Shannon in a letter to his sister he asks :

“ Know ye not that lovely river ?  
Know ye not that smiling river ?  
Whose gentle flood  
By cliff and wood,  
With wildering sound goes winding ever !  
Oh ! often yet with feeling strong  
On that dear stream my memory ponders,  
And still I prize its murmuring song—  
For by my childhood’s home it wanders ! ”

From this time when he was on the pinnacle of his fame, the young author began to have a growing distaste for literature. He found the realization of fame quite different from what he had thought it to be. When it was a thing to be desired and sought after, he was ready to undergo the severest hardships in order to obtain it, but when he held it in his grasp, its hollowness became too apparent and he commenced to despise it. Consequently, having abandoned his literary pursuits, he took up the study of law at London University. But his heart was not in this either so he gave it up and returned to the home he loved so well. In the year 1833 he formed one of a deputation from Limerick, to endeavor to induce Thomas Moore to represent that city in Parliament. He gives a very pleasing account of that interview, in the course of which he describes the poet as “ a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet and frame forever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair.”

He made a tour of the highlands of Scotland and on his return announced to his family that he had determined to embrace a monastic life. He had had for a long time this idea in his mind and was moved in his decision by the sorrow which the death of a dear sister had cast over his soul, and also by the example of a female relative who had become a sister of charity. He believed that in utter seclusion from the world, that peace would be found which he had hitherto sought in vain, in busier struggles. On the 8th day of September, 1838, he entered a Dublin monastery under the name of Brother Joseph. He died in Cork, on the 12th day

of June, 1840. His remains were laid to rest in the Christian Brothers' cemetery in that city. The spot has become a place of pilgrimage for the numerable tourist who have learned to find delight in the beauty, the wit, humor and pathos of Griffin's work. In the centre rises a celtic cross with little mounds and headstones on either side. Immediately on the right is one with the simple inscription: "Br. Gerald Jos. Griffin, died 12 June, 1840. May he rest in peace."

Thus ended the life of one of the purest and best literary lights of the nineteenth century, and Ireland's greatest prose writer. No writer showed a truer perception of what is pure and elevated and noble in Irish character than Gerald Griffin. He was gifted with a vivid imagination and was very natural in all his portrayals. "The Collegians" was his masterpiece, and is certainly the best novel depicting Irish life, that has been written. It is the work of a master. The only fault to be found with any of Griffin's works is that, like all Irish writers, he dwells too much on the terrible. But he is unsurpassed in delineating Irish character. Griffin, all through his life, was essentially religious, and this is all the more commendable when we consider the temptations to which he was subjected. He is singularly pure-minded, and there is nothing in any of his books that could shock the most delicate conscience. He gave the crowning proof of his religious tendencies when he exchanged the glamor of a literary life for the seclusion of the monastery, and thus he proved what a hold religion has on the Irish mind and heart.

He died young, it is true, and his works show us more what he would do than what he actually effected, yet we feel that he has given us sufficient for remembrance. The author of "The Collegians" must live, and as an able delineator of Irish national feelings, as an expounder of that subtlest of problems,—the Irish heart—he cannot be forgotten.

W. P. DERHAM,  
Fifth Form.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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CONGRATULATORY.

It is a well known saying that to discover the extent of a man's abilities you must place him under responsibility. The aptitude towards execution, inherent in every one, often lies apparently dormant, until some great difficulty arises; then his whole being, as it were, is called into action, and in one vast effort to cope with the situation he reveals himself to us, in the proper degree of his powers, and demonstrates his efficiency as a man of action. But while this is true of the individual, it is especially true of certain corporations or bodies of men, who work together in harmony, who discharge their duties in their several departments with the dominant idea of the whole, ever present to their minds, whose every action in short, is in conformity with the principal object of the corporation.

It is easily seen that nothing note worthy can be expected from such a body of individuals unless all work in unison and with good will. The best results in any corporation can be attained, only by a system of mutual concession of opinion on the part of its members, who, under the guidance of the chief executive, are ever willing to sacrifice their personal opinions to the general good. Hence, in no society of men working in a corporate capacity can we look for such splendid results as from a body of the Catholic clergy, who by excellent philosophical training, and the discipline of self and the denial which their noble life calls for, are eminently qualified to obtain proper results. Add to this the beneficial effects, the training in the direction of the essentials of corporate executive ability, which years of community life affords, and the vows of the Religious, and it becomes plain that the best work can, in this connection, be accomplished by those who belong to a Religious order.

It is a matter of pride with the REVIEW to the able to state that the Faculty of Ottawa University have within the last two months demonstrated the truth of the above remarks. This statement is made on the strength of the work accomplished by the Oblate Fathers in Ottawa, subsequent to the terrible calamity which befell them on the morning of December 2nd. For even while the block occupied by the Arts buildings was a mass of smoking debris, the Faculty decided that not one student would be compelled to leave Ottawa for the pursuit of the studies which had been so sadly interrupted. "By no means"; said Dr. Emery, our President, when a *senior* man asked him shortly after the fire, if work was to be abandoned; "not only will your class be provided for, but we feel confident that we will resume work in *every* department by January 7th." Subsequent events proved that his hopes were not over sanguine. A circular was sent to the boys asking them to return for work on that date, as arrangements had been made for their welfare. And right well did they respond. Almost without a delinquent. There poured into the city on the appointed day, hundreds of "*good fellows*" from every quarter of the compass; "boys," who had been students of Ottawa in her prosperity and who would not now desert her in the hour of her temporary adversity. They come, many of them, with

grave fears and misgivings lest the cheery words of the President's circular could not be representative of realities ; they come, nevertheless, resolved to brook any hardship if only they would continue their studies under the inspiration of their dear old "Garnet and Grey." Such was their faith in their "*old Ottawa*" that no thought was more foreign to their minds than to seek an equivalent education for hers elsewhere. Yet, it was with the air of the skeptic that they enquired of conditions at the University. Their skepticism was short-lived. Conviction in the reality of the noble work done by the Faculty in their absence, soon dawned upon them, for they saw that every provision had been taken to secure their comfort and convenience.

Such is the way in which Ottawa University has demonstrated her zeal for education ; such the manner in which her students have proved the necessity of her existence, as the centre of Catholic education in Canada. We know that *the boys* appreciate her efforts and sacrifices in their behalf. Witness their loyalty to her in her time of trial. We feel confident that she in her turn knows well how to show her grateful recognition of such devotion. No stronger incentive to conviction in this respect, can be wished than her splendid solicitude for her sons in everything that can tend to promote the contentment and well-being of the student. Yes, we feel sure that the *Alma Mater* and her children mutually understand each other's devotion, that the service each rendered the other will grow to greater and greater proportions ; that its fruits may be apparent in each, and that under the stimulus which tribulation never fails to impart, Ottawa University will turn reverse into advantage, and ere long be better prepared than ever to accomplish her mission, as the premier Catholic University of Canada.

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#### AN APOLOGY.

It is very flattering to see the Xmas REVIEW so eagerly sought for and so carefully read. It is natural to feel proud of being quoted as an authority by every class of people in the community. But the honor is also one having its drawbacks. There is reason to fear that the article headed "The University Fire" is

taken too seriously in certain quarters, and may occasion consequences not intended by it. The REVIEW is indeed a College organ, published by the students, intended primarily to initiate them into matters literary and scientific, in a word to stimulate and reflect their intellectual activity. But while it generally entertains no other ambition and endeavors to realize this aim, the College organ cannot claim exemption from the mistakes and defects common to such publications.

As to the article in question, it was penned shortly after the fire and set up before inquiries took place and long before the number was published. This article was not subjected to censorship. The statements it contains are based in great part on personal observations, on the accounts of spectators who in the excitement of the moment were naturally hyperbolical in their statements ; in part, also, on newspaper reports which are notoriously misleading. Hence this description of the fire, while it was intended and in the main is correct, should be discounted in certain details. The need of this will appear from the attempt to place the cause of the conflagration regarding which there is nothing more than conjecture. Excessive blame is laid upon the Fire Department, which after all did what was possible under the circumstances. The firemen in fact did a great deal that, apparently, escaped notice and commendation. To implicate the lumber merchants in this affair is an injustice in this case, which students will regret all the more, when they know and recall kindnesses received from these much abused people in the past, notably in relation to the Athletic Field. Moreover, people found fault with the assertion that "these facts can be sworn to." In the light of later inquiries we will not try to justify this beyond remarking that it is easy to speak of doing a thing before we have done it.

In conclusion we trust that this humble apology will be acceptable to Ottawa and the people who have been concerned about the remarks printed. We admire our beautiful city too much to wish it anything but good. And if we may seem in our grumblings to have questioned her right to all that is implied in the noble title of the Capital of the Dominion, the fact that we were thinking too much of our losses—which as a matter of fact could hardly be helped—will be our plea for indulgence.

## Inter Alia.

“ If there a hole in a’ your coats  
 I rede ye, tent it ;  
 A chiel’s amang ye, takin’ notes,  
 And, faith, he’ll prent it.”

“ When in doubt, play trumps.” When you have nothing to write, write it : *ex nihilo nihil fit*, which, if not axiomatic, is solid fact. Possibly, by so doing, one may succeed in winning a reputation for wisdom, on Gratiano’s principle : “ I do know of those

“ That therefore only are reputed wise  
 “ For saying nothing.” (Merch. of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.)

True, every time. “ Ye can believe me my son, for I’ve tried baith,” as the old Scotsman said in *re* “ Honesty is the best policy.”

“ Clubs are trumps, not spades”; that they say, was Lawrence’s answer, at a rubber of whist, when asked, “ Shall Delhi be besieged or stormed.” Clubs were trumps. Query ; Which card was the “ curse of Scotland ?” The chiel seeks information.

*Omnis homo mendax* : Doubtless, as the preacher put it, “ Dauvid micht hae said it at his leesure” had he lived in . . . Ottawa? Was it the same meenister who, being gifted with cavernous oral faceelities, preached from the text : “ The ass opened his mouth and spaake?” To the mirth, if not to the edification of his hearers.

A dilemma for our philosophers : “ One of themselves has said : The Cretans were alway liars.” Was he one? If so, *mendacibus non creditur*. Gentlemen, extricate him, and yourselves.

“ What is truth ? said jesting Pilate.” Jesting ? surely not, though, indeed, he “ would not stay for an answer.” What is truth—the words, or the impression conveyed ? *Verum et bonum sunt unum*. Granted but—good to myself, to my neighbor, or to

the community? Define *bonum*, first; afterwards prove the truth of the above dictum. S. Athanasius, asked: "Have you seen Athanasius?" answered: "He was in front of you but now." He told the truth: but—the impression conveyed? *Deprecare pro nobis Filum Dei.*

*Ex nihilo nihil fit*; the Chiel is as consistent as his neighbors, which is—not at all. He had a word to say of humor, Scottish, Irish, American: but refrains, for the present; possibly, *sine die*. Humor, it may be, is as difficult to define as truth. She, men say, lives in a well: humor, sayeth Magregor, senior, "must be dug for." It is hard, at best, to see the humor of some things, or of some people. "The congregation may disperse, I'm stung."

#### THE CHIEL.

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### Exchanges.

It is with pleasure we have noted, among others, the following cordial sentiments—often a bit flattering—expressed towards us by our college exchanges. The first dates from Dec. 5th. We clip it from that truly excellent college weekly, the *Notre Dame Scholastic* :—

"A wave of sympathy swept over Notre Dame on Thursday morning when it became known that the University of Ottawa had been devastated by fire. The University was founded by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate in 1848, and has fifty-five years of brilliant history to commend it to the good will of the Catholic public. At Notre Dame we are able to share the feelings of the Oblates and their students, not only because of the friendly relations that have always existed between the two institutions, but also because our Alma Mater experienced a similar disaster in 1879. 'Disaster' is hardly the word, however, for although the prospects that stretched out before the priests and Brothers of Holy Cross when the work of almost forty years was swept away in a few hours was discouraging in the extreme, and although the labors and privations involved in rebuilding Notre

Dame are appalling to look back upon, nevertheless from that visitation dates a new era of progress in the history of the college. So may it be with Ottawa! The spirit which created it will re-create it. It will find new friends in its hour of trial. It will fulfil—more than fulfil—the splendid promise it held before the catastrophe of Wednesday morning."

The November issue of the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW contains many well-written and interesting articles. The paper on "Shakespeare and His Works" is especially instructive, and would merit space in *any* magazine. A sketch of the Life of Robert Burns is also found in this number. The writer passes lightly over the sorrows and alterations in Burns' chequered life, and contents himself with a brief glance at his works, in which the poet stands revealed with his good and evil qualities. Considerable space is given to Athletics, and the *true* sportsmanlike ring throughout is much to be admired. Evidently they have kept in mind "To smile in victory is easy—in defeat, heroic."

—*Acadia Athenæum.*

While we were enjoying the first reading of the November number of the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW a friend informed us of the deplorable fire which destroyed that grand institution. Our deepest sympathy went out at once to the Oblate Fathers who saw the precious work of years ruined in moments that must have been agonizing. One joy is theirs—in the large student body no life was lost, and no words of blame mar the strong feelings of compassion so universally expressed. The *Eagle* voices the sympathy of all at St. Clara and carries to the Reverend Fathers the sincere wish that from the ruins of the fire a yet nobler University may arise to perpetuate the teachings of their amed schools.

It is with the greatest regret that all the educational institutions of America have heard of the great loss sustained by the Roman Catholic Church in the destruction of the buildings of Ottawa University. Though the Roman Catholic Church is perhaps better able than any other to endure the loss, still it is an immense disadvantage to have the work of such an important

institution cease even though it be but for a short time. Ottawa has the sympathy of Wesley College in her loss.—*Vox Wesleyana*.

McMaster men have heard with regret of the fire that devastated the University of Ottawa some weeks ago, and feel genuine sympathy with the students who lost their property and were forced to gaze on the destruction of their Alma Mater. Our personal knowledge of the University is largely confined to the exploits of its famous Rugby football team, and to the literary productions of the undergraduates as they appear in the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW, one of the oldest and most valued exchanges of the *McMaster Monthly*. We know, however, that it has had a long career of service to higher education among the Roman Catholics of Canada, and that it numbers among its graduates several distinguished Canadians. We understand that a new building will be commenced in the near future, and that in the meantime the undergraduates will be enabled to continue their work. It will be the wish of all interested in education that the good work done by Ottawa College may be continued, and that the present calamity may win it many friends among those whom it serves.

In the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW, the synopsis of "Shakespeare and His Works" was well handled, and we shall gladly greet the coming month's completion of the article. The "Lights and Shadows in the Character of Robert Burns" have been well portrayed in the same number—"A mon's a mon for a       "—*The Nazarene*.

Turning to the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW we are reminded of the great loss which the University has suffered and of the loss of inconvenience which has been caused its students in the recent destruction by fire of the College Residence and Arts Building. We can sympathize very sincerely with Ottawa in its loss, as we ourselves have suffered similarly.—*The Argosy*.

Almost at the very moment that the UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW for November reached our table, came the deplorable news that the University had been destroyed by fire. We know not

how to express fittingly our regret for this catastrophe, and the particularly sad incidents which accompanied it. Mt. St. Mary's *Record* extends its deepest sympathy and sincere wishes that in this crucible of misfortune may be distilled the pure gold of a greater blessing.

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## Among the Magazines.

We are grieved to learn that the *Missionary Record* of the O.M.I., published in England, has suspended publication on account of expense. The following is a letter received from the editor :

Colwyn Bay, Wales, Dec. 16, 1903.

I am greatly pleased with the November number of the UNIVERSITY REVIEW. I hope my name will continue on your list, for I should miss the REVIEW very much if it did not come to me.

The article by a young student on his fishing expedition is just the thing.

What I admire most of all is the good nature, the perfect impartiality and kind feeling shown towards all—English and French, —Poor Bobbie Burns, the Jesuits, and everybody, even the roughs who are brutal in a game of football. This perfect self-control, and high mindedness is indeed the University spirit, the Catholic spirit.

THOMAS DAWSON, O.M.I.

May the ruins caused by the dreadful fire soon be repaired, and poor Father Fulham's place be well filled !

*Success* for February promises a rare treat to its readers. Church speakers will be interested in the fact that "even the great Beecher couldn't keep all awake." Those who have seen Henry Irving will be attracted by the article entitled "Henry Irving's Fight for Fame." "Books Worth Reading," by Arthur Stringer, is itself worth reading. There are always good hints for college men in *Success*.

THE REVIEW joyfully welcomes a new exchange in the *Champlain Educator*. This magazine, not long since known as *Mosher's Magazine*, is the official organ of the Champlain Summer School, and Reading Union deserves gratitude for its useful educational and

high literary work. The whole number is worth reading from the first to the last work. Without expressing a preference, we may admit we like the study on the "Nature and Structure of the Paragraph."

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## Athletics.

Owing to the fact that the regular departments were omitted from the Fire number of the REVIEW, the December items have been held over until January.

### RUGBY UNIONS MEET.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on December 5th, Messrs Clancy and Halligan being the College representatives present. The application of the Westmount team, Intermediate Champions of Canada, for admission to senior company was first considered. In view of the fact that the Britannia F. B. C. was unrepresented at the meeting, and that the rumor was current that they would drop out of senior company, it was unanimously decided that if any team left the senior ranks the Westmount application would be accepted. It has however, since been ascertained that the Brits. have no intention of leaving the Senior Q. R. F. U.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then followed and resulted as follows :—

President—H. Molson, M.A.A.A.

1st Vice-President—A. L. McDonald, O.U.A.A.

2nd Vice-President—J. E. Seybold, Rough Riders.

Sec.-Treasurer—E. H. Brown, M.A.A.A.

Messrs. Shillington, Halligan and Dr. Jack were then appointed Q. R. F. U. delegates to the Canadian Rugby Union meeting.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Rugby Union was held in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on December 19th, President Molson occupying the chair. The Ontario Rugby Union delegates were Messrs. Woodworth, McMurrich and Johnson, whilst the Q. R. U. was represented by the gentlemen already mentioned.

As usual the Ontario delegates tried to force the Burnside rules on the C. R. U., but the majority present, recognizing the advantages derived from the Clancy rule during the past season, rightly voted the motion down. This caused much displeasure to the Ontario Union representatives who were blind to the fine points of the present Canadian rules.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the Inter-Collegiate Foot-ball Union made an informal application for admission to the C. R. F. U. Their application was unanimously accepted.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are :

President—J. E. McMurrich, Toronto.

Vice-President—T. F. Clancy, Ottawa.

Sec.-Treasurer—Rev. J. Barr, Toronto.

#### HOCKEY.

The rink which had just been completed before the fire, has been cleared of snow, thanks to the many willing hands who daily worked with broom and shovel. Four teams have been picked among the seniors and Messrs. Lamothe, Brosseau, MacDonald and Cosgrove will captain the respective sevens. So far each game has been so well contested that it might be rash to guess which team will win out.

Mr. L. Brennan has been appointed manager of the Senior Hockey team, and he is at present casting about for the scalps of aspiring city teams.

The Philosophers Hockey team, which has issued challenges to any other combination in the house, is practicing daily under the titles of Utiques and Etiams. The men are showing such good form that Manager Burke and Capt. Halligan are considering the advisability of challenging for the Stanley Cup.

At a meeting of the Executive of the O. U. A. A. held January 13th, a committee was instructed to draw up the following resolutions :—

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take to Himself our esteemed friend and beloved Director, Rev. Father Fulham ; and

Whereas, judging by our own loss, we feel most keenly for

his bereaved and sorrowing family in this their hour of tribulation ; be it

Resolved, that we the members of this Association desire hereby to extend to his deeply afflicted family an expression of heartfelt sympathy in the heavy affliction which has befallen them. We humbly hope and pray that the merciful Father who has chosen them to bear this cross in imitation of Him, will grant them the grace to bear it with Christian fortitude and resignation. Be it further

Resolved, that these resolutions be suitably engrossed and sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy of the same be printed in the University REVIEW.

Committee      

|                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| R. T. HALLIGAN.         | { |
| A. L. McDONALD.         |   |
| REV. FR. OUIMET, O.M.I. | } |

Similiar resolutions were sent to the family of the late Father McGurty ; and to Mr. Dooner whose mother passed away the first of December last.



## Of Local Interest.

Another term has begun, and already the regular routine of student life marks the progress of the day from its dawn to its close. Everyone is now well occupied in the preparation of the subject matter for the next examinations. The casual stroller, as he pauses in Wilbrod street, between and around Cumberland and Waller can see that the same work is being carried on as of yore. But, oh, how changed are the surroundings of *old "O. U."* The buildings within whose walls the boys were wont in the happy past "to con over their task" ; the halls where they met for recreation and amusement ; the chapel where they came to worship ; all are destroyed ; and within the debris strewn around under the old walls, are buried the scenes of hundreds of tender memories, pleasant associations and happy recollections with which every room and corridor was replete. Yes, buried are they all ; yet will they live forever in the minds and hearts of the "old boys" who can never forget what the old home had been. The local coloring which adds everything to College life is gone ; and

one must look for the old **faces** amid new surroundings, where a new history must be built up to replace the old. New buildings may arise to grace with their more pretentious aspect the site of the old ; yet the old associations cannot be replaced ; they are destined to oblivion save in the hearts of the students. Years will be necessary to endow the new edifices with the hallowed store of recollections which lend an air of magic and sacred mystery to the stories of adventures, prowess, &c., which tradition hands down from one generation of students to another. No doubt the same yarns will be told of events centered in and around the old place ; but the impression will not be lasting ; the narration cannot be fascinating ; the scene cannot but be ideal with respect to the listener ; for the grand old setting is destroyed and the diamond has lost half of its richness. Still, the new abodes will of necessity develop a history of their own ; and the graduate from the *old College* may return in future years to his *Alma Mater*, when he can recall the sacred legends of "*the old days and of the old place*," but in comparison with the young and growing traditions of the new. The old cannot suffer by the scrutiny. No matter what years may do towards the upbuilding of better and more commodious halls of learning ; no matter how magnificent the buildings that may be pointed to as "*Alma Mater*," we feel sure, that the dearest interests and tenderest memories of thousands will ever look back with pride to the unpretentious pile which was their College home, and within whose walls so many happy years were spent.

The Scientific Society has again started work, after the delay caused by the fire. Though the Society's beautiful library was destroyed, together with a magnificent camera, still the Executive intend to go on with work as usual. Lectures have been given the members to prepare, and a public lecture will be given in the near future, provided that a convenient hall can be secured.

At a meeting of the students of the Arts course held on January 12th, a Dramatic Society was organized with the following officers :—President, J. J. O'Gorman, '04 ; Treasurer, J. E. Burke, '05 ; Secretary, J. J. Freeland, '05. Professor F. W.

Grey is Moderator and Director. Heretofore the existence of a regularly constituted Dramatic Society at the University had not been provided for : all work in this regard being left to volunteers whose work was necessarily much crippled by the lack of a permanent and properly organized Society to support them. The new Society has been put on a firm basis, and will fill a long felt want. No better training in elocution can be had than that to be acquired in the preparation of a drama, provided that an efficient instructor have the matter in hand. Ottawa University is fortunate in this respect, having, in the person of Prof. Grey, not only an elocutionist of the first rank, but a writer as well, than whom few are better acquainted with the technique and proper setting of the drama.

The first play produced under the management of the new Society, will be one specially written for the students by Professor Grey. It contains three acts, and is written in blank verse, iambic pentometer. The plot centres about the expeditions sent by Count Frontenac, Governor of New France, against the English colonies ; and the expedition of Phips against Quebec. The events narrated occur about 1690. The play, an excellent production and a credit to our Professor of English, will be presented at the Russell Theatre, about February 10th. when the public will have an opportunity, of judging for themselves of the merits of a Canadian play, in every sense of the word.

What is the matter with our Debating Society ? Surely work in this excellent educational institution is not to be abandoned on account of a temporary drawback. Remember that you belong to the " Inter-University Debating League " ; and that now is the acceptable time to develop the forensic aptitudes of the members. The more work done now, the better will be the chances of Ottawa giving a good account of herself, when she next meets a League Team.

Yes, we believe that our Orchestra will resurrect itself from the comatose condition which events have brought upon it. The musicians can come together for practice as often as ever. Bear

in mind, Mr. Director, that if you resume the good work, you will earn the gratitude and approbation of the whole student body.

Can you see *la point* of that moustache?

Tom.—“ Well, I don’t know, but I guess that magnetism is an *attractive* study, to say the least.”

Jerry.—“ Almost always *repulsive*.”

Did you win? *Etiam.*

Did they lose? *Utique.*

The members of the Senior Department welcome a new Prefect of Discipline in the person of the Rev. Father Ouimet, O.M.I. This reverend gentleman was last fall the trusted assistant of the much-regretted Father Fulham. Ever since his arrival here from Lowell, Mass., he has lived in close contact with the students, entering as energetically as any one of them into their games and their ambitions. THE REVIEW extends best wishes to the popular Prefect.

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## Obituary.

### REV. FATHER FULHAM, O.M.I.

“ Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;  
I prosper circled with thy voice,  
I shall not lose thee tho’ I die.”

—IN MEMORIAM.

Many a heart was stricken with sadness when the news came, on December 8th, that Father Fulham had passed away. After a week of terrible suffering occasioned by the injuries he sustained when jumping from the window of his burning room, he breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker, in generous sacrifice and loving confidence. His brothers, Patrick and John Fulham, hastily summoned from Philadelphia, were constantly present, with one or two chosen friends, to cheer his bedside by their affectionate attentions. Day by day the grim fight between life

and death went on, until it was apparent that death was winning, and then the sufferer made his sacrifice with priestly piety and resignation. He asked only one favor—that of dying on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the titular feast of the Oblates and the happy anniversary of his First Communion and First Mass. His wish was granted, for on December 8th at 7 o'clock a.m., he went to celebrate the feast in Heaven.

Father Fulham was thirty-three years of age, having been born in County Westmeath, Ireland, in May, 1871. He received his primary education in the school of his native parish—Delvin. His classical course was made in the Diocesan College, and afterwards at Maynooth, where he was a brilliant student. He entered Maynooth with the intention of joining the secular clergy, but at the expiration of his philosophical course he received a higher call from God—that of the religious vocation. Consequently, in August, 1892, he entered the Oblate Novitiate at Belmont, Dublin, where he remained a year, and then proceeded to Rome to pursue his theological studies. His career at the Gregorian University was marked by great application and notable success. After a two years' stay there, he was sent by his superiors to Ceylon owing to an urgent need of Professors in St. Joseph's College, the principal seat of learning in Colombo, the island capital. He arrived there in 1895 and assumed his new duties, while still continuing his studies, until his ordination in 1896. He was appointed Professor of English and Latin and Prefect of Games. In this latter capacity he did much for the development of athletics at the capital, and became popular with all creeds and classes. After a sojourn of five years in the island, ill-health compelled him to return to Ireland, where he was appointed chaplain in the Glencree Reformatory, a large Government institution in charge of the Oblates. After he had sufficiently recuperated it was at first intended that he should return to Ceylon to take charge of St. Patrick's College, Jaffna; but finally it was decided to send him to Canada. Accordingly, he arrived at Ottawa University in October, 1902, and was appointed Professor of English. Last September he was made Prefect of Discipline in the Senior Department. In that office he endeared himself to the student-body by his kindness of heart and by oft-

repeated proofs of the strong and loving interest he took in their welfare. It is safe to say that every student felt he had in Father Fulham a true and devoted friend. Though but a short time in Ottawa, his kind and genial disposition had gathered round him a large and influential circle of friends. His visits and addresses at the meetings of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Div. No. 2, will be remembered with pleasure by the members of that patriotic and Catholic organization. Not only the A. O. H. but the C. M. B. A. and the Knights of Columbus have manifested their sympathy in beautifully-worded resolutions, copies of which have been sent to Father Fulham's brothers and to his aged parents in Ireland. The Athletic Association of the University has passed a similar resolution, couched in terms which we know will be re-echoed by the whole faculty and student-body.

Though bowing down before the decrees of God's holy will, those with whom the deceased came in contact cannot stifle a sigh of regret at the thought of the young life-light so suddenly spent, and the bright hopes of a brilliant career so sadly dispelled. Yet we know that He who took him, brought him to a happier land to receive the reward of his faithful service.

" Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is their blessedness like theirs ?"

JOHN H. SHERRY, O.M.I., D.D.

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## More Letters of Sympathy.

S. Congregazione de Propaganda Fide

Roma, 29 Decembre 1903.

Sul l'incendio del l'Universita di Ottawa.

Ill' me et Rev'me Domine,—Per litteras Ampl. Tuæ diei 3 vertentis Decembris confirmationem accepi gravissimi nuncii de incendio, quo absumptæ penitus sunt ædes Universitatis Ottaviensis. Hæc S. Congregatio vehementer dolet de hoc infortunio, quod illustre vestrum Athenæum percutit. Summus ipse Pontifex participem se significat iusti vestri doloris ob tam grave acceptum detrimentum. Attamen sperare licet sedulam oferam Patrum Oblatorum Mariæ Immaculatæ, coadunante R. P. D. Thomæ Duhamel, Archiepo

Ottavien, sollicitudine pastorali Amplitudinis Tuæ et catholicorum liberalitate, brevi perducturam ad felicem exitum illius Athenæi instaurationem.

Interim Deum precor ut Te diutissime sospitem servet.

Amplitudinis Tuæ,

Addictissimus Servus,

FR. H. MA. CARD. GOTTI, Præf.

Aloysius Neccia Sec'rius.

Montréal, ce 31 Déc. 1903,

499 Sherbrooke.

Le Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,

A l'Université d'Ottawa,

Ottawa, Ont.

Mon Révérend et cher Père,—Avec mon offrande, agréez pour vous-mêmes et tous mes anciens maîtres l'expression de ma vive sympathie dans la terrible épreuve que Dieu vous a envoyée, et de mes vœux les plus ardents pour que l'Université se relève plus brillante que jamais.

Votre ami sincère,

DR DAMIEN MASSON.

Salaberry de Valleyfield, 17 Janvier 1904.

Rév. P. J. E. Emery, O.M.I.,

Recteur de l'Université,

Ottawa.

Mon Révérend Père,.....—Quelle épreuve vous traversez, mon cher Père ! Croyez bien que toutes les sympathies vous sont acquises, et que nos prières se joignent aux vôtres pour supplier Notre Seigneur de vous consoler, et de vous aider à relever au plus tôt de ses ruines votre Université, une des gloires de notre pays.

Votre tout dévoué en N. S..

† JOSEPH MÉDARD,

Evêque de Valleyfield.

Paris. le 4 décembre 1903.

Monseigneur et très honoré Père,

En vous offrant mes vœux de bonne année, j'ai hâte de mêler ma douleur à la vôtre à l'occasion de l'affreux malheur qui vient de vous frapper dans l'incendie de votre beau collège. Nous n'avons que juste l'annonce de ce terrible accident : aussi sommes-nous vivement anxieux de recevoir de plus amples détails où nous puissions trouver quelques nouvelles rassurantes. Peut-être les journaux anglais nous les donneront-ils ce soir. Au milieu de notre désolation, nous avons peur d'apprendre des pertes de vie parmi nos Pères, Frères et étudiants de l'Université.

Que le Sacré-Cœur vous console, cher Monseigneur, et vous aide à ressusciter bientôt votre grande œuvre par excellence,

A vous de cœur en celui de Jésus,

A. SOULERIN, Ptre, O.M.I.,

4 Oliver's Yard, City Road,  
London, England, Dec. 8th, 1903.

Rev. G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Professor of Chemistry,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and dear Sir,—It is with deep regret that we learn, through the papers, of the destruction of the University of Ottawa. Our most heartfelt sympathy is extended to you in these sad circumstances. We trust that you will be able to make temporary arrangements for the carrying on of your noble work. If we can be of any help, we are at your disposal.

We remain yours very truly,

P. P. HARRINGTON BROS.  
M. B. MURPHY.

Plaisance, Qué., le 13 décembre 1903.

Sa Grandeur Mgr. J. Ths. Duhamel,  
Archevêque d'Ottawa.

Monseigneur,—Votre Grandeur trouvera dans la résolution adoptée à notre dernière assemblée de fabrique, l'expression de la douleur vive qu'ont provoqué, chez les paroissiens et chez le curé de Plaisance, le désastreux incendie du deux décembre et la mort du Révérend Père Fulham, victime de son dévouement pour le bien, la protection d'autrui.

Je sais, Monseigneur, que votre âme a dû souffrir profondément, et dans vos souvenirs d'enfance et dans l'ardeur de votre zèle d'Archevêque. Car du même coup, Votre Grandeur a vu la destruction de son vieux collège,—son Alma Mater—and de son Université.

C'est en effet, au zèle et au déploiement d'énergie que Votre Grandeur a bien voulu y mettre, Monseigneur, que votre Alma Mater est redévable du beau titre dont l'a décorée l'immortel Léon XIII, en la plaçant au premier rang parmi toutes les institutions catholiques destinées à travailler au bien de la morale et du savoir. Vos labeurs et vos nobles ambitions étaient déjà couronnés de grands succès ; votre institution, une des œuvres marquantes de votre pontificat laborieux et fécond, était des plus florissantes. Elle dort aujourd'hui sous des décombres et des ruines qui disent aux spectateurs attristés qu'elle était grande et qu'elle va revivre.

C'est un souhait et un désir que je formule ici, Monseigneur : que votre Alma Mater sorte bien vite du tombeau que le feu lui a creusé dans ses propres murs et qu'elle en sorte comme les géants se lèvent de leur lit de repos, avec une vigueur nouvelle et des forces restaurées. Qu'elle en sorte comme le prophète Elie est sorti de son sommeil, réconfortée par le ministère d'un ange et par une substance de vie supérieure qu'elle puisera dans les divines bénédictions que votre cœur et votre main d'Archevêque feront descendre sur elle.

# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 6

FEBRUARY, 1904.

Vol. VI

## SONNET.



GLORIOUS spectacle ! the vaulted nightly sky,  
Fiery points studding the dusky blue  
These myriad stars, that meet the wondering eye,  
Myriads recall which in the far deep lie  
Beyond the gaze of searching human eye.  
Myriad suns with circling planet crew,  
They roll immune the fathomless spaces through—  
A system vast which mind's concept defy.  
O man, boast not : thy forces shattered fall  
'Fore mount in height and swelling ocean wave ;  
Yet earth which baffles thee, is atom small  
In the huge fabric which the Six Days gave.  
Thy weakness own, and on His mercy call  
Whose infinite strength alone can save.

S. M. '03.



## Catholic Education in Ontario.



ELIGION in Schools is to-day a live question, agitating a great part of Europe and America ; and it is not out of place at home to note in this regard the position of Ontario Catholics.

The necessity of religion in schools, owing to the failure of the so-called secular training, is now pretty widely acknowledged even by non-Catholics. But it is well to recall that missionaries of whatever denomination, attempting the civilization of heathen people, never advocate for them schools from which the religious element is excluded. In fact the mission school is at present looked upon as the great instrument in the work of converting pagans and strengthening them in the Christian belief. Here the great principles of religious morality, the duties of man toward God as well as the obligations that thence naturally flow, the duties of man toward himself and society, receive the attention that their importance demand—infinitely more to be sought than purely secular knowledge and the art of living an easy life.

And surely an instrument indispensable for the propagation of religious tenets, is equally necessary for their preservation in a society already Christian. Now, as Cardinal Gibbons remarks, can the want of religious instructions in schools be made up for by the hurried instructions of parents at home, by the weekly exhortations of the pastor, by the Sunday School, or the circulation of an occasional Catholic newspaper. Such aids indeed we must be content with in regions where Catholics are too few or too poor to have their own schools ; but can they offset the influence of a system that for several hours daily, presents to youthful minds principles perhaps not directly opposed to Catholicity yet doing it infinite harm by ignoring its existence.

Our Separate School system is by no means a perfect organization. The Catholic minority of Ontario unlike the Protestant minority of Quebec, have no special institutions for qualifying Separate School teachers. This is an evident disadvantage. Persons graduating from the elementary schools have not religious

convictions so firm as not to be more or less influenced to the detriment of their Catholic belief by a four or five years' course in High and Model Schools, unsectarian in theory. Hence candidates for Separate School certificates, though Catholic in profession, are become imbued with a non-Catholic spirit, in so far at least as they lack positive facts in regard to their faith that they should know ; and the spirit that they have they impart to their pupils.

And now we come to the supplement of these primary schools, the institution that must give our Catholic youth what is technically known as Higher Education. The University is the great centre of intellectual life which makes its influence felt abroad throughout the land ; and this influence would, in a great measure, supply the defects of elementary educational institutions. In a university the student does not receive information undigested, unsifted, uncriticised. He is profoundly affected and stimulated to habits of study and thought by the force of character, the personal magnetism, the strong feelings, and even prejudices of those with whom he mingles in conversation and lives on terms of friendship and intimacy. Any one who has read the history of Oxford University during the years succeeding 1830, cannot but be sensible of the vast influence exercised by the intercourse of professors and students on the promoters of the Tractarian movement and through them on the whole British world.

And can it be said the Catholics of Ontario have such a centre of intellectual life ? True we have institutions like St. Michael's College and Ottawa University, which look with pride on the amount of work done with small means. They have been instrumental not only in educating recruits for the ranks of the clergy, but also public men of note. But St. Michael's College, affiliated to the Toronto University, confers no degrees of its own, and Ottawa University has been prevented by adverse circumstances from having at hand the necessary professors and equipments for a complete course in the liberal professions, Law, Medicine, Engineering, etc. Our young men are thus compelled to leave their Alma Mater unqualified for any particular calling because the system is incomplete, and take up a further course in some Protestant university before they can enter on their public career.

Thence it is not surprising that numbers prefer to make their entire course in Protestant institutions. Toronto University, constituted by the Ontario Legislature as the complement of the public system of instruction, has one hundred Catholics registered among its students ; Queen's, has sixty-four, and other Protestant universities have their quota.

Of course the present state of things is better than nothing, if Catholics can hope to have any influence in the public affairs of the country ; but how much stronger and healthier would be the pulse of Catholic life, if these students had an Alma Mater of their own belief, congenial to the faith of their fathers, and enjoying the full confidence of their Catholic fellow countrymen. The Catholics of Ontario are numerous and powerful enough to support a fully equipped University that will do honor to themselves and their country, and they should have it. The Legislature, without offering injury to any existing right or privilege, could do much to obviate this condition of things by granting to the University in Ottawa, the scope so liberally accorded to sister institutions in the country. These more fortunate institutions are the first in fact, through love of fair play, to admit the necessity and justice of such concession. But our law givers as well as our men of wealth, actuated probably more by selfish motives than love of higher education, seem strangely reluctant to come forward and help the noble cause.

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#### “Strange Things Get Printed.”

If all newspapers were as sensible as the Christian Register (Unitarian) they would not make themselves ridiculous so often. The recent sensational reports of the finding of millions of dollars in the Vatican moves our esteemed contemporary to remark :

“Strange things get printed. Hundreds of newspapers, without giving thought to the matter, published the report that an electrician in the Vatican, making some repairs, found in a hole in the wall \$1,800,000 in gold, supposed to be left by the late Leo XIII. As that amount of gold would weigh about 7,000 pounds, it would be interesting to know in what way it was secreted in the cavity made for the electric light wires.”—Sacred Heart Review.

# RANNIE.

(A STORY OF '84.)

**T**HAD been a bad year for old "Garnet and Grey" for the third time that season had the students returned to the College with defeat written on their countenances.

One could hardly imagine that the boys strolling in silence through the streets were the students who a few hours before had made the old town ring with their 'Varsity yells, as with banners flying and hearts high with hope they marched to the ball-field.

The game had been a terrible one for the boys to witness, not that their team had been outclassed, but it appeared to the students that something more than a strong foot-ball team was playing against them, and in the yard could be heard on every side : "hard luck, old man." And now for the first time in many years College found itself compelled to play off with the strongest team in the league.

I strolled into yard after supper to hear the gossip of the game. The boys were gathered together in groups and a player held the attention of each. From one end of the yard every now and then came peals of laughter, which seemed out of place amid the general gloom, and prompted by curiosity I walked over to the group. In the centre stood a lad of about fourteen years of age, known in the yard as "Rannie;" his eyes were flashing fire and big tears every now and then welled up from them to the general amusement of the senior fellows. He was calling down the opposing team in no uncertain language, and when any one would mention referee the little fellow fairly bubbled over with rage. "Why, that guy couldn't play marbles. He ought to go back to the woods."

"Back, back, back to the woods" broke out the chorus, and I took opportunity of the song to remind the little fellow that he was on forbidden territory. As we walked over to the small yard he poured out his sorrows to me; how sad it had been to see the

College defeated, but that which pained him most was that he was unable to do anything to help the boys to victory. I pictured the little fellow in a foot-ball suit standing out among the sturdy 'Varsity fourteen, and could not but smile at the contrast afforded. I comforted him as best I could and told him he would soon be able to help the team ; little did I think my words were prophetic.

It was the final game of the series ; for the third time this year was the College to line up against the "Army." The grand stand was packed with supporters of the two teams.

The College boys had taken up their position on the extreme east of the stand, and the megaphones were kept busy announcing to the opposing team and their supporters the futility of trying to win *this* game from College.

Suddenly the air is rent with shouts as the 'Varsity fourteen march on to the field. Name after name is called and each one cheered to the echo. The Army also receive their share of applause from the students, for a student ever respects an athlete, and these are all sturdy athletes who have before this measured their strength with the College.

And now the supreme moment has come. I wonder what power it is that owns the thousands there on the stand? Hardly one speaks, all eyes are turned on the pigskin resting there on the line. The captains cast an eye down the ranks, raise their hands, and the referee blows his whistle. Then from the sod rises the ball and bounds through the air towards College goal. "Well returned Jenkins, old man!" shout the students as our half punts it back. Then begins the battle, the scrimmage now a gain, now a loss, a pass, a run tackled, scrimmage, goal relieved while the supporters shout themselves hoarse—College ! College ! rah ! rah ! rah ! answered back by yells of Army ! Army ! It is near the second half the play is in College territory—suddenly the quarter of the Army breaks from the scrimmage and passes College wings. The crowd rise in their places as they watch the runner. He is within a few yards of the goal line—but there stands Connors the star of full-backs, he will never pass him—another minute and Connors is on him. Too late he has passed to the man following and another minute Army falls on the ball two feet over the line.

The shouts of joy from the Army supporters seemed for a moment to stagger the College boys, but they gathered courage and once again shouted 'Varsity, 'Varsity, drowning the other yells.

Half time the score stands—Army 6. College 0.

The second half opens with a fierce attack from the Collegians. Five minutes after amid the deafening roar from the College benches Davis the quarter-back has carried the ball over and Garnet and Grey is credited with a touch-down. A clever kick and two more points are added to the College score and Army and College once more line up—six all.

Then begins a battle royal. College is still in the aggressive, but Army holds them down and little by little, oh! ever so little College is forced back. The rooters seemed to have lost their voices, hardly a sound is heard from the grand stand, and now College is forced back to the twenty-five yard line. The Army is now attacking and College goal is in eminent danger. Suddenly a clear silvery voice rings out from the College benches Va-r-s-i-t-y, and all eyes turn to the little figure standing there waving the 'Varsity flag. Then he is caught on the shoulders of a senior and carried up on the stand. He waves his flag and shouts "Now fellows for old 'Varsity." The boys recognize little Rannie, and such a shout as they raise! Never was such a 'Varsity heard on the old campus; again and again it breaks from hundreds of throats and races on over the field—the 'Varsity men glance for a moment at the stand, and the little figure there waving the flag over the heads of the students, breathes nothing but victory, new life seems to take possession of them and as one man they rush to the attack. The Army is dumbfounded and break before the rush of our men. College goal has been relieved and there racing up the field are our half-backs. They have passed two men and only the full back of Army stands to oppose them. Hardy, the star of the College team, laughs outright as the Army man rushes at him. A clever dodge and he is over the line almost before the full-back can turn and College, College, rah! rah! rah! breaking from a thousand throats proclaims the victors of '84.

It was a glorious procession that night, and Rannie was

carried on the shoulders of the boys, the undisputed winner of the game.

Rannie is now a prominent doctor in the town of B — and should you ever call at his pretty home, you may see in his study a foot-ball inscribed with these words :

Rannie.  
'Varsity, '84,  
Victory.

W. I. R.

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## Mainly About Books.

(Compiled by MAURICE CASEY.)

**P**HE efforts put forward in the press to discourage the poets and deter the young from entering the ranks of the bards and the troubadours, furnishes food for thought. The poetry of the present can seldom boast lofty ideals, and generally it deserves the name of mere verse, Our poets, with one or two exceptions, lack the divine power of generalization, in which lies the main difference between a great artist and a little one, whether the instrument used is the pen, the brush, or the chisel. That much, at least, is all too obvious to every student of literature. But would it not be better to have poetry of the second class, or the third class, than none at all? In winter, when the feathered minstrels have deserted us, the warble of the snow-birds or the sharp chirp of the sparrows melts on the sympathetic ear. It may be that no such ear is left for poetry, and that a generation like ours, which is so devoted to a system of thought that confines all knowledge to mere appearance, and all belief to things which can be verified by physical methods, has acquired a distaste for such a spiritual manifestation as music in words. Whether this suggestion be really true or not, I have not the learning to determine. Some of the advice tendered to the bards, however, springs from unexpected sources. Not long since, I perused an article in an able and influential journal which informed all aspiring poets that Pan

is dead, that songs do not earn salt for porridge from publishers, and the writer notified the bards that the hour had come when the lyre should be struck only for the purposes of advertising merchants. The counsel sounded so convincing that it was only long after I had laid aside the journal I recollect that it was executed by a veritable little nest of sweet singers. The discrepancy recalls an anecdote. A physician, who is now no longer living, and under whose medical care I had never been placed, was very strict in his injunctions to several of his friends, that they must carefully abstain from tobacco in all its forms. One evening I beheld him at dinner, "over the wall-nuts and wine," like Browning's cardinal in caricature, and was amazed that he was smoking a lengthy cheroot. I had the audacity to say to him, "Why, doctor, I always thought you were a deadly foe to the weed. " "Why did you think so?" he asked. "Because," I explained, "ever so many of your patients have told me that you absolutely forbade them the use of tobacco." "So I did," he blandly replied, "but it does not follow that because it was bad for them, it must needs be bad for me." Precisely so. The vast difference that almost always exists between advice and practice gives a peculiar flavor to human annals. The conclusion remains that if poets must sing, and publishers will not pay, the poets should by all means offer their service to the merchants. The trouble is that members of the poetic craft are wont to carry their heads exceedingly high, like him of whom Dante writes who held great Hades itself in despite, and so advice is almost lost on them. Starvation is the only thing that will bring a born bard to reason. When Bliss Carman, himself a poet of some merit, rises to remark that if poets cannot sing gaily and hopefully they had better quench their song, he spoke truth, but, I venture to prophecy, that he will receive from his brother bards merely a savage *tu quoque* by way of thanks. The strained relations between poet and publisher has subsisted long. When the very name of the Corsican tyrant was hated and dreaded throughout England, the charming Scots' poet, Thomas Campbell, was called upon for a toast at a bookseller's dinner in London, shortly after the legal murder of Palm, the German publisher. To the astonishment of the company, Campbell stood up and gravely pronounced "Bonaparte."

"What," cried his host, "did we understand you rightly." "Yes, I gave you Bonaparte," Campbell laughingly replied, "he has performed one good service for literature—he shot a bookseller." What I would advise is that poets, great and small should get together and form a *corner* in poetry. Let them sign a pledge to abstain from verse until the poetic market is relieved of the prevailing glut, and the scarcity of their commodity has made its price shoot up like a rocket.

The number of historical works, relating to Canada, published within the past few years, is very large. I wish I could present a list of the books, but the space at my disposal is almost as brief as the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare after the witches were done with it, and will permit of no such display. Almost any Canadian publisher will, I presume, supply the information for a stamp. I wish to see more of such works written by Catholics. Cicero did not exaggerate when he called history the evidence of time, the light of life, the herald of antiquity, committed to immortality. I wish my fellow Catholics would ponder over that estimate of the eloquent old pagan, and endeavor to emulate the noble work already performed by our French Canadian historians, who were about the only persons capable of garbing our history in a suitable literary dress.

"When I get to Heaven," said a woman to her husband, "I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays." "Mary, he won't be there," was the reply. "Then, dear, you ask him," said the wife.

The Irish bard now lecturing in the United States is a notable figure, William Butler Yeates is a scholar, a mystic, and a poet, who has, nevertheless, done more hard, practical work for the intellectual revival in Ireland than any other man. Let the reader imagine an Irish reproduction of Edgar Allan Poe, with a slightly stronger leaning for sense than sound, and feel somewhat more *à terre*, than he of "The Raven" and its wonderful companions, and he can form some conception of Mr. Yeates. In a recent lecture, Mr. Yeates stated that no man of intellect has anything but contempt for the theatre of the English-speaking

countries, and, he added, the dream of his life is to discover some means of finding a poetic drama which would appeal to the Irish people. That the first part of this arraignment is only too true, the citizens of Ottawa have few reasons to deny, but why a country like Ireland, whose politicians can keep up a lively melodramatic shindy for ten long years, without ever once pausing long enough to explain what all the fighting was about, should desire a more *striking* sort of public show, really passes my all too limited comprehension. It seems to me that in climes where politicians fly at each other with or without reason, metaphorically pummel each other soundly, theatrically roll each other in the mud till one or the other grows tired, and accompanies the warfare with language more vigorous than polite—such a clime, I say—and the practice is not altogether confined to Ireland—can have no need of more formal tragedy or comedy.

One of the most surprising phases of literary history is that which shows the almost marvellous manner in which long lost and forgotten writings “bob up serenely,” like the walrus in the comic poem. Many of my readers will recall how Cardinal Angelo Mai, working by the light of his knowledge that the ancients re-scraped or re-polished their parchment or papyrus with a view to their being written upon a second time, succeeded in giving to the world the rich treasures of Palimpsest Literature. The “Stewart Papers,” a most valuable collection of historical documents now in the British Museum, was discovered by a mere accident. One of the most useful early copies of the Bible was fished out of a waste-basket and saved from destruction, by the intervention of a casual visitor to an eastern convent. By the same seeming chance—there is really no such thing—the “Cheevey Papers,” destined to illuminate the eventful reign of the Fourth George in a novel manner, were drawn out of obscurity. The collection is made up of the diaries and the letters written to friends by one Thomas Creevey, who proves at every page that he never dreamt a world was to be his critical reader. “Boys, write nothing you would be afraid or ashamed to see twenty years afterwards,” was the advice to his pupils of a dear, old professor who now sleeps under the sod in the little Oblate cemetery at Ottawa East, and I have seldom heard sounder counsel.

# A New Book of Poems.\*

**T**HE second daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly—her elder sister is already known as a writer of prose in magazines—has just published a volume of poems, her first.

It shows much thought and poetic feeling, and if rather afraid apparently of not being up to date in a certain vague religiosity, is yet plainly the work of a serious mind and a good heart, which will do things more admirable yet, if they shake themselves free from their Bostonian fears.

The still young author has travelled in many lands ; and from France gives us a charming one act piece on the hero of the Catholic and royal army in the West, when the French revolution was raging—Henri de la Rochejaquelin, for whom they sing :—

He is fearless,  
He is peerless,  
    Henri that is ours !  
He our might is,  
He our knight is,  
    Glad as summer flowers.  
One-and-twenty smiles on him.

He, in his modesty, praises rather

“ Brave Cathelineau the gentle wagoner  
Who led us first, he of the shining brow  
Around whom crept the wounded, since to die  
Near the sweet saint of Anjou was a joy ; ”

Or,

“ Brave Lescure,  
Who had a wife he loved—from her, from books,  
His cherished study, yet he tore himself ;  
And when they burned his castle to the ground,  
He would not sack their captured towns, lest they,  
The ruthless foe, should think it was revenge  
O, call Lescure your hero, not Henri.”

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\**My Candles and Other Poems.* By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Boston : Lee and Shephard, 1903. \$1.00.

There is one poem that touches another note of romantic or chivalric feeling :—

SHAN VAN VOCHT.

There's a land o'er seas that I love, 'tis to me  
 Scarce known, but as dear as to field lark, the lea,  
 And its song-notes can thrill me as no songs can do,  
 For its harpstrings have musical magic, and woo  
 To this land over seas—  
 Shan Van Vocht.

And of other objective pieces, there is the sonnet on the lovely Touraine chateau :

CHENONCEAU.

In the long gallery that spans the streams  
 At Chenonceau, walked Mary when a bride,  
 Mary of Scotland in her youthful pride  
 As queen, and there she dreamed her radiant dream  
 Of early love, and her white life did seem  
 To stretch enticing as the river side  
 In all its sunny loveliness. No guide  
 Alas, to counsel her mid snare and scheme !  
 "Adieu, charmant paye de France," she sang  
 Watching the low-hung Norman coast recede :  
 For north in her bleak castle when the wind  
 Swept down from Arthur's Seat did not a pang  
 Of longing come for distant Cher's gay mead,  
 For days of simple faith, untortured mind ?"

May such be to the author and her readers :—

"When the fretting cities warp and bind  
 With customs, lifeless as the desert sand."

She would have them—like

"Myself a thing as frail as morning dew,  
 A passing moment in Time's endless day."  
 "Flash in that moment's space  
 As bravely as you can, but fret not, leave  
 The rest to God."

An author worth encouraging. A book worth reading.

—*The Cross.*

The Ottawa students and the friends of Mr. W. F. P. Stockley, M.A., think that they cannot be far mistaken in attributing

to him the above graceful compliment. If they venture this surmise, it is because it is not by any means the first time their old professor lends a practiced pen and a highly cultivated, critical ability to the task of introducing them to a rare literary treat. A well-known writer himself and an indefatigable bookworm, to single out and encourage young writers seems to be one of the pleasures Mr. Stockley never tires of seeking. It is thus that he seems to be recompensed whilst he places both the writers and their readers everlastingly in his debt.



### The Greatest Poet.

“ Tell me his wondrous name, oh, sage inspired,  
The greatest poet ? ” thus the youth inquired.

“ Look, oh my son, where flowers deck the lea,  
And skylark thrills in rapturous ecstacy.

“ List the wind’s sob, and ocean’s dirge profound,  
The thousand tones of Nature’s voice around !

“ Gaze on the stars, like jeweled dust o’erhead—  
The Greatest Poet made the world,” he said.

JAMES B. DOLLARD (Siav-na-mon) in *The Pilot*.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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**Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.**

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No. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

Vol. VI

## APPEAL.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER ISSUED BY THE CITIZENS' GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, THE CITIZENS OF OTTAWA AND THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

A pamphlet issued some time ago explains the character of what at first seemed an overwhelming disaster to the University of Ottawa. Since the date of the calamity messages by letter and telegraph have been received in extraordinary number. These form a long catalogue\* of assurance of the deepest sympathy and encouragement. They furnish the best evidence of the esteem in

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\*See the lists published in the December University of Ottawa REVIEW, pages 182 to 241, and the REVIEW for January.

which the University of Ottawa is held as a useful centre of education in the community.

The evidence is enhanced and strengthened by the fact that the expressions of sympathy and hope are not confined to any one class or creed. The assurances are so many and so welcome that they are regarded by the University authorities as precious records of kindness and good will.

The pamphlet points out that a General Relief Committee of the citizens of Ottawa has been formed to seek for assistance in order that the University buildings may be restored.

The committee, in the first place, appeals to the citizens of Ottawa, who are peculiarly interested. In the second place to the Alumni of the University scattered throughout the land, who naturally, each and all, are concerned in the restoration and well being of their Alma Mater. The committee likewise appeals to the friends of education in every walk of life, in the hope that many will see the way to evince their sympathetic interest by assisting to replace the loss which has been sustained.

Communications will be gladly received by any member of the General Committee, or by either of the Joint Secretaries, and will be duly acknowledged.

#### TO THE CITIZENS OF OTTAWA.

The General Relief Committee takes this means of personally asking all who receive the pamphlet mailed herewith, to contribute toward the Fund which it is desired to raise for the University of Ottawa in its hour of trial.

If you will kindly read attentively on page 14 of the pamphlet sent you, what the Relief Committee proposes and suggests, you will see that an effort is made to secure aid without asking for a large donation at once from anyone.

To the general appeal to old students and the friends of education, at least two strong reasons are to be added why citizens of Ottawa may be expected to contribute generously toward the Relief Fund.

1st. The modern educational buildings to which it is hoped the present blackened ruins may give place will be an ornament to the Capital, and the work carried on in them will benefit not only

Avant de terminer, je sollicite la faveur d'exprimer un autre vœu. C'est, que Votre Grandeur soit consolée dans l'épreuve qui l'a frappée, non-seulement par l'appui moral que procurent les chaudes paroles et les sympathies délicatement rendues, ce qui a déjà un grand prix, mais encore, et surtout, par le dévouement et la coopération de tous ceux de vos sujets capables de donner leur concours au succès des études sacrées et profanes.

Je prie Votre Grandeur, Monseigneur, d'agrérer mes sentiments les plus respectueux et les plus dévoués en même temps que l'expression de commune sympathie que vous offrent les paroissiens de Plaisance et leur indigne curé.

J. B. BAZINET, Ptre Curé.

Plaisance, Qué., le 13 décembre 1903.

Plaisance, 13 décembre 1903.

Monseigneur,

Qu'il plaise à Votre Grandeur.

A une assemblée des Marguillers, anciens et nouveaux, tenue le treizième jour de décembre mil neuf cent trois, au presbytère de la paroisse du Cœur très pur de la B. V. M. de Plaisance, sous la présidence du Révérend J. B. Bazinet, prêtre curé, étaient présents, Messieurs P. V. H. Grenier, Théophile Lavoie, Ambroise Charbonneau, David Landriau et Joseph Frappier.

M. P. V. H. Grenier propose, secondé par M. Théophile Lavoie, que les paroissiens du Cœur très pur de la B. V. M. de Plaisance ont appris avec une vive douleur l'incendie qui a détruit l'Université d'Ottawa et qu'ils se joignent au Révérend J. B. Bazinet, prêtre curé, pour offrir à Monseigneur J. Ths. Duhamel, Archevêque d'Ottawa, leurs sympathiques condoléances dans le deuil où Sa Grandeur vient d'être plongée par la destruction de son Alma Mater et de son Université, et par la mort du dévoué Père Fulham, une des victimes de ce triste incendie.—Résolu à l'unanimité.

Deneuvre, près Baccarat, Mthe et Mlle,

21 décembre 1903.

Mon Révérend Père,—Je suis peut-être un des derniers à vous exprimer mes sentiments de sympathie au sujet du désastre qui vient d'atteindre et détruire le collège d'Ottawa ; mais si j'arrive bien tard, les distances et les circonstances pénibles dans lesquelles nous nous trouvons en sont la cause. Si je ne suis pas atteint matériellement par ce désastre, j'ai cependant été frappé dans mes affections et mes souvenirs les plus intimes, car vous le savez bien, c'est dans ce cher collège que j'ai dépensé les 20 années les plus actives de ma vie, et c'est avec regret que j'ai quitté cette œuvre à laquelle j'aurais été heureux à continuer de me dévouer si la volonté de mes supérieurs ne m'eut appelé ailleurs.

Si toutes les pierres n'ont pas passé par mes mains, je les ai passées toutes en revue bien souvent, et j'ai gardé un profond souvenir de tous les plus petits détails.

Au reçu dès premières dépêches, j'avais conservé l'espoir que le désastre n'était pas aussi complet qu'on le faisait entendre ; hélas, des journaux, que des personnes charitables ont bien voulu m'envoyer, m'ont appris la triste réalité : le collège d'Ottawa est donc détruit de fond en comble.

S'il est vrai que toutes les œuvres bénies de Dieu sont marquées au coin de la souffrance et de l'épreuve, on ne peut douter que le collège ne soit une de ces œuvres bénies, car les épreuves ne lui ont pas manqué depuis sa fondation.

Je vois avec plaisir que vous ne vous laissez pas abattre par le malheur, et que vous vous proposez de reprendre l'œuvre sur une échelle peut-être plus grande encore, ou tout au moins plus moderne sous le rapport matériel.

Espérons qu'aux témoignages de sympathie en paroles, viendront se joindre des preuves plus tangibles et plus efficaces du véritable intérêt que l'on porte à l'œuvre.

Pour ma part, je veux le faire en tant que je puis en vous envoyant deux objets qui, sans doute, n'ont pas grande valeur intrinsèquement, mais qui seront un souvenir du temps passé.

C'est d'abord un volume des prospectus du collège de 1875 à 1885 ; c'est un double exemplaire que j'avais conservé, et comme toute votre bibliothèque a disparu dans les flammes, vous serez peut-être content de retrouver ces dix années du prospectus intactes.

C'est, en second lieu, la photographie d'un tableau que j'avais fait depuis mon retour en France. C'est un peu l'histoire du collège en image, et le plan exact du collège tel qu'il existait lorsque je l'ai quitté en 1900, avec toutes ses divisions dans les moindres détails. Je voudrais bien vous envoyer le tableau lui-même, mais comme il était à Sion lors des dernières expulsions, je ne sais ce qu'il est devenu. Puissent ces deux souvenirs d'autrefois vous être agréables.

Veuillez me rappeler au souvenir des Pères que je connais encore au collège et recevoir encore l'expression sincère de ma profonde sympathie dans toutes vos épreuves.

Votre dévoué en N. S. et M. I.,

J. B. BALLAND, Ptre O. M. I.  
à Deneuvre, près Baccarat, M<sup>me</sup> et Mlle.

Thurso, 28 décembre 1903.

Révérend M, le Recteur,

En vous transmettant cette résolution de sincère condoléance, et de fermente prière pour le rétablissement et la prospérité de votre Université, permettez-moi de rappeler un petit souvenir personnel.

Agenouillé aux pieds de Léon XIII, j'avais l'honneur, en 1894, de répondre à la question suivante : Comment est Mgr Duhamel ? et comment va son Université ? A mon assurance que l'Université était florissante et produisait une grande somme de bien, Léon XIII répondit ; J'en suis particulièrement heureux ! et comme l'évêque Duhamel doit être content ! comme il tenait à cette Université, ce bon évêque !

N'est-ce pas que ces paroles bienveillantes et le câblegramme si spontané et si sympathique de Pie X, font bien connaître la grande importance de l'Université d'Ottawa, aux yeux de la papauté.

Puissent ces quelques lignes jeter un peu de consolation sur votre cœur endolori, à la vue des ruines désolantes, de votre chère, mais défunte Université.

Votre très humble et très respectueux serviteur,

P. CHATELAIN, P. C.

Considérant la perte immense subie par les RR. Pères Oblats de Marie Immaculée, dans l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa ;

Considérant la grande somme de bien accomplie par ces RR. Pères, comme missionnaires et pionniers de la religion et de la vraie civilisation, surtout en Canada ;

Considérant la mission particulièrement bienfaisante, remplie par l'Université d'Ottawa, dans le domaine de la religion et des hautes sciences, par l'impulsion qu'elle imprimait aux grandes études, et par le prestige dont elle couvrait les savants catholiques ;

Considérant la perte de vie de deux prêtres, professeurs distingués de cette Université, et membres de cette communauté qui a fourni tant de martyrs, à la cause de la religion et de la patrie ;

Considérant la grandeur des bienfaits sans nombre, dont l'Université comblait ses nombreux élèves, accourus de toutes les parties du Canada et des Etats-Unis ;

Considérant la bienfaisante influence, présente et future, de ces milliers d'élèves, sortis de son sein, qu'elle a instruits, formés et préparés aux plus hautes positions religieuses et sociales ;

Considérant le vif intérêt que portait à cette Université, Léon XIII, d'illustre mémoire, son fondateur, et Pie X, glorieusement régnant, de même que l'épiscopat et tout le clergé du pays ;

Considérant enfin l'incendie de l'Université d'Ottawa, comme un grand malheur national, et une calamité pour le diocèse d'Ottawa ;

Il est unanimement résolu par les paroissiens de Thurso, réunis en assemblée générale, et s'associant au deuil profond de la nation catholique, d'offrir aux RR. Pères Oblats, dans cette terrible épreuve, l'expression de leurs plus vives sympathies avec leurs vœux les plus ardents, pour la prompte reconstruction et le florissant avenir de leur Université, cet asile béni de la science et de la vertu.

Il est aussi résolu que copie des présentes soit adressée au Chancelier, et au Recteur de l'Université d'Ottawa.

P. S.—La résolution de condoléance ci-haut, passé le 27 décembre 1903, a été signée par plus de cent paroissiens ; si vous le désiriez, je pourrais vous adresser la liste de ces noms.

P. CHATELAIN, P. C.

Hull, P. Q., Décembre 1903.

Au Rév. Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
 Université d'Ottawa,  
 Ottawa, Ont.

Révérend Père,—Nous vous prions d'agrérer ce petit cadeau ainsi que l'expression de notre sympathie et de nos vœux.

## LES SŒURS GRISES DE LA CROIX.

Ottawa, Ont., 9 décembre 1903.

Au Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
 Université d'Ottawa,  
 Ottawa, Ont.,

Révérend et cher Père,—J'ai été péniblement affecté, veuillez le croire, par la destruction de l'université, et j'ai éprouvé un surcroît de douleur en apprenant les pertes que vous avez subies et qui sont, en grande partie, irréparables. Soyez assuré que je sympathise beaucoup avec vous dans le malheur qui vous frappe, et au soulagement duquel je voudrais contribuer pour une large part. J'ose vous faire parvenir mon obole avec l'espoir que vous l'accepterez comme venant d'un ami sincère.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Rév. Père,  
 Votre très humble serviteur,  
 F. X. LEMIEUX.

Bryson, Comté de Pontiac, 10 Décembre 1903.

Au Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
 Professeur de Chimie, Université d'Ottawa,  
 Ottawa, Ont.

Révérend et cher Père,—Je vous prie de croire que vous avez toute ma sympathie dans le malheur terrible qui vient de s'abattre sur vous. Il nous reste cependant une consolation : celle de savoir que le feu qui a détruit l'Université n'a pu atteindre ni le feu de l'amour de Dieu qui brûle dans vos cœurs, ni votre dévouement.

Bien sincèrement,  
 B. RAINVILLE, LL.D.

Mattawa, Ont., 10 décembre 1903.

Au Rév. Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
 Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

Rév. et cher Père,—J'ai appris avec une peine indicible la destruction de l'Université. La nouvelle des pertes que vous avez subies m'a aussi causé un bien vit chagrin.

Je vous envoie mon chèque que vous trouverez ci-inclus ; plus tard je vous enverrai encore.

Bien à vous,  
 L. JODOIN.

622 Sanguinet, Montréal, P.Q., 15 Décembre 1903.

Au Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Rév. et cher Père,—J'ai été très peiné d'apprendre l'incendie de l'Université et je sympathise beaucoup avec vous, ainsi qu'avec les révérends pères, dans le malheur qui vous a frappé si soudainement.

Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de mes anciens professeurs.

Veuillez accepter le petit présent que je vous envoie sous un autre pli et croyez-moi, mon Révérend Père,

Votre tout dévoué,

A. E. LANDRY.

Eglise Saint-Pierre, 107 Visitation,  
Montréal, P.Q., Déc. 10, 1903.

Le Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Mon cher Père Gauvreau,—Après la rude épreuve qui vient de vous frapper, il me semble que vous avez besoin, pour reprendre courage, de tous les témoignages possibles de sympathie. Voici le mien ; et, croyez-moi, il est sincère. Je voudrais pouvoir partager votre peine pour vous la rendre moins lourde ; je voudrais pouvoir m'associer à vos travaux, afin de relever plus solide et plus brillante cette institution qui a toujours été notre plus beau titre de gloire en Amérique. Le moment de l'épreuve, a dit Lacordaire, est le moment des grandes âmes. Courage ! Vous avez perdu le fruit de vingt années d'étude ; vos notes, vos souvenirs, tout a été détruit. Mais ayez bon espoir. Avec le temps, ces mille petites choses qui font de la cellule d'un professeur un véritable petit " home," vous arriveront de l'est et de l'ouest, du midi et du septentrion.

Acceptez cette première pierre pour la construction de votre petit domicile, et croyez-moi plus que jamais votre ami tout dévoué.

A. J. GUERTIN, O.M.I.

Gracefield, P.Q., Déc. 28, 1903.

Au Révérend Père G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
Université d'Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Révérend et cher Père,—J'ai été vivement affligé du malheur épouvantable qui est venu fondre sur l'Université. C'est aussi avec un vif chagrin que j'ai appris les pertes que vous avez encourues. Si ma sympathie peut vous consoler et vous encourager, soyez assuré qu'elle ne vous fait pas défaut. Veuillez accepter cette offrande qui vous sera la meilleure preuve de la sincérité de mes sentiments.

Votre tout dévoué,

DR. A. STE MARIE.

14 Cross Street, Hatton Garden,  
London, Eng., Dec. 23, 1903.

Rsv. G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sir,—It is with deep regret we have heard of the very serious loss which you have incurred. We sympathise greatly with you in the loss of your notes. We are also quite prepared to assist you in every way possible and to do our utmost to supply you with books and apparatus at the lowest possible price and with the greatest speed.

Yours truly,  
H. HARPER BAIRD,  
Director.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 13, 1903.

Rev. Father G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and dear Father,—Kindly accept this little offering from a few friends.

L. O'D. and others.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 13, 1903.

Rev. Father G. Gauvreau, O.M.I.,  
University of Ottawa,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and dear Father,—Please accept this little offering as a token of our sympathy in your affliction.

From L. S. and her friends.



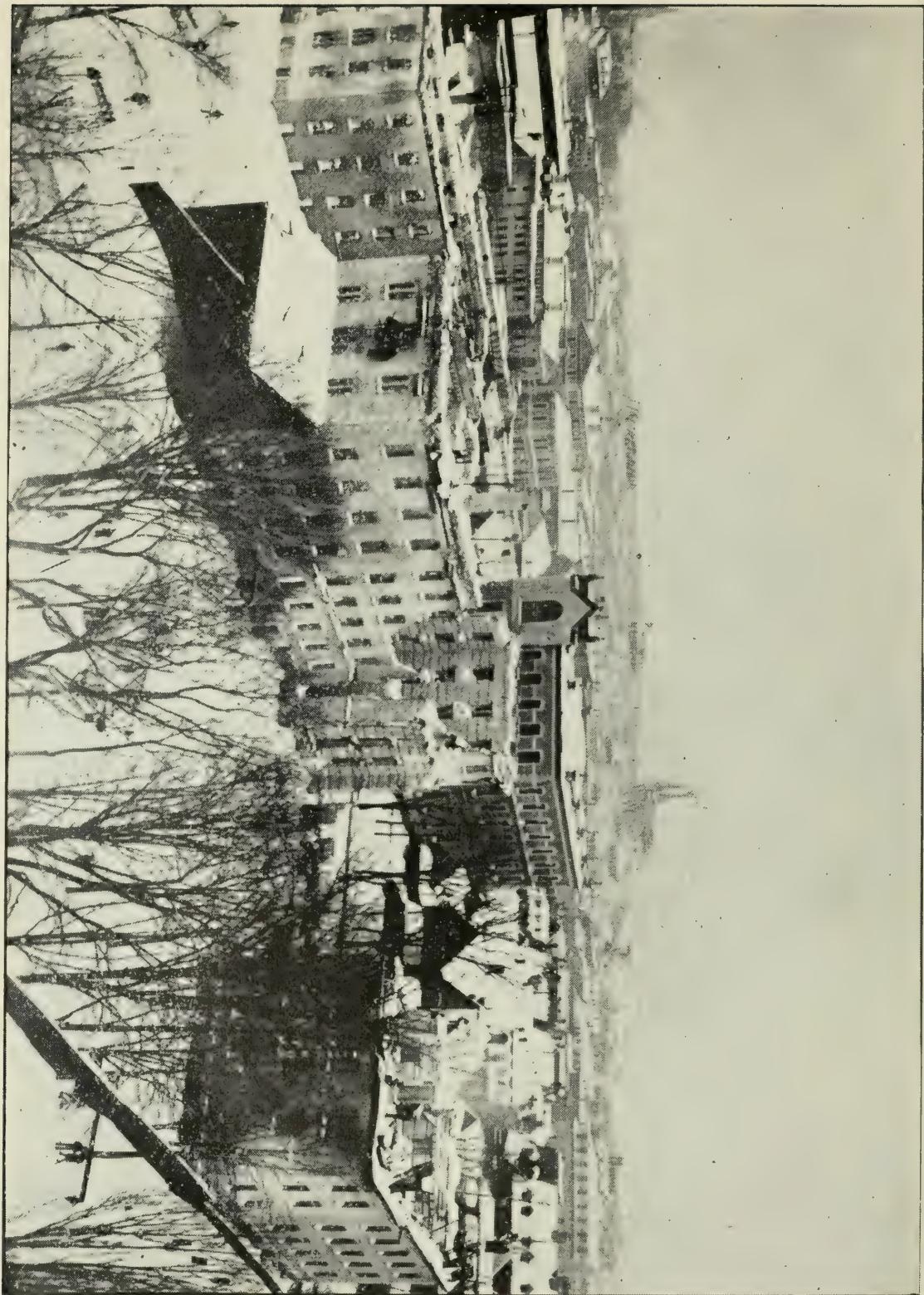
# CONTENTS.

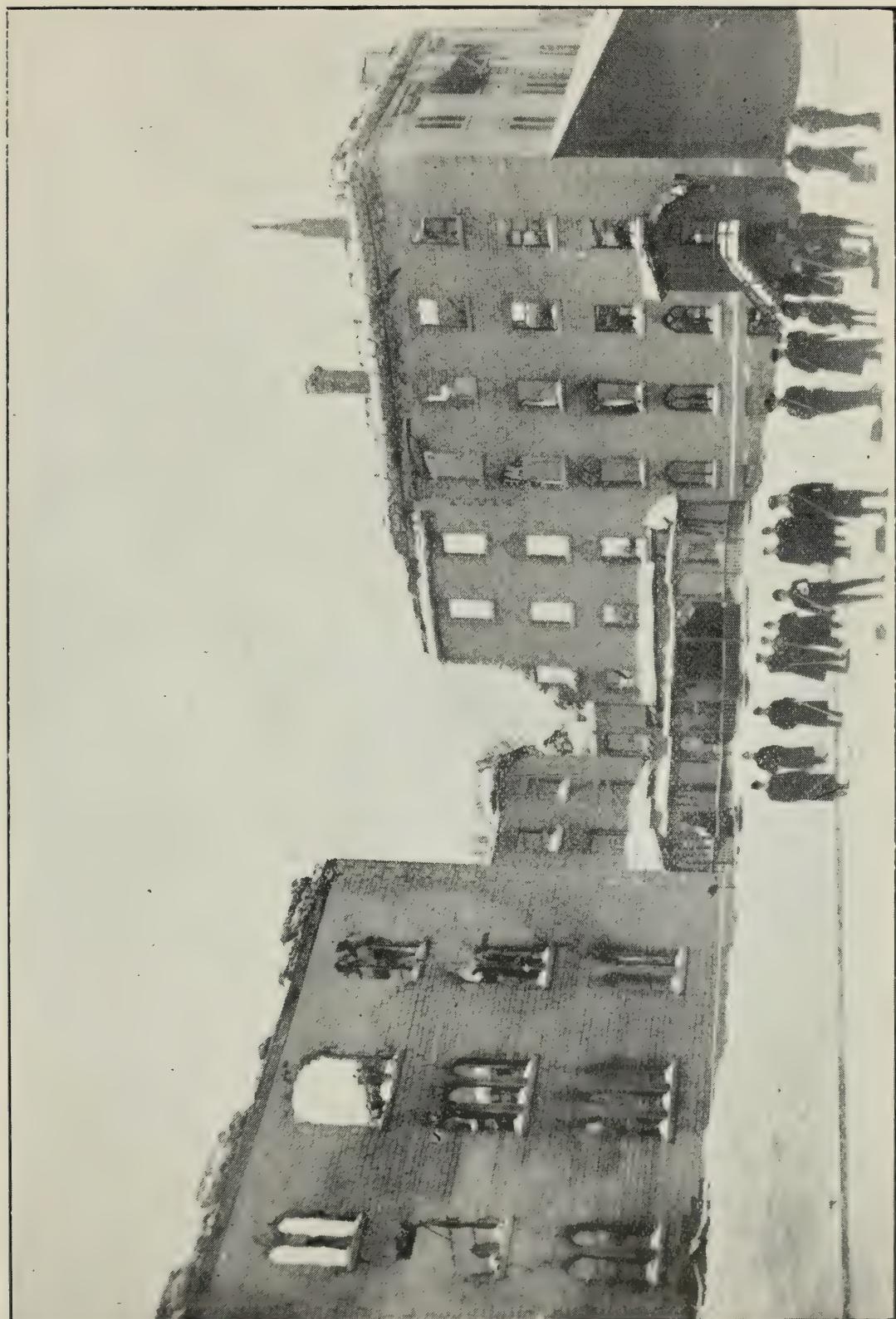
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	PAGE
Sonnet.....	297
Catholic Education in Ontario.....	298
“ Strange Things Get Printed.”.....	300
Rannie.....	301
Mainly About Books.....	304
A New Book of Poems.....	308
The Greatest Poet.....	310
 EDITORIALS :	
Appeal.....	311
Everything Proceeding.....	515
The Visitors.....	317
Dean O'Connor's Jubilee.....	317
The Library of the University of Ottawa.....	319
Inter Alia.....	321
Book Review.....	322
Among the Magazines.....	323
Exchanges.....	325
 OBITUARY :	
Rev. Father McGurty, O.M.I.....	326
Mrs. Dooner, Osceola, Ont.....	328
Miss Harvey, Brunswick, Main.....	329
Of Local Interest.....	329
Junior Department.....	332



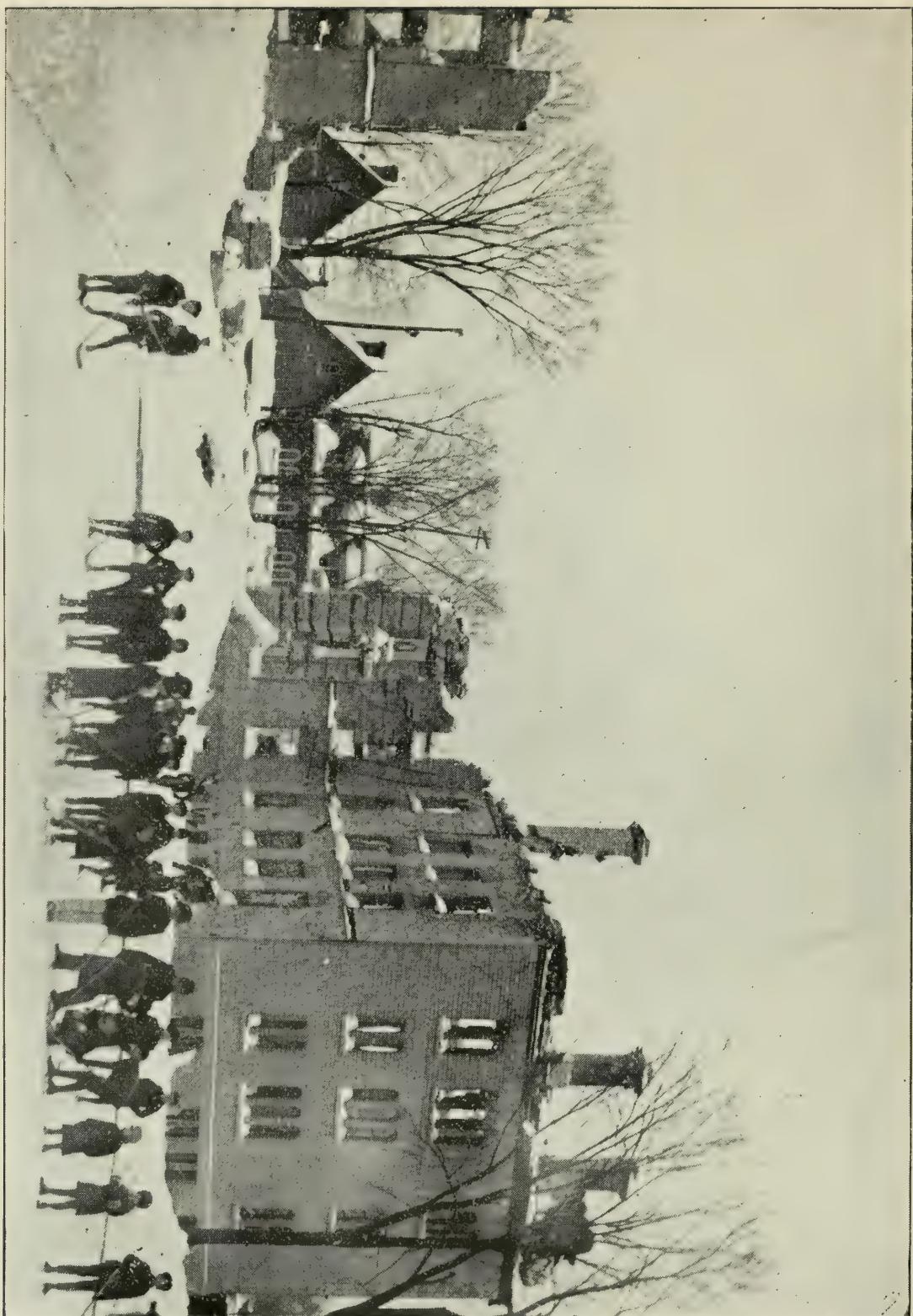
Birdseye View of College from Sacred Heart Steeple.





Large Yard Rink—Ruins of Academic and Recreation Halls.

Small Yard Rink—Ruins of Chapel and Seminary.



the large section of the community denominationaly connected with the University, but the whole City, in a large measure.

2nd.—All that will be donated will be expended in Ottawa, and if the University is enabled to continue its work under favorable conditions, the institution may be expected to annually spend in Ottawa even a larger sum than in the past.

The balance sheet of the Bursar shows an expenditure in Ottawa during the fiscal year 1902-03 of over \$56,000. This of course does not include probably \$15,000 or \$20,000 personally spent by the 225 students who resided in the building now in ruins. The Juniorate in Ottawa, with 100 resident students and the Scholasticate, in Ottawa East, with 75 resident students, are connected with the University. The University then brings to Ottawa 400 students, who leave over \$120,000 in the City every year.

Business men, professional men and citizens generally, must realize that the suspension or curtailment of the work of the University, would occasion serious loss to the City in different ways. To all who carefully look into the present position of the University, it must be evident that the straitened circumstances in which the institution finds itself, will in no long time, at least lead to greatly reduced attendance, with all the consequences thereof, unless generous aid forthcoming.

We would respectfully draw your attention also to the fact that a prompt response to the appeal for aid is highly desirable. The University should be enabled to provide suitable quarters for all its departments before the opening of the academic year in September.

#### TO THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The General Relief Committee formed in Ottawa, believe that you will read with interest the pamphlet\* already sent you. The immediate object is to inform you respecting the great calamity which has befallen the University of Ottawa, and solicit aid in its hour of trial.

We ask everyone who has studied in the University of Ottawa to consider this communication as a personal appeal to his sympathy as an old student. Kindly read attentively the paragraphs explaining what the Committee proposes and suggests, page 14.

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\*To obtain this pamphlet address note to 74 Daly street, Ottawa.

Though the University has, in a certain measure, resumed its work, it has done so under conditions that must be speedily improved if the usefulness of the institution is not soon to be a thing of the past. Should our appeal, however, meet with the response which you know its object deserves, the prosperity of the University in recent years, gives promise of a splendid future.

You can certainly help your Alma Mater in some of the different ways set forth in the pamphlet, and possibly by some welcome suggestions to the General Relief Committee.

Permit us on behalf of the Committee to say that we fully expect to hear from you at an early date. There has already been considerable unavoidable delay in bringing this matter before you. It is highly desirable that the University Authorities should be enabled to announce definite plans of reconstruction and reorganization within a few weeks.

Any further information desired will gladly be furnished by the Secretaries of the General Relief Committee. The Treasurer, Mr. A. A. Taillon, Banque Nationale, Ottawa, will promptly acknowledge any donation or promise that you may think well to make.

D. J. McDougall,  
Ottawa.  
J. U. Vincent,  
Ottawa. } Joint Secretaries.

Ottawa, Canada, 15th January, 1904.

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#### CITIZENS' GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE.

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THOMAS BIRKETT, Esq., M.P. for the City of Ottawa.

JOHN COATES, Esq., Lately President of the Board of Trade.

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CHAIRMAN :  
SIR SANDFORD FLEMING.

TREASURER :  
A. A. TAILLON.

JOINT SECRETARIES :  
J. U. VINCENT, D. J. McDUGAL.



### EVERYTHING PROCEEDING.

Many and various have been the circumstances under which the wise and great men of the world have gained their knowledge and attained their greatness. The philosophers of ancient Greece studied and taught on the doorsteps of the houses, or walking up and down beneath the trees. Demosthenes, it is said, studied his oratory in a cave. In truth, when we look upon the facilities for education which every student of to-day possesses, we are disposed to exclaim, "Shame on you to let these men, who have had such little opportunity, surpass you!"

Many of our students seem to consider, since the terrible misfortune that befel our University, their task a difficult one in getting up their class-work with former perfection. No one can truthfully make such an assertion. As far as studies are concerned facilities are certainly as favorable as formerly, if not in some particulars more so.

In the fine new Science Hall is installed the collegiate and

classical courses, seven forms in all, with both French and English divisions. Our class-rooms are all that could be desired,—large, airy, with comfortable seats, and are much more satisfactorily heated than was usual in the old building. The many rooms of the hall, formerly used as storage receptacles, have been fitted up with seats, professors' desks, blackboards and all the accessories of a school-room. The grave and reverend philosophers of the sixth and seventh forms were given, to allow, we conjecture, for capital expansion, two halls larger than the others. The sixth form, installed among the bottles and electrical machines of the physical laboratory, is fast assimilating, under the tutelage of the genial Father Herwig, those scholastic principles of St. Thomas contained in *Summa* (Vol. I.); while the more learned men of the seventh, instructed in the large study-hall by good Father Nilles, are fast arriving at the summit of all philosophical wisdom.

Father Roy, prefect of studies of the Commercial Course, has his following established in the commodious basement of the Sacred Heart Church; and, that matters are transacted over here in a business-like and proper manner, may be readily seen by the sign that meets the eye, as you enter, to the effect that "Students coming late must report to the Prefect of Studies before going into class." Another notice informs the tardy arrival that the office of the Prefect is in the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, across the street.

Passing inside, everything is wonderfully well arranged for such hasty preparation. The whole hall has been partitioned off and fitted up for class-rooms; and anyone entering during class hours may hear as of old the sonorous tones of the professors blending with the click of the typewriters.

Although many of the older students are boarding in private houses in the vicinity of the college, still it is a considerably large assemblage of boys which at 6.30 a.m. issues in file from the substantial red structure on the corner of Cumberland street and Laurier avenue, which serves the purpose of a dormitory. They pass along the street a few rods and enter St. Joseph's Church to hear mass. At seven o'clock the file may again be seen, this time walking faster, for they are going down to the Albion Hotel to

breakfast. After breakfast comes recreation, study, class,— everything proceeding with a calmness and precision that seems to be forgetful of that awful tragedy which occurred across the way on December 2nd, 1903.

Some inconveniences there are doubtless, but, as our superior said to us the other day in St. Joseph's Church, we must bear them patiently. Perhaps, as he remarked, they are all for the best, and are intended by a wise Providence as part of our training for the world, so that, by now conquering these little annoyances, we may gain strength to combat the difficulties that we shall meet with in our path through life.

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### THE VISITORS.

The REVIEW begs leave to tender on behalf of the student body an expression of sincere welcome and respect to the Very Reverend Father Tatin, O.M.I., and the Very Reverend Father Miller, O.M.I., who have just arrived from Europe. These two reverend gentlemen are members of the General Administration of the Oblate Order. It is understood that their mission to Canada is in part to approve plans and to accelerate the measures for rebuilding the University. All the students and friends of the Institution will wish these distinguished visitors a most agreeable sojourn here.

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### DEAN O'CONNOR'S JUBILEE.

The seventeenth of December, 1903, will be long remembered by the people of the little parish of Marysville, Ont. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the holy Priesthood by the Rector, the very Reverend Dean O'Connor, was the first event of the kind in the annals of the place and accordingly preparations were made to commemorate it in a fitting manner. With the parishioners of St. Mary's Church were associated those of the several other parishes which were happy to have previously enjoyed the ministrations of the venerable priest. And not only was the archdiocese of Kingston deeply interested in an occasion

so honorable to one of its clergy, but with it the diocese of Alexandria, where he spent the best years of his manhood, and that of Peterborough, which claims the honor of giving him birth. Thus in one way or another Central and Eastern Ontario became the theatre of a long and useful career and felt bound to show appreciation of the same.

The celebration of the Jubilee was held in St. Mary's Church, Marysville. An immense concourse of people was present. The Rev. Dean is well known, not merely to his own parishioners among whom he labored, but is deeply respected and liked by all classes and creeds for his kind and affable manner. He appeared to be greatly affected by the reception of several testimonials of esteem, some of which took a practical shape. Vicar-General Masterson of Prescott, read an address from the clergy, and presented the venerable jubilarian a purse of gold. The parishioners also presented an address and a purse. The people of Perth and Chesterville sent a set of benediction vestments and a gold headed cane.

John Stephen O'Connor was born in Peterborough, February 17th, 1828, and was the first child born of white parents in that section of the country. His father was one of the pioneers of Peterborough. Young O'Connor was an apt pupil and he graduated from the Peterborough Grammar School in May, 1849. After that he attended Regiopolis College, Kingston. At this time he was professor of mathematics from the fall of 1849 until the fall of 1852. For a year after that date he attended the Grand Seminary, Montreal, leaving there a week before Christmas, 1853. At this time he was appointed assistant priest at St. Mary's Cathedral, which position he held for nearly three years, having been transferred to the parish of Cornwall, removing in November, 1866, to Alexandria. His next move was in June, 1870, to Perth. He went to Chesterville in May, 1889, where he remained in charge of one parish until his change to Marysville on March 15th, 1889, where he has been since.

The REVIEW for reasons that may be easily appreciated, has been tardy in offering its felicitations to the Very Rev. Dean whom it has long counted among its most generous friends and subscribers. Another reason to accomplish this pleasant duty lies

in the fact that several of our graduates and students gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to his kind pastoral solicitude. Many of them, either as members of the editorial staff or as contributors, are favorably known through our columns, in this and in many other ways giving evidence how the many virtues and the scholarly attainments of their pastor has impressed and inspired them in their college work.

The REVIEW wishes for its own part to express to the very reverend Jubilarian its sincere congratulations, and its earnest prayer that Divine Providence may for many years still spare him for the service of his church and his people.



### **The University of Ottawa, Library.**

The authorities of the University of Ottawa acknowledge the receipt of 1,674 volumes which have been collected, since the first of January, to form part of a Library to replace the one lost in the destructive fire which took place in December last. 947 of these volumes have been collected by Dr. Henry J. Morgan who, since the 2nd of December, has devoted his time and ability, with a zeal and an activity above all praise, to gather a new Library for the University.

The University of Ottawa desires to thank Dr. Henry J. Morgan and the donors for their generous offerings, evincing as they do the warmth of sympathy felt for the University in its misfortune.

#### **VOLUMES RECEIVED THROUGH DR. HENRY J. MORGAN, OTTAWA.**

Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, The Supreme Court Reports, 28 volumes.

E. R. Cameron, Registrar Supreme Court of Canada, 1 volume.

Dr. A. G. Doughty, Ottawa, The Siege of Quebec, 6 volumes.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Earnscliffe, Ottawa, 42 volumes.

Dr. H. J. Morgan, 34 volumes.

J. Castell Hopkins, Toronto, The Canadian Encyclopoedia, 6 volumes.

David Boyle, Museum, Toronto, 7 volumes.

Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, 15 volumes.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room and Publishing House, Toronto, 10 volumes.

Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Premier of Ontario, 378 volumes.

Hon. Richard Harcourt, LL.D., Minister of Education, 114 volumes.

G. C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., Webster's Intern. Dict., 1 volume.

Dr. N. E. Dionne, Quebec Legislature, 21 pamphlets and 23 volumes.

The Government of the Province of Quebec, 20 pamphlets and 125 volumes.

McGill University, 30 volumes.

Dr. W. Peterson, C.M.G., President of McGill University, 2 volumes.

E. M. Chadwick, Barrister, Toronto, 3 volumes.

Rev. F. A. Baillarge, St. Hubert, P.Q., 3 pamphlets, 4 volumes.

Felix Carbray, M. R. I. A., Quebec, \$5.00.

Prof. and Mrs. E. Stone Wiggins, Ottawa, a set of Thackeray, 10 volumes.

Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Inland Revenue, The Hansard and the Journals of the House of Commons, 90 volumes.

The Musson Book Co., Toronto, 18 volumes.

#### VOLUMES RECEIVED DIRECTLY BY THE UNIVERSITY.

Benziger Bros., Publishers, New York, 48 volumes.

Rev. D. Lavin, late Parish Priest of Pakenham, Ont., 326 volumes.

Dr. M. J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian, Ottawa, 34 volumes.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore, Md., 3 volumes.

James Hope & Sons, Ottawa, 49 volumes.

Rev. Fr. Balland, O.M.I., France, 1 volume.

Berlitz & Co., Publishers, New York, 31 volumes.

John C. Winston Co., Publishers, Toronto, 10 volumes.

Copp, Clark Co., Publishers, Toronto, 10 volumes.

Christopher Sower Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, 5 volumes.

Alfred T. DeLury, Professor of Math., University of Toronto, 10 volumes.

Goodyear-Marshall, Publishers, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 3 volumes.

D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston, 22 volumes.

Mr. Alfred Doyon, Henderson avenue, Ottawa, *Oeuvres de Fénelon*, 3 volumes ; *Nettement*, 2 volumes.

American Book Co., New York, 38 volumes.

A friend of the Prov. of Ontario, 58 volumes.

The Superior of the General Hospital, Ottawa, 3 volumes.

Mr. P. de Heen, Prof. of Experimental Physics, University of Liège, Belgium : His book on the Mechanical Theory of Electricity, 1 volume.

A friend, Ottawa, 20 volumes.

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### Inter Alia.

“ If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,  
 I rede ye, tent it :  
 A chiel’s amang ye, takin notes  
 And, faith, he’ll prent it.”

“ Books are a better means of education than travel.” Are they? *Respondeo dicendum*, as St. Thomas says, that “ the proper study of mankind is—man.” True, oh Bard of Twickenham—if one may call thee bard, and not, rather, Philosopher. Books, it may be, “ hold the mirror up to nature ” ; or, at least, are supposed to do so ; but—one prefers the original : *facie ad faciem*. Travel—if you can : books, if you must. Moreover, the travelled man is, for the most part, a reading man.

“ Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.” Thus the Swan of Avon, who journeyed early to, and tarried long in the English literary Mecca, as Macaulay justly terms London. Books may help, they cannot cure the honeliness.

“ Ye think the rustic crackle of your burg  
 The murmur of the world.”

“ Josh Billings ” has his own way of describing a similar complaint :

“ What’s good’s all English, all that isn’t, aint.”

But the disease, the Chiel begs to observe, is not peculiar to Englishmen.

*Per contra.* "Coelum non animum"—How does old Horace put it? And Thomas a Kempis? "Go where thou wilt, thou shalt ever find thyself," which, often, is worse than the "atra cura" that sits "post equitem," or Sinbad's old man of the sea.

Yet, even so, travel is better than books, for clerics or for lay folks. The "grand tour" was part of every English gentleman's education: the travelled man, it cannot be denied, is wider-minded than the mere man of books. The original—to revert to our simile—is better than the best of mirrors. *Experite crede.* Let the debaters decide.

THE CHIEL.

## Book Review.

The American Book Company, New York, sends for review the following class books:—

**EASY FIRST FRENCH READER.** By L. C. Syms, DeWitt Clinton High School, New York City. Price 50 cents.

This reader contains stories from such well-known writers as Feuillet, Laboulaye and Felix Gras which retain the characteristic charm of the original narratives, while altered so as to be suitable for elementary reading. Foot-notes explain the few allusions and idioms, while there are full English and French vocabularies.

**CICERO DE SENECTUTE.** Edited by Frank Gardner Moore, Ph. D., Associate Professor of Latin in Dartmouth College. Price, 80 cents.

This edition of the dialogue on Old Age embodies much new critical material made available in the last twenty years. It is supplemented by a comparative list of noted old men and by a poem on Old Age by Leo XIII. With the usual Notes and Indices are references to grammars generally in use.

**BEGINNER'S IN FRENCH.** By Victor E. François, A.M., Instructor in French in the College of the City of New York. Price 65 cents.

The arrangement of this book is simple and methodical, and it will enable teachers to make use of the conversational method from the very start.

LATIN GRAMMAR—REVISED. By George M. Lane, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor Emeritus of Latin in Harvard University. Price, \$1.50.

As originally published this standard Latin Grammar, the outgrowth of wide experience, careful observation and sound scholarship has been more widely used than any other grammar for advanced study. Changes and corrections in details have been introduced, but no alterations have been found necessary in the treatment of broad general principles, except in the chapter on Sound which has been largely rewritten and considerably extended.

GREEK PRIMER. By Clarence W. Gleason, A.M. (Harvard). Price, \$1.00.

In this work the verb, that huge difficulty for the beginner in Greek, is developed somewhat slowly and naturally with much attention bestowed on the second aorist. The *Anabasis* is largely drawn on for reading matter. The reading selections in and following the lessons are intended to arouse the beginner's interest in Greek literature.

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## Among the Magazines.

The February *Dominicana* contains the second part of a very able article entitled "The Conversion of Literature," by Merwin-Marie Snell, Ph. D. The hasty reader may find that he is treated to a great deal of the philosophy of literature, *a la* Schlegel, but he takes fresh courage when he meets with familiar names like Mrs. Humphrey Ward, George Elliott, Dr. Conde B. Pallen, Cardinal Newman, "Lucas Mallet," "John Oliver Hobbes," and others. If he peruses the article he will undoubtedly agree that here is afforded the means of clearing away the doubts he must have had about the character of many greatly advertised and much quoted books.

The Rev. Father Thomas Price is a busy man. In his own locality, Nazareth, N.C., he appears to be a power for good by means of an active ministry among the scattered Catholics of the State, by missions to non-Catholics, and by his energy in behalf of

charitable institutions. The little magazine called *The Truth*, which he publishes monthly, is evidently helping much to remove prejudices and disseminate correct ideas about the Catholic Church. This periodical, while controversial in character, yet by its moderate tone and impartiality, gives offence to no one. The articles on religious subjects are contributed mostly by well-known and reliable Catholic writers. The confidence shown in the *Truth* and in Father Price, may be judged from the contents of the "Question Box." We cannot peruse these pages without being a great deal better informed than we were in regard to our religion.

*The Leader* supplies wholesome and at the same time very attractive reading for young people. Some of the articles deal in fiction, some in history and geography, all appropriately illustrated. There is a page of pious reading with St. Bridget as the subject, prepared by Agnes E. Storer, for the current number. The interest, the very title "The Great Religious Paintings of the World—The Transfiguration excites," shows that the charm of this oft-treated theme is by no means exhausted.

The *Catholic University Bulletin* for January begins with "An Exhibit of Catholic Charities," by the editor. "The Beginnings of the Temporal Power," by Maurice M. Hassett conducts us over much historical ground. The writer seems to be anxious to place this much debated matter before his readers in its true historical perspective. He rarely goes into the discussion of theories and deductions. He does not seem to aim at swaying the reader's mind over to his own ideas. The facts and events are plainly set forth and the reader is left to judge for himself.

"Religious Ideas of the American Indians," by William B. Martin, is most interesting and evinces painstaking research. In his lengthy review, "Social History of Ancient Ireland," Dr. Shahan affirms that: "The work of Dr. Joyce is to be classed with Janssen's History of the German People since the fifteenth century, Father Michael's History of the German People since the thirteenth century, and McMaster's History of the American People."

## Exchanges.

*The Chisel* is one of the brightest of the month's exchanges. "Miss Nettie's Sunshine" and "Princess," are two carefully prepared bits of fiction. The writer of the verse shows much promise. There is an instructive essay on "Hamlet," and a eulogistic sketch of the Confederate soldier, General Longstreet. The department of current topics contains some wise reflection regarding questions that are uppermost at present in peoples' minds. We appreciate immensely the bouquet the *Chisel* tenders ourselves when it notes that our paper "is not filled with poor fiction as too many college magazines are"; though some of the others may not find this latter sprig fragrant.

### A NEW LEAF.

Again I turn a new year's leaf  
 And make full many brave resolves,  
 Each to fulfil, to be in chief  
 My aim while time again revolves  
 Ah ! many a leaf I've turned before  
 To make life's record full and true :—  
 Each year a wreck on time's dull shore  
 Prove much I dared, but little knew !

—*The St. Ignatius Collegian.*

In *The University Monthly* of Fredericton, the frontispiece presents a group picture of the U. N. B. Foot-ball Team which made such a splendid record last autumn and afterwards went on a tour West. "Recognition of Colonial Importance," sketches comprehensively the motives that are leading British colonies to seek closer union with the Mother Country. "The experiences of a Gasolene Engineer" and "Coney by Night," furnish agreeable reading.

The *O. A. C. Review*, organ of the students of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is uniformly well edited, but the 'Xmas issue was pretty near perfection. The abundant half-tone cuts portray for us all the conditions that show the wonderful prosperity reached in our farm and country homes to-day, a prosperity and a progress more general, and going perhaps far beyond

anything existing elsewhere. The Nature-studies are particularly valuable. These and a host of other contributions are executed with a good deal of literary skill. We always turn with pleasure to the pages of this exchange.

The *Laurel* is an old friend though it betrays an excessive pining for poetry and complains because our columns do not furnish more. It is itself full of "hope" and wishes and has "the sad heart," and no wonder. The effort under the title of "Sancta Agnes" had at least an inspiring subject. The poetic frenzy relieves itself in this fashion :

O gentle Agnes may thy grace  
Flow ever onward as a rill  
To guard and guide some gentle lives  
And soothe some hearts when they are still.

The *Abbey Student* receives frequent notice from our exchanges and indeed fully merits them. Its articles usually have the substance as well as the form. It perhaps gives way a little to the prevailing fad for fiction, nothing but fiction—but on the other hand it shows that it is painstaking and endeavors to shut out *fiction* from its estimates in its review of current events. From its December issue, we reprint in part :

"Ottawa was a full fledged University, with separate faculties for Theology, Arts, Law, Philosophy, Collegiate, Music, and Commercial. The Archbishop of Ottawa, Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, is Apostolic Chancellor of the University. We extend heart-felt sympathy to the faculty in the awful calamity that has befallen them and trust that with the generous charity of the Catholic world it will rise more glorious from its ashes."

## OBITUARY.

REV. FATHER McGURTY, O M.I.

" But thou O Heaven ! keep, keep what thou hast taken,  
And with our treasure keep our hearts on high ;  
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,  
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy—  
Guide us where these are with our brother flown,—  
They were of Thee and thou hast claimed thine own."

Little did Father McGurty dream when, on that fateful morning of the 2nd of December, he was preparing to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that God had decided to require of him another and a different sacrifice—that of his own life.

Little did he dream, when the death-dealing flames were playing about his room, that the hopes of years were soon to be shattered, the friendships of a life-time soon to be severed, the labors and duties of his priestly vocation soon to be exchanged for the peace and quiet of another world.

In less time than it takes to record it, he had rushed through that roaring furnace of fire—pausing but for a moment, as he afterwards said, to make a fervent act of contrition—out into the street and over to the house of a dear friend, Mr. Connolly.

For the space of two weeks his awful sufferings were prolonged. Slowly but surely his constitution succumbed to the dreadful injuries which he had received, and on the 15th of December, the octave of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, surrounded by grief-stricken relatives and friends, he passed to his reward.

Father McGurty was born at Weymouth, Massachusetts, in 1876. He received his early training at the parochial school attached to the parish of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass. There, under the excellent guidance of the Grey Nuns, were developed those qualities of mind and heart which helped, later on, to make him a successful teacher and parish priest.

Having entered the Holy Angels Juniorate, Buffalo, in 1891, with the intention of becoming ultimately a member of the Oblate Congregation, he remained there five years. In 1896 he entered the Oblate Novitiate at Tewksbury, Mass. After the usual twelve months passed at this quiet retreat, he was sent to the Oblate Scholastic, Ottawa East. There, in 1898 he pronounced his final vows, and he was almost immediately transferred to the University, where he was appointed Professor of English. He was always held in high esteem by the students, and it is worthy of remark, that his professional duties never quite destroyed that love of athletics which a fine training at the Buffalo Juniorate had fostered. Indeed, in their various athletic contests, so admirably adapted to develop the manly side of a student's character,

Ottawa University boys could boast no more ardent supporter. His ordination to the priesthood took place on the 24th of May, 1902, in the Basilica, Ottawa. In September of the same year, he received his appointment as curate of St. Joseph's Church, and it was in the midst of his labors for the welfare of the parish to which he was so deeply attached, that God called him away.

There could be no more striking proof of the esteem in which he was held, than that furnished by the spectacle which presented itself on the morning of the 17th of December, when his body lay in the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Church, surrounded by a sorrow-stricken multitude of friends.

There were to be seen members of the Oblate Congregation from the United States and from Canada, representatives of the different religious orders, large numbers of parishioners, the Sisters of the Rideau Street Convent, and of the Gloucester Street Convent, together with their pupils, the students of the University, and the teachers and pupils of St. Joseph's School.

To those who have lost, in the person of Father McGurty, a friend, a counsellor, or a classmate, the blow has indeed been a heavy one, but who can ever measure the grief which overwhelmed his dear relatives in Lowell and Philadelphia. In their lives has been made a void that can never be filled. May God in His mercy enable them to bear the awful burden of their sorrow. May the example of his pure life and unswerving devotion to duty, spur on us, who remain behind, to the performance of noble deeds in the service of the Catholic Church and of Alma Mater.

W. J. KIRWIN, O.M.I.

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#### MRS. DOONER, OSCEOLA, ONT.

The heartfelt sympathy of the student body goes out to W. A. Dooner, of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, in his sad affliction of the loss of his most beloved mother, who on December 1st, 1903, departed from this life at the Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, after a lengthy and severe illness. The REVIEW, to whose staff Mr. Dooner belonged last year, offers its deepest condolence.

## MISS HARVEY, BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

It is the REVIEW's sad duty to chronicle the death of Miss Harvey, of Brunswick, Maine, which occurred during the 'Xmas vacation. Simon, brother of the deceased, and the afflicted family have the sincerest condolence of the students, in their severe loss.

R. I. P.

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## Of Local Interest.

On February 12th and 13th, the University Dramatic Society presented at the Russell Theatre, a series of historical tableaux, entitled "Sixteen-ninety," which has been written by F. W. Grey, our Professor of English. The scene represents the characters which moulded the history of America around the year from which the tableau takes its name,—the Frenchmen, Frontenac, Laval, and Champigny, and their English enemies across the border. Although the attendance was not as large as could be desired, those present seemed to be highly pleased with the histrionic ability displayed by the students. Her Excellency, the Countess of Minto, who was so gracious as to extend to the representation her patronage, occupied with her party the Vice-regal box. His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate, and His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, were also in attendance. The costumes, furnished by Mr. Ponton of Montreal, were pronounced by every one as magnificent, and exactly such as worn in the latter part of the 17th century.

The cast of characters was as follows :

|                                        |   |                 |
|----------------------------------------|---|-----------------|
| Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada,   | - | H. J. McDonald. |
| Mgr. de Laval, Bishop of Quebec,       | - | J. J. O'Gorman. |
| The Chevalier de Champigny, Intendant, | - | J. J. Mack.     |
| St. Laurent, his friend—a traitor      | - | T. Tobin.       |
| Chevalier de Villeray,                 | - | R. T. Halligan. |
| " Callières,                           | - | J. C. Walsh.    |
| " Auteuil,                             | - | J. McNeil.      |

|                                                                   |           |   |   |               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|---|---|---------------|
| D'Aillebout de Mentet,                                            | -         | - | - | R. Vallilee.  |
| Le Moyne d'Iberville,                                             | Canadian  | - | - | R. J. Byrnes. |
| Francois Hertel,                                                  | Noblesse. | - | - | A McDonald.   |
| Le Ber du Chesne,                                                 | -         | - | - | F. Gaboury.   |
| Paul Gigniers,                                                    | Coureurs  | - | - | P. Marshall   |
| Pierre Larocque,                                                  | de bois.  | - | - | J. Marshall.  |
| Jacques de Sorel, of the King's Body Guard,                       | -         | - | - | J. Ebbs.      |
| Sir Ludovic Leslie, his friend,—of the British                    |           |   |   |               |
| Army—Colonel of the 26th Regt.                                    | -         | - | - | J. Freeland.  |
| Sir William Phips, Gov. of New England,                           | -         | - | - | M. O'Gara.    |
| Capt. Short, R.N.,                                                | -         | - | - | W. Kennedy.   |
| John Walley, of Barnstable,                                       | -         | - | - | C. Jones.     |
| Capt. Sylvanus Davis, of Schenectady,                             | -         | - | - | A. McDonald.  |
| Le Grand Agnié, Christian Mohawk,                                 | -         | - | - | L. Brennan.   |
| Eagle Hawk, a Seneca Chief,                                       | -         | - | - | H. Donahue.   |
| Various Coureurs de bois, Sailors, Soldiers, attendants, Indians, |           |   |   |               |
| etc.                                                              |           |   |   |               |

We are pleased to see that our Debating Society has been reorganized, and has already resumed work. We hope that the weekly debates will be well attended, and that the members will endeavor as much as possible to develop by the practice there afforded their forensic abilities, so that next year we may have a team which will win the championship of the Inter-University Debating League. This year our representatives were handicapped by the loss a few days before the debate with McGill of all their notes and references in that dreadful conflagration. But next year we hope for better results.

St. Patrick's Day promises to be celebrated by the students as of yore. The arrangements are not yet complete, but everything will be carried out with the same spirit and enthusiasm which characterized all our former celebrations in honor of Ireland's patron saint. In fact it is the general determination of the members of the executive of the St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee to make the banquet this year a record one.

Father Miller and Father Tatín are visiting the University to oversee on behalf of the heads of the Oblate Order, the arrangements for rebuilding. Father Miller seems to be a general favorite among the students with whom he has come in contact, all being enthusiastic as to his geniality and urbanity of disposition.

"There's always room for a good man on top," says Davis.

Professor (doing experiment).—"I'll bet you what you like ———"

Class.—"Ha! ha!"

Professor (correcting himself).—"That is, I should be willing to wager anything you choose ———."

For all practical purposes, the rat was dead.

The Professor was discussing in class the question of the canonization of Joan of Arc, when Sousie asked, "Father, was *he* an Oblate?"

It is curious how prevalent around the college is the epidemic of apendicitis. One of our students was seized with such a severe attack of it the other night about 1 a.m., that his room-mate was obliged to go for one of the Fathers next door. The cause was said to be cream-puffs.

It is rumored that Eagle Halk, Capt. Davis and De Sorel are taking music lessons now. They were seen coming up from towards Rideau street, one evening with rolls of music under their arms.

We were grieved to hear of the illness of one of our prefects of discipline, Rev. Bro. Binet. The REVIEW prays for his speedy and permanent recovery.



## Junior Department.

As this is the first chance, the Junior Scribe expresses himself as deeply grateful for the messages of "A Happy and Pleasant New Year," and reciprocates as heartily :

"O comfortable recreation hall, with thy dim lights, antique tables and *Mississippi* beds, thou art now beyond my vision. No more *congé* afternoons shall I pass within thy walls, no more shall I partake of thy comforts, so farewell!" "And thou good study hall wherein I spent so many pleasant hours, thou too hast met destruction. Thy desks shall no more serve as pillows whereon to lay my weary head during the early morning hours. Since thou too, art gone, Farewell!" "And again, farewell to thee O beautiful dressing room, the pride of us all. It brings tears to my eyes when I think that thy palatial apartments, the work of so many hours, are now in ashes. Thy shelves filled with sporting goods of almost every description, they also are no more. It breaks my heart to think of thee, but since the destroying element has laid thee low, farewell—a long farewell."

The above lament is taken from our *Martin's* song book.

The Junior Editor has been having troubles of his own since the fire deprived him of his comfortable corner in the good old Sanctum. For some time after having been rendered homeless, he considered the advisability of installing himself in the hand-ball alley, but concluded that the location was not an apt one as the *Mull Aghani* guards and the *Bizoo* artillery might sweep down upon him in the darkness of the night and enter action against the REVIEW. After much deliberation and a few words of advice from constable *Constant*, he selected the following address to which the *Minims* shall forward all their complaints : His Honor the J. E., *Faure Coal-Water* St. (round the corner).

Regret reigned supreme in the junior camp on the evening of January 7th. The cause of it all was that Rev. Bro. Binet had been appointed to the senior department, and the youngsters were thereby losing one of their best friends. The Rev. Bro. was a general favorite owing to the great interest he always showed in

junior sports. A junior's loss is a senior's gain. Rev. Father Ouellette has been appointed to fill the vacancy, and he has already won the affection of all his little subjects. The Junior Editor extends the glad hand to the Rev. Father and wishes him all success while in the "land where infancy blooms."

Everybody is delighted with the new quarters. 'Tis true a few sacrifices have to be made from time, still every one is satisfied with the present order. The walks from one department to another are invigorating. The dormitory is all that could be desired, while the study hall and classrooms are as comfortable as ever. The recreation hall is something of an improvement. Here are found all the indoor games so dear to the heart of a minim. A piano discourses sweet music, while the larger boys execute the latest steps in finished style.

A new book—"Le mockey stick and la Galette," by *The Moth*. Published in all languages. Tells how *not* to play hockey; contains all the fine points of the game.

A few days after the opening the president of the J. A. A. assembled all the members of the executive he could possibly find, and went into session. The object of the meeting was to ascertain where the J. A. A. stood, financially and otherwise. The treasurer reported that the association had sustained a loss of about three hundred dollars in the recent conflagration. When the president heard this he began an eight day harangue, which put all the other members to sleep. When the first halt was reached, he awoke his companions from their refreshing slumbers, and proceeded with the business before the house. It was decided to build a new dressing room and place therein all the necessaries for hockey. That the rink was to be kept open day and night for the rest of the season, with the exception of a few hours after every storm. A vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Bro. Binet for his services during the past.

Under the supervision of Rev. J. B. Boyer, O.M.I., manager of the hockey teams, two series were recently formed, a senior and a junior. The captains of the senior series are Berlinguette (A), Byrnes (B), Labrosse (C), and L. Dion (D); while the seconds

have as leaders Fleming, A. Fleming, N. and McHugh. Both series promise to put up the real article and some hot games are expected.

The senior schedule is as follows :—

|                                |                   |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Jan. 20—A vs. C. won by A. 9—5 | Feb. 10—C. vs. A. |
| 23—B. vs. D. " D. 10—12        | 13—D. vs. B.      |
| 27—A. vs. B. " B. 2—3          | 17—B. vs. A.      |
| 30—D. vs. C. " D. 12—9         | 20—C. vs. D.      |
| Feb. 3—C. vs. B. "             | 24—B. vs. C.      |
| 6—A. vs. D. "                  | 27—D. vs. A.      |

A new serial story. "Coming through the window and sliding down the post," or How I escaped from the fire," by *Rose Beau*, author of "How to live in *Gr(e)en Town*.

*Charlie Wood* is having himself coated with tin. He thinks it will *Shield* him from fire.

On February 24th, the Wonders travelled to Rockland, Ont., to play the junior team of the town. At the conclusion of the game the following telegram was received by the Junior Editor :

Rockland, February 24th, 1904.  
Ottawa loses. Score 8 to 7. Great game and treatment immense.

(Signed) THE BOSS.

Isaac and the "push" held an indignation meeting in rear of hand-ball alley, a few days after the issue of the January number, to deliberate about the omission of this department. No harm was done except that every one was talking at the same time. Nothing could be decided and the meeting adjourned *sine die*. As the members filed out, the musical talent burst forth in the following strains :

In the good old winter time (*bis*)  
The cleaning of the rink is not so very fine,  
Your hands get cold and your feet do freeze  
And that's a very good sign  
That we must shovel off the snow,  
In the good old winter time.

A. SHORTFELLOW.





# CONTENTS.

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|                                                     | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>POETRY :</b>                                     |      |
| The Snow Storm.....                                 | 335  |
| The Shamrock.....                                   | 341  |
| Energy, Nature's Manifestation of Divine Love.....  | 336  |
| The Death-Dice .....                                | 342  |
| The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.....               | 344  |
| King Laogare's Daughters.....                       | 352  |
| Books a Better Means of Education than Travel ..... | 355  |
| <b>EDITORIALS :</b>                                 |      |
| The Day Celebrated in Ottawa.....                   | 359  |
| An Alumni Society.....                              | 361  |
| Ireland's Turn.....                                 | 363  |
| Parliament. ....                                    | 365  |
| The University of Ottawa Library.....               | 366  |
| Inter Alia.....                                     | 367  |
| Book Review.....                                    | 368  |
| Among the Magazines.....                            | 369  |
| Exchanges .....                                     | 371  |
| <b>OBITUARY :</b>                                   |      |
| Rev. Father Keough.....                             | 372  |
| Brother Wilfrid Labonté, O.M.I.....                 | 372  |
| Athletics.....                                      | 373  |
| Of Local Interest.....                              | 375  |
| Junior Department.....                              | 377  |



# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 7

MARCH, 1904.

Vol. VI

## *The Snow Storm.*

THE sage, deep thinking, sought to find the way  
By which this world was first aroused from sleep,  
When, without form and void, in gloom it lay,  
To wake when "Let light be" rang o'er the deep :  
What essence underlay its primal form  
Of light, to give it power to change to heat  
And force voltaic ; to attract and beat  
Inert, transparent matter to a storm  
Of atoms to be moulded into spheres,  
Of worlds innumerable. If man had seen  
The act, his piercing mind had been  
Informed. In refutation there appears,  
From laws that make the starry systems crude,  
A crystal storm of mimic worlds at feud.

F. '05.

## Energy, Nature's Manifestation of Divine Love.

**D**HE object of this paper is to show that energy, the subject of so much long and technical treatment in Physics, is after all a manifestation of Infinite power—the unspoken expression of Divine Love. To this end it may be well to preface that energy, as it is scientifically defined, is the ability to do work. But as there is never any work done without a consumption of heat, so also an expenditure of energy always involves a corresponding loss of the same.

Physicists to-day unanimously agree that heat, light, electricity and the other forms of physical and chemical phenomena, are merely modifications of energy, or heat. This conclusion had been scientifically stated by Dr. Mayer, who first introduced the expression 'mechanical equivalent of heat.' And this same conclusion has also been proved by Joule, Tyndall, Tait, Helmboltz and a score of others. From their experiments, it may be safely inferred that energy is a form of work, manifested in its different modifications, and what appears a loss in the form, is really a gain in the modification.

A brief consideration of the vicissitudes of nature during the different seasons of the year, will suffice to show the main object of this paper ;—that energy is a manifestation of Infinite Love, and that nature is the direct proof of its existence.

In winter, the heat of the day cannot compensate for the loss during the night. To supply the deficiency, nature makes use of every possible source of energy, and especially of the ground. The roots of flowers, trees and shrubs are protected with a dark covering, which attracts the heat, and prevents its exit when once acquired. The heat taken from the ground is restored to it again by the rain, which in freezing stores away what is known as hidden or latent heat. And this heat is liberated again in melting. When the earth can no longer supply the heat which nature demands, snow and ice supply the loss by this constant freezing and melting.

Man is also called upon to give his share of energy. To protect himself he wears dark clothing which readily absorb heat. The sensation of cold which he feels, is caused by the egress of heat from the body. To supply this energy more food will be required than during the other seasons of the year. During this season nature is shrouded in gloom, but from the midst of this gloom we realize the existence of that "Power unknown!"

" From the veil  
That shrouds Thee, from the wood, the cloud, the void,  
O, by the anguish of all lands evoked,  
Look forth!"

And yet "only the willing see." They alone fully realize that

" The things of God are born for naught,  
Unless the eye in seeing,  
Sees hidden in the thing, the thought  
That animates its being."

The return of the robin announces the beginning of spring. Nature now buds forth in all the simplicity of childhood. The earth is covered with a beautiful carpet of green, which appears doubly resplendent under the dazzling brilliancy of a clear blue sky.

" Wildly sweet  
The season, prince of unripe Spring, when March  
Distils from cup half gelid yet, some drops  
Of finer relish than the hand of May  
Pours from her full-brimmed beaker. Frost, though gone,  
Has left its glad vibration on the air;  
Laughed the blue heavens as though they ne'er had frowned,  
Through leafless oak-boughs."

The noise of the brooks dashing "from rock to rock" through mountain and glen; the fragrance of the mayflowers and the trailing arbutus; the cloudless sky; the trees adorned amidst a bower of leaves and blossoms of the most aromatic fragrance; all these speak a strange language, which can be understood only by the immortal soul of man. As if in enigma they seem to say: "We are not He, but He is our Creator, and we are the manifestation of His love."

“ In love God fashioned whatever is,  
 The hills, and the seas, and the skyey fires ;  
 For love He made them, and endless blis  
 Sustains, enkindles, uplifts, inspires.”

Under the powerful influence of energy the snow and ice melt, communicating their latent heat to the atmosphere. The frost in the ground transfers its heat to the roots of trees, shrubs and flowers ; to be utilized in the process of growth. This gradual interchange of energy between the ground and the atmosphere is constant and so arranged as to make both ends meet. It is, indeed, an invisible proof of the unseen hand of Love.

“ Shepherd youths,  
 “ Who spread the pasture green beneath your lambs,  
 And freshened it with snow-fed stream and mist ?  
 Who but the Love unseen ?”

The farmer again goes forth to his fields, and as he approaches his pastures,

“ Mild-eyed milk-white kine  
 Smile him a welcome.”

His heart, “ shamed at (its) spring-tide raptures,” unconsciously utters a prayer of thanksgiving :

“ My Father, fair is sunrise, fair is the sea  
 The hills, the plains, the wind-stirred wind, the maid,  
 But what is like a people onward borne  
 In gladness ?”

Energy, deep laid everywhere, points to the manifestation of divine Love :

“ Spring-touched, the blackbird sang ; the cowslips changed  
 Green lawn to green and golden ; and grey rock,  
 And river's marge, with primroses were starred ;  
 Here shook the wind-flower, there the blue-bells gleamed,  
 As though a patch of sky had fallen on earth.”

Summer bears the same relation to spring as youth to childhood. As youth is the perfection of childhood, so also is summer the perfection of spring. The increase of energy during this season has a debilitating effect upon man, who uses every means in his power to prevent the access of heat to his body, such as wearing light colored clothing which repel light, or by the use of

natural elements. Nature also supplies him with glands, which keep the body at its normal temperature, by allowing the surplus energy to pass off in the form of perspiration. To repair this loss ice-cold water is dangerous, on account of the energy which must be expended in reducing the temperature of the water to the normal temperature of the blood. Thus nature teaches man the lesson of moderation. Under the influence of this increasing energy nature is adorned in its greatest glory,—everywhere bespeaking the beauty of "Transfigured Life."

" Above the rock, above the wood, the cloud,  
There laughs the luminous air ; there bursts anew  
Spring buds in Summer on suspended lawns ;  
There the bell tinkles while once more the lamb  
Trips by the sun-fed runnel ; there green vales  
Lie lost in purple heavens."

The seeds of spring now appear as full-grown plants. The meadows are redundant with the fragrance of delicate orchids. On the mountain-side the lupine and columbine raise their fairy heads, whilst in the forests the jack-in-the-pulpit delights his audience with a speech on the star of Bethlehem. This is indeed the season of joy and gladness :

" Mourners I have known,  
That homeward wending from the new-dug graves,  
Against their will, where sang the happy birds,  
Have felt the aggressive gladness fill their hearts,  
And smiled amid their tears."

Autumn, unable to supply the energy required for growth, causes the wrinkles of age to appear on the face of summer. The leaves, beautiful by the loss of heat, are changed from green to golden.

" The ripening cornfields whisper 'neath the breeze" that the harvest time has come. They invite man to look above and see the Guardian of his crops :

" Naught ever raised my heart to God like fields  
Of harvest, waving wide from hill to hill,  
All bread-full for my people."

And yet that manifestation of Love remains unspoken :

" God might have changed to Pentacostal tongues,  
The leaves of all the forests in the world,

And bade them sing His Love ! He wrought not thus;  
A little hint he gives us and no more,  
Alone the willing see."

As the cold weather again sets in, man fully realizes the changes which constantly take place. He sees the birth of spring, the growth of summer, the harvest of autumn, and the decay of winter, constantly reminding him of the innocence of childhood, the joy of youth, the maturity of manhood, and the decline of age. Burdened as he is with the joys and sorrows of this life he longs for the day when time has no interval, death, no decay. But all the day's of his life he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, according to the divine decree. His life is a life of energy; and a life of labor is one of prayer, " *Laborare est orare.*" The sea, the earth, the heavenly bodies manifest " with music of a million spheres" the existence of Him

" Who called the worlds from naught ? His name is Love !  
In Love He made those worlds. They have not lost  
The sun his splendor, nor the moon her light,  
That miracle survives."

And now, before concluding, a few points may be mentioned about energy for the benefit of those who may wish to make a more detailed study of this subject.

Energy is never lost. Its conservation is effected by means of a transformation of energy into one or several of its modifications. And it is for this reason that the physicists speak of all forms of physical and chemical phenomena as modifications of the form of energy. From this premise, the following conclusions may be drawn : that an absolute loss or gain is a nonentity ; that there will be a corresponding gain for every loss, and a corresponding loss for every gain ; that the sun is the source of energy; that the manifestation of this energy is seen by the influence which the sun exerts upon the earth ; that energy has a decided influence upon the moral and physical nature of man. But more than all these, energy teaches man that the more he studies the marvellous phenomena of nature, its changeableness and corruption; the more does he realize the existence of the infinite Power,

Incorruptible, Unchangeable and Unchanged, Who is at one and the same time Master of Science and the Servant of all.

“Earth, that sing’st

Since first He made thee, thy Creator’s praise,  
 Sing, sing, thy Saviour’s! Myriad-minded sea,  
 How that bright secret thrills thy rippling lips  
 Which shake, yet speak not! Thou that mad’st the worlds,  
 Man, too, Thou mad’st; within Thy hands the life  
 Of each was shapen, and new-woven run out  
 New-willed each moment what makes up that life?  
 Love infinite, and nothing else save Love!”

J. GOOKIN.

## The Shamrock.

By DENIS A. McCARTHY in March *Donahoe’s*.

PATRICK, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of God,  
 Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet from the  
 |sod.

“Here is a symbol,” he said, “and a sign of the faith I preach!  
 Here is a symbol,” he said, “and a sign of the truth I teach!”

“God is not many but One. One God, One only, is He,  
 God is not many but One, though the Persons in God are three,  
 E’en as the shamrock I pluck for you—” holding it forth to them,  
 “Still is but one, though its leaves are triple upon the stem.”

Flashed o’er the minds of the people the truth that was erewhile  
 [dim,

Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet of him,  
 Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under the pagan rod,  
 Giving their hearts and their souls and their wills to the One True  
 [God !

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people, and made  
 Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade,  
 Centuries-old is the story—yet Irish women and men  
 Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever since hen!

## The Death-Dice



WILLIAM of Germany strode quickly up and down his room in the Imperial Palace. His brow was dark and stern, and there was a cruel gleam in the grey eyes that boded ill for the one that was the cause of his anger. "Betrayed," he muttered, pausing in his walk, "betrayed, and by some one of my own soldiers: oh! my country, 'tis hard to defend thee, when those that are sworn to protect, turn against thee; but woe to the traitor, should he ever be known; and by all the Saints, he must be found." So saying, he strode to the table and rang the bell viciously. A page entered almost instantly. "Send the Count von Hammerstein to me immediately" commanded the Emperor. The page departed, leaving William to continue his moody promenade, until interrupted by the entrance of the Count von Hammerstein, the Minister of Justice. "Sire, you sent for me?" said the Count. "Yes, von Hammerstein, you know, of course, that our plans for the southern campaign were betrayed to the Austrians by some of our troops."

"I know, sire, and regret it exceedingly." "Regrets are useless now, but there yet remains vengeance, and, by all that's sacred, I'll have it. Count, set your men to work; spare no pains to find the traitor and let him be brought before me."

"It shall be done, sire, instantly." So saying the Minister bowed and withdrew, leaving the Emperor to continue his rapid walk and his bitter meditation.

The scene changes to the Court of Justice within the Imperial Palace of Germany. On a raised seat, surrounded by his ministers, sits Emperor William. The same stern look is yet upon his face and the same ominous light shines from his piercing grey eyes. But this time his gaze is not on the floor, but on two men who stand bound before him. They are both fine specimens of manhood, and as they stand there in the uniform of the German army, they are soldiers of whom any leader might well be proud. Yet

it is with anything but a proud look or a kind voice, that William, rising, addresses them. "Henry Froebel and Theodore Kritsch" thundered the Emperor, "one of you, we know not which, is guilty of treason, guilty of selling your country's interests. The crime rests between you, that is certain ; let the guilty one speak, and so not add to his already heinous crime, by dragging an innocent man to punishment with him."

"Sire," said Theodore Kritsch, "I have loved and served my country too well, all my life, to betray it in my later years."

"Sire" exclaimed Henry Froebel, "I am innocent, I swear it."

"Both innocent" mused William, "and yet one of them, we are sure, is guilty."

"Sirs," he continued aloud, "I expected a denial from both of you. Since human law cannot decide between you, let Heaven be the agent of justice. What is hidden from us is clear to God. Let Him decide. Here are dice ; let each of you take one throw. Who throws highest is innocent, and lives ; the other is guilty, and dies. Now make your cast, and may Heaven adjudge the guilt where it belongs."

Theodore Kritsch, relieved of his bonds, steps forward, takes the dice from the hand of the Emperor and shakes them in the box. Every head is eagerly inclined and every eye is strained to the utmost as he makes the throw. "Sixes," cry the crowd as the dice settle, "twelve is the count ; Froebel is the guilty one ; death to Froebel ;" and the maddened crowd would have fallen on the poor unfortunate and beaten him to death then and there, had not the towering form of William rose stern and commanding. "Peace !" he cried, and the tumult was hushed. "Theodore Kritsch," continued the Emperor, "thou hast made a good throw, the highest possible, and thy innocence is well nigh established ; nevertheless the other must have his throw. Froebel, thy turn has come."

"I cannot beat that cast, and yet I am innocent," and with these words he dashed the dice with such force that they fell to the floor, one of them split in twain. But when the eager crowd pressed forward to see the count, lo ! the whole dice showed six, one half of the broken dice also showed six, while on the upper

face of the other half was a one spot. "Sire," they cried, "the count is thirteen." William stood perplexed, not knowing what to do. "The count is thirteen, but—" At this moment a terrible cry rang through the lofty vaulted hall, "'Tis the judgment of Heaven; I am guilty," and so saying, Theodore Kritsch fell to the floor at the foot of the brazen statue of justice that stands near the throne. He had passed to a higher tribunal. Let us hope that there he met with more mercy than he could have hoped for in the Court of Justice of Emperor William.

J. J. FREELAND '05.

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## The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.

### PART III.

#### HOW HE FINISHED HIS MATINS.

HAT a man, presumably sane and truthful, should, in this twentieth century, set down such a tale as that which follows may lead to doubts as to his sanity—or of his veracity. The tale, however, is a simple narrative of facts, such as can be vouched for by more than one unimpeachable witness; also, the still stranger tale, of which it forms, in some sense, the conclusion—or to which it may, if you choose, be taken as an introduction—is, I honestly believe, true in every particular. But then, as I am constrained to admit, I have reasons of my own for this belief. In any case, I will tell my story, and you can credit me or not, as you please. For myself, I am convinced that, utterly unworthy though I be, God has favored me in a very special and very wonderful fashion.

To begin at the beginning. My uncle's interview—if I may use the expression—with Prior Oswald has been related by one who, without intending to do so, overheard all that passed. But the narrator—possibly because he did not think it necessary—omitted to tell how, as a result of that same interview, my uncle ceased to be the Superior of the (Anglican) Society of Saint Augustine, and became, shortly afterwards, a monk at the Benedictine Abbey of Emborough. Where, in fact, he is Prior at the present time.

Now, Emborough—known to many as the new Glastonbury—is not many miles from Bath, where, at the time of my uncle's “going over to Rome,” I was curate of a very “Catholic” church, indeed, St. Jude's, Lansdown. So Catholic were we, in fact, that only Saint Michael's, Shoreditch—lately famous—could be said to excel our “Catholicity.” But that—for me, at least, and for those most likely to be interested—is ancient history.

One other piece of topographical information—though I love “Saint Aldhelm's country,” and could write about it till the end of time—and I will get to my story, which, I can safely promise you, will be neither as long—nor as interesting—as that of Brother Cedric the Cellarer or of Prior Patrick, late of Waterford in Ireland, and of Duns in “the Low Countries.”

My uncle—Dom Hilary Robinson, to give him his name—was not long a monk before he—with the Abbot's sanction—set out to discover all that could be learned concerning Prior Oswald, whom the Abbot, also, had seen and heard on the occasion already referred to. It was the Abbot who suggested that some trace of him might be found at Steenbrugge Abbey, near Bruges, whither the Community at Duns had migrated, after the troubles of the French Revolution. “Some of the Glastonbury monks went to Duns,” he said, “as did some of our brethren from Waterford.”

With this information to guide him, and a letter from his own Abbot to the Abbot of Steenbrugge, Dom Hilary started on his quest, which, at first, did not hold out much promise of success. The records of Duns, he was told, had been destroyed when the Republicans destroyed the abbey. There were traditions as to the Irish and British refugees, in the sixteenth century, yes: more they knew not. Perhaps Monseigneur Béthune—Chanoine of Bruges—might know more. He was “antiquaire,” and familiar with all kinds of ancient legends.

To Monseigneur Felix de Béthune—justly beloved by all English visitors to Bruges—Dom Hilary betook him, without loss of time. Monseigneur listened; Monseigneur smiled—as one who knows. Briefly, he did know. His uncle, dead these seventy years and more, had been chaplain to the Beguines of Bruges and had left diaries—copious diaries, in Latin, fortunately, not in

Flemish, which diaries,—all of them,—were very much at Dom Hilary's service.

It took my uncle a month's solid hard work to read them through, but he read them, word by word. Nor was his labor unrewarded. The Abbe Van Haecke was diffuse, given, as Dom Patrick Desmond would say, to much prolixity, but he forgot nothing, however seemingly trivial or irrevelant. Among which he noted the fact that his predecessor—and tutor—as chaplain to the Beguines had been an Irish monk—from the Abbey of Maredsous.

Now Maredsous, more fortunate than Duns, had escaped destruction at the Revolution. Its records would, therefore, most probably, be intact. So, at least, Monseigneur de Béthune was of opinion, who gave Dom Hilary a letter of introduction to his—Monseigneur's—particular friend the librarian, Dom Gregorius DeVriendt. Armed with this, and a letter from the Abbot at Steenbrugge, Dom Hilary set out for Maredsous.

From the day of his arrival—so he told me, afterwards—he felt certain of success. Dom Gregorius was just such another as Monseigneur de Béthune—or my uncle, himself, for that matter—an antiquarian who really deserved the name. In virtue of his office as librarian, he could do much; as one who could, literally, lay his hand on any book or manuscript in the library, he could do more—and did it.

"Irish monk," said he, with a queer little bird-like motion of his head peculiar to him; "date about 1785. Dom Michael O'Connor; must be."

"How do you know?" enquired my uncle in amazement.

"Because my memory is better than your Lord Macaulay's," returned Dom Gregorius, with a vanity pardonable under the circumstances. "He knew all the Popes and Chancellors; I know all the Abbots, Priors and Sub-Priors of the principal Benedictine Abbeys. I have made it my life-study, mon cher," the old librarian continued. "Dom Michael O'Connor was Sub-Prior of Maredsous from 1780 to 1785. He died in 1785."

"Have you any diaries of his?" asked Dom Hilary, anxiously. Of what use to know the name, death year of this

Irish chaplain of the Beguines, if that were all the information to be obtained ?

“ Diaries ? Ciel ! ” Dom Gregorius threw out his hands with a gesture that spoke volumes. “ Tiens ! I will show you.” Which he proceeded to do.

Followed another month or five weeks study of crabbed Latin which pained my uncle’s classical soul as a bagpipe march might be supposed to pain Palestrina. But he found that of which he was in search, and the “ Latin ” was forgotten. Dom Michael O’Connor, dead at 90, spoke of a certain manuscript which he had seen, when a very young novice ; in the year 1718, to be exact. “ A tale passing my credence ” was his comment.

“ That must be our manuscript,” said my uncle, on reporting his discovery to Dom Gregorius ; “ but I wish Dom Michael had given more details.”

“ Patience, mon cher,” returned the librarian ; “ What date does the good Sub-Prior mention ? ”

“ 1718,” answered Dom Hilary. “ Any further clue,” he enquired anxiously.

“ Plenty, plenty,” was the confident answer. “ 1718,” Dom Gregorius continued, thoughtfully. “ Yes ”—suddenly, “ Abbot Van den Steen de Jehay died in 1720. He is the man to tell us about this manuscript and its author.”

As, indeed—to cut a long story short—it proved. The good Abbot spoke of a certain manuscript, left in his charge by “ one of our brethren, Dom Patricius Desmond, to wit, late Prior of Waterford, in Ireland, and now Prior of our neighboring abbey of Duns, which manuscript,” his lordship added, “ you shall find in our muniment room in the oak chest that beareth mine initials and mine escutcheon.”

And that is where and how my uncle Dom Hilary Robinson found the “ Strange Tale of Prior Oswald,” which it has been my privilege to edit, under the pseudonym of “ Thomas the Rymer.” The Abbot of Maredsous, on being appealed to, gladly consented to its transfer to Emborough Abbey, as to “ the new Glastonbury.” How proud and pleased a man was my uncle, you may imagine—if you can.

That, you may be inclined to think, is the end of Prior Os-

wald. Not quite. Our Abbot—thank God that it is my privilege to call him so!—having, as I told you, seen and spoken to Prior Oswald, was certain that, sooner or later, the good Prior would be seen and spoken to again. “And,” he added—so my uncle told me later, “I should not be surprised if your nephew, ‘Father’ Robinson, of St. Jude’s, Lansdown, were the favored individual.” Why he should have thought so I hardly know, unless it were that he had read my sermon on “Devotion to the Mother of God,” and could foresee what—thank God and our Lady—has proved the inevitable consequence of such devotion—though I say it who am not worthy of the favors shown me.

But, as it proved, our Abbot was right. I have seen Prior Oswald, and, if I have not actually spoken to him, I have heard him. Let me tell you how, as briefly as may be.

Saint Aldhelm’s Church, at Bradford-on-Avon, not being a parish church, but a proprietary chapel, belonging to the lord of the manor, the Bishop could not “interfere” with the “Catholic doctrine and ritual” for which that ancient and venerable building became famous, about five years ago. It happened that Sir William Mackey, the squire, was an Oxford chum of mine, as was his chaplain, “Father” William Johnson.

Now, on the Feast of St. Aldhelm, two years ago, “Father” Johnson, with the squire’s consent and approval, resolved on a “function” worthy of the occasion. A returned Colonial Bishop, undeterred by “Establishment”—or by canonical usage—had promised to “pontificate”; “Father” Smith, S.S.J.E., from Cowley, was to preach, at “Mass,” and, incidentally, to act as “assistant priest” to his lordship. “Father” Johnson was to be deacon; I, sub-deacon. That was the “official programme,” which had *not* received the sanction of our “Right Reverend Father in God,” the Bishop of Middlehampton.

But; “Man proposes, and God disposes.” As to myself, I dare not speak; as to others, bishop, clergy and lay-folk, I *know* they were in absolute good faith. They were, each and all, associates of that saintly “Community of Reparation” at Garrison, New York State; each and all devout clients of our Dear Lady Mary, users of Her Rosary.

That, I doubt not—nor does the Abbot doubt—“accounts for it,” as we say ; briefly, it was our Lady favor to Her clients.

The bishop, the others and I, had met to sing “the First Vespers of the Feast”—according to the Breviary, not the Book of Common Prayer—followed by Compline. Our devotions were over, but we, of the clergy, and the squire, remained in the little church—as did some others—for confession and private prayer. What followed—believe me—was sober fact, seen and witnessed to by all present.

It was then about ten at night. There was, first, a sound as of many feet outside the church door, and our natural inference was : “Protestant rioters.” But, when the door opened, we saw, not “Gospellers,” as they are pleased to call themselves, but—Benedictine monks, with a mitred abbot at the end of the procession. Strange to say, none of us felt any resentment at what we might, naturally, have regarded as an “intrusion.” We knew—how, I cannot explain—that these “Romans” were not of our time.

Slowly, reverently, they filed into the little church, and took their places, as of right and custom, in the Choir stalls. Then, solemnly, reverently, they began to chant the Divine Office, and we who—as we honestly believed—were of their Faith, joined with them. “Regem Confessorum Dominum, Venite, adoremus.” But we noticed that there were four psalms to each Nocturn—as our Holy Father Benedict enjoins—and four Lections.

It was the Prior who went to the Lecturn to read the Lections of the First Nocturn, Saint Paul’s ideal of a Bishop. His Latin was particularly soft and musical, which, somehow, set me thinking of a certain “Strange Tale” which my uncle, Dom Hilary had lent me, knowing my keen interest in such matters. From thought to recognition was no lengthy process—the reader must be, Prior Oswald’s very self. Then I wondered whether, this time, he would finish his matins.

Long as they were, they seemed brief to us, and Prior Oswald finished them without sign or symptom of untimely somnolence. Lauds followed, with the beautiful antiphons which begin with : “Ecce Sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo”; surely, a fitting tribute to the “sweet St. Aldhelm.” It was after half-

past eleven, nearer twelve, in fact, when we began the "Benedictus."

Then the mitred Abbot, laying aside his cope, vested for Mass, in vestments which the monks had brought with them; not modern Roman or French "fiddleback" atrocities, these, or Pugin-esque "adaptations," but genuine Gothic, full, flowing, perfect symbols of "the beauty of holiness." The Abbot's assistants, duly vested, went with him to—our altar.

But, first they sprinkled it with holy water, by way of removing all taint of heresy and schism, and, once more, none of us felt any such resentment as we might have been supposed to feel. Then, on it, they laid a duly-consecrated altar stone, covered with fair, white linen cloths, and, on these the sacred vessels.

By this, it was midnight, for we heard the hour strike in the tower of the parish church, hard by; but none of us, I am sure, took any count of passing time. The Abbot began the Mass, with its appropriate Introit: "Sacerdotes Dei induantur justitiam," and we—"Romans" and "Anglicans"—joined, heart and soul, in the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice.

Believe me, once more, that this is a simple narrative of facts, and can be witnessed to by many others besides myself. Note, then, that when the Abbot turned to take the Chalice, after he had poured into it the wine and water, the same wonder happened as has been described by Dom Patrick Desmond. The Chalice vanished—borne away, I doubt not, by the hands of angels—and, in its place, surrounded by a radiance such as shone on Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, stood the True Chalice of our Master, Christ, the Holy Grail. And, with it, the finished Mass.

But, when the Mass was ended, the Holy Grail stood yet upon the altar—God's altar now, in very deed. Then came a voice—whose, we could only guess, but, for my part, I took it to be Aldhelm's—"Brother, thy task is finished. Take, then, the Chalice of the Lord, and go thy way, until the time of his appearing." Whereat, the Prior, whom I knew to be Oswald, drew near the altar; worshipped, fittingly, the Chalice of the Christ, then cast his cowl about it, and the glory vanished. With it, too,

he vanished from our sight ; the monks and abbot, chanting as they went, passed out into the night, and we saw them no more.

There was no "function" in Saint Aldhelm's Church, the next day, though there have been many Masses said there since, by me and others, and the Divine Office, as our Holy Father Benedict enjoins. But, in the church at Emborough Abbey, there took place a ceremony which none who saw it will ever forget. An Anglican bishop, three priests—for we were all in valid Orders, though schismatical, jansenist, in fact—and some twenty lay-folk were, that day, received into the One Fold of Christ. The bishop and priests are monks of Emborough Abbey, the lay-folk worship in Saint Aldhelm's Church, of which it is my privilege to be the pastor.

So, with the accomplishment of his appointed task—for such, I cannot doubt, it was,—ends the Strange Tale of Prior Oswald. As for those other monks, their task, I am convinced, is not yet done. But I am equally convinced that, at no distant date, they shall sing Mass and Office, each in his own Abbey, in a Merry England, once more, as of old, the Dowry of our Lady Mary.

And so—as our old chroniclers were wont to say—God have you in His holy keeping.

BEATUS ROBINSON, O.S.B.,

Monk of Emborough Abbey, England.

(F. W. G.)



So many books there are to read,  
Their names one can't recall,  
And, ignorant which one to choose  
I do not read at all.  
The new books and the old I leave  
Untouched upon the shelf,  
The whole world now is writing books—  
I'm writing one myself.

—*The Herald.*

## KING LAOGARE'S DAUGHTERS.



O aid the spread of the Gospel in Ireland, Dehu, the chief, sent St. Patrick a chariot drawn by two white buffaloes. By means of this chariot, on which he placed the altar stone and the sacred vessels, the Apostle journeyed through Erin

The poor, the slaves and the afflicted flocked about him. These people knowing only their dark and cruel gods, Patrick spoke to them of the charity of Christ, and his words—like soft, delicious music—ravished their hearts. When he did not preach, he often sang, and at the sound of his silvery voice the plowman left his plough, the fisherman his nets, the shepherd his flocks. All ran to hear him. Frequently the women and maidens unfastened their necklaces and bracelets and laid them on the altar, but to their grief he always returned them.

Laogare, then king of Connacht, had two daughters of great beauty. The eldest was named Ethnea (the White), and the younger Felthlena (the Rose). In all the countries of the world, the care of the young was confided to the priests. The upbringing of the princesses was given to two old Druid priests, Kaplis and Kaplid. Each of the brothers bore his royal pupil a truly paternal affection, and great was their anxiety as they heard of the approach of Patrick.

The Apostle had at last entered on the lands of Connacht. Skirting the Shannon veiled in the thin morning mist, he advanced through the forests of the Druids. The birds singing in the branches flew about the chariot and seemed to welcome the Apostle of Ireland. Not far away, the king's two daughters—more beautiful, more graceful than Homer's Nausicaa—were bathing in the Well of Klebah. On a neighboring height, amid their sacred stones, the old Druids, Kaplis and Kaplid, were endeavoring by arts of magic to conceal their pupils from Patrick's eyes. Suddenly the rising sun was veiled, dense shadow overspread the place, but (according to the old legend) Patrick had

merely to extend his hand and the sky was lit up by five brilliant lights. He made the sign of the cross and the charm was lost. The sun reappeared more brilliant, the birds sang more sweetly, and the Saint calmly pursued his journey towards the Well of Klebah. On perceiving the princesses, he alighted from his chariot and went towards them. Without saying a word he seated himself at the edge of the basin. The radiance from his face and his strange garb made the young girls think that he was the Spirit of the Mountain.

“Who are you? Whence are you come?” they cry out together.

“It is far better to know my God than to know who I am,” he answered, looking at them kindly.

“Your God!” exclaimed the eldest, “and who is your God? Who adores him? Where does he live? In the heavens, on earth, in the ocean, on the mountains, or in the valleys? Is he powerful? Has he made gold and silver? Are his daughters more beautiful than we are?”

The Apostle answered:

“My God is the God of all men, the God of heaven and of earth, of the seas and of the rivers; God of the sun, of the moon and stars. He lives above and in the heavens. He governs and rules all things. During the day He illuminates the sun with His beams and at night causes the moon to glow. He makes the fountains of the earth to bubble forth, and has placed in the seas islands which it cannot engulf. This God have I come to make known to you with confidence, and I counsel you to study what He has revealed.”

“We listen: instruct us,” replied the young girls.

Patrick instructed them, and when they were prepared, he baptized them and clothed them in a white robe.

Great was the anger of the Druids, but greater still the anger of the King. But this anger soon gave way to anxiety, for, shortly after their baptism, the princesses fell very ill. Patrick was sent for. When he came to the castle he knew that nothing less than a miracle would save the sisters. God had placed His power in his hand with command over life and death. He did not wish, however, to retain on earth these pure souls who were going

to their Lord in all the splendor of their recent baptism. They still wore the white robe in which he had clothed them at the well. With his venerable hand he crowned the dying girls with flowers, saying :

“ Go to the love that never fails ; go to the eternal nuptials. Here is the Spouse.”

“ We are anxious to see His face,” replied the sisters, smiling in spite of their suffering.

The Saint brought them the Divine Food, and while the Bread of Life descended into their hearts they bent their heads like “ two roses before the rain.” Kaplis, who had educated Ethnea, was at the foot of the death-bed, broken-hearted and in despair. With his brother he had refused to believe in God. He suffered much at seeing his royal pupil about to leave him. Now, when he could see her no more, what was life to him ? But Ethnea had loved him on earth and would continue to love him in heaven ; and as he gazed through his tears at the lovely face of the dead girl, it seemed to him that she besought him to believe in the true God. Faith entered his heart. Rising, he fell at the Saint’s feet, crying :

“ I believe in Christ ; I am a Christian.”

Kaplid, the Druid, entered and seeing his brother on his knees before Patrick, carried away by anger, exclaimed :

“ What ! Kaplis also a believer in Patrick. As for me, I curse him !”

Patrick allowed his anger to spend itself, then, in answer, pointed to Fethlena, whose face beamed with a celestial joy. The Druid was unable to look without tears, and, tearing the sacred bands from his forehead, he, too, fell at Patrick’s feet.

On the same bed were laid out Ethnea the White and Lethlena the Rose, and the same white shroud enwrapped them ; around the bier the parents mourned and the bards intoned their chants.

“ The rose blossomed beside the lily. O my native land, what flowers hast thou given us ! Weep o’er the fallen flowers.”

When the bards were silent, Patrick recited Christian prayers. The good shepherd had prepared a grave on the bank

of the Shannon near the holy well of Klebah where he had first seen these gentle lambs.

A church was afterwards built on this spot. "The Hymne of Virgins," composed by St. Patrick in memory of the daughters of King Laogare, was often sung there.

M. I. F.



## Books a Better Means of Education Than Travel.

 DUCATION, says Webster, comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, form the manner and habits of youth, so to fit them for usefulness in their future stations.

To people like ourselves, who have yet the world before us, and who must choose a career, education, as defined above, when we come to look into it, is a serious thing. In order to be fitted for usefulness in our future stations we must undergo a formative process which comprehends all that "series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper and form the habits of youth."

The word stations is rather a quaint term, the meaning of which it may be well to note. Indeed, it is manifest to all that there are many different stations or pursuits in life. God in His infinite wisdom has distributed the burdens of society among its members and calls on every individual to take up his fair share of same. Much depends on it, whether he enters that walk in life for which his abilities suit him and much also, whether he is prepared to use his abilities to the efficient discharge of the duties of that position into which he finally settles. For certain positions, very little apprenticeship perhaps is necessary, but there are also posts or stations, the holding of which demands a most careful training and a most thorough education in every respect.

The question to be treated here is, which of the two means—Books or Travel—is best adapted to give this complete education.

It is not to be denied that Travel in certain cases is very beneficial and even necessary ; that it seems to do much in correcting and broadening the knowledge received from other sources. But Travel cannot, we believe, compare with Books as a means of education.

In the first place, if education in its best and widest sense depended on travel, a very restricted number would enjoy the boon. Not to speak of other reasons, very few of us could command the fortune that a more or less extended journey supposes. It is true that the money necessary for travelling expenses if not originally at hand may be, in time, acquired in the usual ways by thrift, labor and economy. In this case years must elapse, during which the aspirant would remain in a practically benighted and uncultivated condition. Moreover, when the opportunity to enter upon the moulding process, which means exposure to the various impressions necessary in real education, the ardor, the receptivity in fact, and all the more valuable conditions of mind and body which usually attend this period of formation, have usually departed with youth.

Doubtless the thing never happens in real life, but for the purpose of forming an argument we may suppose education to be at its initial stage in two young men. One of these, having all the means needed for the purpose, proposes to travel, to become a globe-trotter, in order to prepare himself for the stern battle of life. His route takes him to Rome, to Paris, to London ; to the other centres of human activity. He examines all the great works of nature, the scenes made famous in the course of ages,—the fields of Marathon, Philippi, of Austerlitz and Waterloo. He views the magnificent structures which men had through centuries been erecting for either his benefit or his glory. Yet, with a mind unprepared to grasp the significance of all these things, without any aid but what his own impressions may afford, how far is this untutored rover going to derive benefit from his observations ? He gazes at the Vatican and St. Peters, but appreciates little of the treasures they contain, of the traditions which every stone represents. He passes in review the masterpieces of the world's greatest artists ; he may pause for a moment to admire these masterpieces of man's ingenuity, and then pass on more or

less careless as to the agencies which combined for the production of these great works.

Or to remain nearer home, the traveller enters for the first time a modern factory. He looks at the immense driving-wheel and at the innumerable smaller ones, in motion or at rest; how little is he impressed with their purpose and utility. To him the mechanical laws and the power made use of to propel all this complicated machinery remain more or less a mystery. It may occur to him that these wonderful mills and engines must have had a history involving years of effort, invention and progress before they arrive at their present state of perfection. But in the considering of all that bewildering mechanism and in the absence of its previous imperfect forms he will be always at a loss to trace it back to its origin and its starting point. He sees the affects but may never account by observation and travel alone for the remote and generally obscure causes which lead to these magnificent results.

It is very different for the youth who has taken the "Books," as a means of education. While his companion was adventurously seeking knowledge in travel, he spends his time in mastering with the aid of friends and teachers in the elementary notions which must precede and accompany his acquaintance with printed works. Afterwards he may require some more teaching according to the language or the subject he takes up. In reality this aid is not essential: its absence may retard but does not necessarily check resolution and industry.

Patience, courage and diligence can open the way to the knowledge of all the secrets of nature and arts of the past and just as far as it has been carefully gathered and stored up in books. Thus the young man has only to read the best authors to enjoy the benefits of a liberal education and appropriate to himself what the greatest thinkers and writers of the world have added to the ever growing sum of human knowledge. Is this possible for the travelled youth? If he does not enjoy in his explorations, the previous or the present aid of books, his education will certainly be defective. He may study deeply objects as they may happen to be in their present conditions, but he will never attain to a view of things as a whole. These effects are generally nothing

more than the existing links in a long chain of effects and causes the knowledge of which may be suspected through observation but can often be no longer fully obtained except through books : which is true if the first links disappear as the primeval forests of our country have disappeared.

No effort is required to show the superiority of Books over Travel in imparting such lines of knowledge as the Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy, and especially of History. What is the globe-trotter likely to learn, merely from his rambles, of great men, of the generals and legislators who have laid the foundation of nationalities and governments? What will he know of Homer and Virgil, Zenophon and Dante ; and of our own immortals, Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Scott—to name but a few. To him these names will convey scarcely more meaning than the commonest words in our language.

Bacon says that "*Histories* make a man wise ; *poets* witty ; *mathematics* subtle ; *natural philosophy* deep ; *moral* grave ; *logic* and *rhetoric* alike able to control." If these qualities can be obtained from books,—and they certainly can, for the majority of the world's noted men so obtained them,—if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, few will think of exchanging Books for Travel as a means of education.

Perhaps our opinion on this point would not be so pronounced if necessity were not present to reinforce it, if any choice of the means of education apart from Books offered itself. But practically there is no other alternative. What is more, all kinds of Travel are not equally good. There is travelling that is intended merely to amuse, to "kill" time if not to work, effects that are positively harmful. So there are Books having the tendency to defeat the aim of education. But by the disposition of a kind Providence we students are given in the authority of our curriculum and of our professors a safe guidance to follow. If for the present we give all our attention to the books which College approves we may later provide for ourselves, if we still desire it, all the advantages of Travel.

C. J. JONES, '07.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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#### THE DAY CELEBRATED IN OTTAWA.

March 17th had pretty much the appearance of a holiday. Business was to a great extent suspended. During the morning the churches were thronged, perhaps more than usual by devout worshippers. His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, officiated at St. Patrick's. Excellent music, and an eloquent panegyric from Rev. Prof. O'Boyle, attracted many of the students to St. Joseph's. The majority however, took part in the parade, consisting of all the Irish Societies of the city; the objective point of which was St. Bridget's Church. Here the chief features at the High Mass were the presence of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, and a most effective and practical discourse in honor of the Apostle of Erin, delivered by the Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rector of St. Joseph's. After the Mass the procession was reformed, and, to

the music of the three bands, marched back to St. Patrick's Hall, when Dr. Freeland, read resolutions expressing sympathy and active interest with the constitutional Home Rule movement in Ireland. The 49th annual national concert given by the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association, fittingly closed the Day. The Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop were present at this event together with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, several Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament. The noted Irish American orator, Hon. Bourke Cochran, appeared for the first time before an Ottawa audience and fully maintained his reputation as a finished and vigorous speaker, in a discourse intitled "Ireland in the Twentieth Century."

But for the College boys the event of the day was their own banquet held at the Windsor Hotel. The dining hall was bright with foliage and bunting. British, Irish, French and American flags were arranged side by side around the hall. Mgr. Sbarretti and Archbishop Duhamel, honored the occasion with their presence, and made speeches that were greatly appreciated. The toast list brought out some very fine speeches from the under-graduates. As the next morning's paper remarked, these speeches were an indication that "the University of Ottawa was developing a high standard of oratory and sending forth from its doors graduates who will credit the pulpits, legislative and public halls of the country. The characteristic Irish command of the English language was very much in evidence." The April REVIEW will probably publish these speeches, as well as an account of the proceedings.

Undoubtedly the seventeenth of March this year was wanting in much of the noise and circumstance that characterizes most national holidays, but this fact does not lessen our joy and gives us a better chance, perhaps, of feeling more fully the truth in these words of Father Faber's beautiful hymn :

" But the best of our glories is bright with us yet  
In the feast and the faith of St. Patrick's Day."

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## AN ALUMNI SOCIETY.

In a recent issue of the *REVIEW* there appeared a notice of the organization of a board of graduates of the University to receive subscriptions towards the fire-fund. It may have seemed strange to some that such a board should have been under the necessity of being organized; for every University which can claim as her graduates men of such distinction as those whose names figured in that connection, invariably possesses an association known as the Alumni Society of that University. It must unfortunately be acknowledged that hitherto this matter has been neglected in the University of Ottawa.

The course of studies in our University is of seven years duration, and there are many students who have spent these whole seven years within the College walls. During this time it can well be imagined how many succeeding generations of students one individual man would meet. With all of these he has lived on terms of closest intimacy—together in class, study, dormitory, recreation, etc. But now he passes out, and enters on new scenes with new companions. Is it possible that all these ties have been entirely forgotten; that all the memories of those seven years have been completely obliterated from his mind? It seems not. Those seven years may have been, as some will state, the happiest of his life. Even if they were otherwise, the companions, at least, of those years will certainly be recalled at times. But still he scarcely ever hears of or meets any of his old class-mates and fellow-students except by chance. Therefore, it seems to us it would be well to have some sort of an association that would ensure communication among ex-students and their meeting from time to time.

In such a crisis as that through which we are now passing since the University fire, such a society would be very useful as facilitating the procuring of aid from old students in this hour of trial. Ex-students would not need to form a board to assist their Alma Mater, but would already belong to a society which would be in a position to render prompt and adequate aid.

Again every one is aware of the strength of union among men. In a thousand and one ways could Catholic graduates aid

one another after leaving College. A young man, after graduating, often feels his battles for success in the world difficult. Any person can recognize the importance of having a number of friends in such cases who are bound to support their fellow alumni. Especially is this of necessity in a community in which Catholic students are in a minority, as is the case for the most part in Canada and the United States.

Such a society joins together the past and the present. The doings of ex-students are kept account of, and published in the University magazine. By this means all old students are informed of one another's doings, thus increasing the interest and circulation of the College organ. As it is at present it is well-nigh impossible for our *Flores* editor to keep in touch with the events concerning ex-students, being compelled to depend on such scraps of news as he can pick up casually.

In alumni associations it is usual to have periodical reunions. Some societies hold annual alumni banquets, while in others the members of a particular graduating class meet in a certain time. Either of these gatherings certainly must afford a great deal of pleasure to those who take part in them. It seems only natural to think that students who have taken their course together would delight to meet one another after a number of years, and to see what success in life each one has attained. Again what more enjoyable meeting could be imagined than a banquet of alumni, which would remind those present of the old time St. Patrick's Day and Football banquets in the hall of Ottawa College?

Therefore, it seems to us that an alumni society could be a great power for good in our University. Alumni would feel that although locally separated from their Alma Mater, they were with her in heart, for they would be sharing and taking interest in all College doings. Some one we have heard say that College friendship, as formed in Ottawa University, is not lasting. We do not know of the truth of this. But it seems to us that it might be otherwise. If the graduates of our University were more united after leaving her halls there is reason to think that the friendship formed in old 'Varsity would be of life-long duration.

It seems to us that the initiation of this matter must be taken

by the students of the sixth and seventh forms at present in the University. If they start the movement there is good reason to expect it will be continued, not only by the succeeding graduating classes, but also that the matter will be taken up by old students, and that an alumni society will be formed among graduates and ex-students.

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#### IRELAND'S TURN.

In this eminently positive and materialistic age it is greeted as folly to believe in any power except money and brute force. Success in the use of these and kindred agencies is loudly advertised as justification of no matter how unscrupulous a disregard and violation of natural and vested rights. If profession and practice can be considered as final courts of appeal in morals, robbery and bribery are become legitimate and ordinary pursuits. As a consequence, the victims of such nefarious arts find themselves blamed for thinking of putting forward their claims. They are accused of bad taste, of criminal extravagance, of a mischievous itching to disturb the public peace when they do not cheerfully submit to the entirely disinterested intentions and acts of aggressors. These latter, moreover, know how to gain the ear of the public. Chiefly through a venal daily press, the process of forming public opinion is begun and steadily maintained until the sentiment is created of the necessity of a reform, of a change, lest certain people destroy themselves and endanger the community. There is no judicial examination into the matter ; merely a blind cry, let the work begin. At this point the promoters of the enterprise come forward ; if they do not actually claim as a divine right to govern others and dispose of the property of these, generally to their own profit, they reach the same object, posing as philanthropists, as the enlightened exponents of human progress and liberty. And if they meet with opposition in holding positions to which they can really show no better title than that they were unscrupulous and successful in arriving thereat, forthwith they call on all the so-called friends of civilization to behold how ungratefully and unjustly they are treated. In the eyes of such people if a movement wrongly begun and wrongfully carried out, becomes an accomplished fact, it must be left

alone, it is right. Therefore, those who have suffered and suffer therefrom are to be considered morally unfair if they complain and protest against a proceeding of the kind. The fallacy may not always take this form, but it is in substance what it amounts to. This reasoning describes very aptly the case of Ireland and the Irish people. By direct rapine—sometimes termed conquest,—then by wholesale corruption, which are facts of history, the Irish have been deprived of their lands, their institutions, of their natural and national rights; and half the world to-day seeming to forget this, wonders why they are poverty-stricken, ignorant, rebellious and discontented. The Irish are so because grave injustice has been and is still at the bottom of all their degradation—injustice to which they cannot tamely submit. That Divine Providence has permitted this condition of things the Irish have too much faith not to believe. They hold, moreover, the firm hope of better things in store for them. Mr. William Butler Yeats expresses this feeling when in a recent lecture in Boston he said: "The day will come some time when the world will recognize that to destroy a nation, a fountain of life and civilization, is the greatest crime that can be committed against the welfare of mankind." There are many things which should convince those who govern Ireland so badly that they cannot hope to continue to do it permanently. One of these is the uprising in which Robert Emmet lost his life. "Just as when it seemed that they had bribed everything that mattered in Ireland, this young man came along and laid his life down. He showed that there was something in Ireland which not all the wealth of the world could purchase. He seemed to say: What can you offer to us if we do not fear to leave even life itself?" The reason of this hope Mr. Yeats also explains. "The nations of the world are like a great organ. A little while ago, a few centuries ago, the organ pipe that we call the Empire of Spain was sounding, and it had filled the world with its music, and then that fell silent, and the Divine hand moved to another stop of the organ; and the pipe that we call the empire of England began to sound. And we need not doubt that the Divine hand will move again that the pipe that is called Ireland will once more begin to sound and that its music will fill the world."

## PARLIAMENT.

The last session of the ninth Parliament of Canada was opened March 11th by Lord Minto in usual state. The weather being ideal the pageant was a brilliant spectacle. The Speech from the Throne was a very brief one and referred to the excellent trade conditions existing at present, the rapid growth and development of the North West, the necessity for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and for modifications in the original agreement, the increase of the North West Mounted Police on account of the growth of the Territories, the proposed amendments to the Militia Bill, and the placing before Parliament the papers in connection with the Alaska boundary award. In three days the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was disposed of. The House went at once into a discussion of money matters, the first portion of the estimates, to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars, being passed. The Senate, after listening to one or two bills being read for the first time, adjourned till April 13th. The budget is expected to announce a surplus again this year, the revenue having been enormous. The number of private bills is quite limited. There seems to be a disposition on both sides of the House to hurry matters so that the session may not last much beyond the end of May.

It may be well to note that the first act of the Commons on convening was to elect Mr. N. A. Belcourt, K.C., LL.D., to the Speakership vacated recently by the reception of Hon. Mr. Brodeur into the Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. The Hon. Mr. Belcourt is eminently qualified for the position and enjoys the confidence of both sides of the House. Since 1891 he has been a member of the law faculty of Ottawa University.

## CLEARING AWAY THE RUINS.

The general plan of the new building having been considered by the authorities of the University, the work of clearing off the charred walls of the old structure was begun March the 12th. However, the contractors who first took the work in hand soon found that the walls were not so brittle as they seemed. The using of dynamite did not give satisfaction, and the conditions of

the work threatening to prove too onerous, the contractors at their own request were relieved from their obligations. Brother Joseph Normand of the University, at once took over the direction of this work, with the result that considerable progress is being made. In less than six weeks, it is expected, the ground will be free and active operations towards laying new foundations will begin. The REVIEW hopes to be able to give next month a cut of the projected building and the manner in which the present block is to be utilized.

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### **The University of Ottawa Library.**

The University offers its sincerest thanks to its friends for the following generous contributions. The number of volumes received since the last list of contributors was published in the February number of THE REVIEW is 1,301, which are gratefully acknowledged.

The handsome donations of the New York Public Library, as well as those of Morang & Co., Publishers, Toronto; 546 volumes have been obtained by Dr. Henry J. Morgan.

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T. G. Coursolles, Ottawa, 189 volumes.  
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### Inter Alia.

“ If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,  
I rede ye tent it ;  
A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,  
And, faith he’ll prent it.”

Professor Goldwin Smith, the chiel notes, has hailed the vote at Oxford *re* compulsory Greek as a “loosening of ecclesiastical trammels,” or, as the soldier said, “words to that effect.” The Oxford correspondent of the *Tablet*, however, reminds us that the statute which must be framed in accordance with the vote has to pass through convocation before it becomes law, and that the non-resident voters—old fashioned country parsons and others—have yet to be heard from. The result is by no means so certain as the sage of Toronto appears to believe. “The wish is father to the thought.”

Concerning the change—if change there is to be—the chiel can only say that it appears to be inevitable. Possibly “significant of much”; among other things, of modern “scholarship.” Time, doubtless, is money: other studies are more commercially valuable than Greek. “Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?” But there are values which cannot be measured by double entry.

The average man, one supposes, does not “read Plato with his feet on the fender”: he reads Kipling, or Mercantile Law; and prefers Pope’s *Iliad*—if any—to Homer’s. But, with Greek, another link with past ideals vanishes. A superfluous one, if you will; but a link, nevertheless. *Requiescat.*

Latin, presumably, stands where it did. Even Greek finds defenders, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Lister, among others. If made non-compulsory, however, its true votaries will hardly be fewer ; least of all at Oxford, "the home of lost causes." Its unwilling victims will be set free. Compulsion, anyway, has its limits.

The chiel, it may be said, grows didactic, not to say prosy. If so, he makes his apology ; but remarks that he cannot always be amusing—or even try to be, which, probably, is nearer the mark.

#### THE CHIEL.

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### Book Review.

A story for children under the title of "Two LITTLE GIRLS," comes to us from the versatile pen of Lillian Mack. The childish simplicity and trusting faith of innocence is so beautifully portrayed in a crippled boy, that one cannot read it without feeling benefited therefrom. The tale is told in simple language, and it is a book which should be found in every home where there are children, that they may draw from it many useful lessons which it contains. This book is published by Benzinger Bros., at the small cost of 45 cents.

"THE GREAT CAPTAIN."—A story of the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, from the pen of Katharine Tynan Hinkson, the Irish novelist, is told in such a charming manner, that the reader forgets for a time that there is history in the tale, seeing only the man, his ambition, his success and his sorrow. Every chapter is full of incident and makes delightful reading as well as affording information. The cover of the book is neat, the point clear, and it is published by the well known firm of Benzinger Bros., for 45 cents.

The American Book Company have issued a revised edition of Rolfe's "As You Like It," one of Shakspeare's most sparkling comedies. There are several important changes including the abridgment of the textual variations and the critical comments.

There are substituted newer comments by the editor and a concise account of Shakspeare metre has also been inserted as an introduction to the notes on the play. The notes have undergone changes throughout. The introduction includes a history of the play, the sources of the plot and general comments on the work. The appendix includes comments on the characters, the moral of the play, etc. The new edition was prepared especially for the use of teachers, and should meet with their approval.

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## Among the Magazines.

We welcome the *Banner of Mary Immaculate*, published by the Oblate Fathers, Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, Ottawa. This is an annual which years ago attained to an enviable reputation, but suspended. It now reappears in a more devout guise if possible than ever, being as its title page announces it a souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception. Its reading matter is introduced by letters of approval from the Apostolic Delegate of Canada, and the Archbishop of Ottawa, and by several very valuable half-tone cuts. There are some lively and very edifying descriptions of the work done by the Oblates in Canada, the United States, England, Germany, as well as here in the Juniorate itself. The whole publication in fact, while very neat and tasty in its make-up, furnishes very select and very interesting reading. This "Souvenir" we predict will be a popular one.

The *Rosary Magazine* opens with a timely article on "L'Art Nouveau," of which the principal promotor was William Morris, poet, artist and craftsman. Leaving aside William Morris' social theories, his influence in the domain of the industrial arts has been, as is here shown, immense. The reform of English and American taste in decoration, color and design, during the last generation is largely due to the manufacture of wall paper, stained glass and other fine-art decorations begun by Mr. Morris in 1863. "A few years before his death in 1893, Mr. Morris established at

Hammersmith the Kelmscott Press, whence were issued editions of Chaucer, Herrick, Rossetti, and other works, including his own volumes, in type and binding that were the admiration of all book-lovers." Some history in hospital work is given in the two articles "The White-capped Angel of Mercy," and "The Famous Hospital Train."

Among the periodicals that reappear, we note the *Le Propagateur*, issued by the Cadieux and Derome Publishing Co. Its motto now more than before is "to propagate. What?—It will propagate ideas, useful, Christian; ideas at times pleasant, always agreeable. The *Propagateur* is to be the vehicle of ideas, in other terms, a review, a true review replete with things substantial but easy." In the three numbers which have already reached us we see that the editors are carrying out this programme pretty fully.

Two new exchanges appear, both in their second number. One is the *Power Review* of Montreal, the subtitle of which—Compressed Air, Gas, Steam, Electricity and Water-power—shows what its scope will be. Though there are several such reviews in Canada, in our opinion sufficient attention has not as yet been given by our people to those branches of practical sciences which are suitable to develop the immense resources of the country. Huge estimates are voted for wharves to be built in lonely creeks, but little or nothing to aid technical education.

The second review styled the *Electric Club Journal*, hails from Pittsburg, Pa., the centre of the iron and coal industry in the States. It is the organ of the "Electric Club," which has been organized to provide a means for the effective co-operation among Westinghouse men in their engineering improvement and social recreation. The frontispiece presents a likeness of, and the first article sketches, George Westinghouse, "Mechanic, Inventor, Financier, Friend of Labor, Tireless Organizer, Founder of Enduring Industries."

## Exchanges.

The University fire swept away our beautiful new sanctum with the shelves where reposed bundles of the College paper—perpetual reminders of what had been achieved in years gone by. Our registers and mailing lists were involved in the same ruin. It is impossible to verify the failure of any of our College magazines to make their wonted appearance; three or four have failed to report, not a few taking care to remind us of the duty to return their call by the significant notice, "Please exchange." Besides those we have noticed lately, we are glad to see the *Viatorian*, *Queen's University Journal*, *St. John's University*, *St. Vincent's*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Purple and Gold*, *Holy Cross Purple*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Georgetown College*, *S. V. C. Student*, *Xavier*, *Niagara Index*, *Bates Student*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Agnetian*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Orphan's Friend*, *Bee*, *Young Eagle*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Amherst Literary Monthly*, *S. V. C. Index*, *Ontario Ladies College*, *Trinity University Review*, *Ottawa Campus*, *Xaverian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*.

All these make a jolly company. If we unwittingly omit any name from the list, we would be gladly advised of the fact.

With extreme satisfaction we remark some new comers such as the *Hya Yaka*, *College Spokesman*, *Exponent*, *Nazareth Chimes*, *College Wide Awake*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*. The *Geneva Cabinet*, the latest Santos Dumont in college journalism, thus gives a greeting which deserves repetition: "The University of Ottawa REVIEW is a new arrival. We are glad to make its acquaintance, and while we would represent doctrines much different in nature, yet Covenanter and Catholic must encounter the same hardships in propelling a college journal; so we recognize the bond of sympathy. The REVIEW seems to have some contributors that are capable of an excellent style of fiction."

From across the Atlantic comes *St. Stephen's*. There is not a wasted inch of space in all its clever, closely packed small-typed twenty-five pages. The language is sharp, biting; in most of the departments appears the tendency to rub people the wrong

way and thus get fun out of them. It jauntily tells us to shoot our Junior Editor, as if fire-eating were customery here. It is a pity it had only our September number to form judgment from. It was then too soon after vacation to expect the printers to eschew "slush" type-setting and contributors to use their pens to best advantage.

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## OBITUARY.

### REV. FATHER KEOUGH.

On March 9th was announced the death of the Very Rev. John Keough, V. G., of the Hamilton diocese. Father Keough, who was 64 years of age, was born in Guelph, and was educated in the Ottawa College from the year 1865. Some of his schoolmates were the Apostolic Chancellor, Archbishop Duhamel; Hon. Justice Curran; Bishop Macdonald of Alexandria; Mr. Foran, the eminent jurist; Dr. Angus McDonald, now physician in Minnesota.

Father Keough's first appointment was Walkerton, where he erected a new church, rectory and convent. Transferred to St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, he wiped out the debt of \$30,000. In 1886 he was placed in charge of the church at Dundas, where he remained until a year ago when ill health forced him to retire from active work.

At the funeral held from St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, the University was represented by the Very Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., Rector.

Father Keough was an ideal priest, faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and was greatly esteemed by clergy and laity. *Requiescat in pace.*

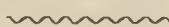
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### BROTHER WILFRID LABONTE, O.M.I.

It is with sorrow that we announce the demise of Brother Wilfrid Labonté, O.M.I., who formerly contributed to the pages of THE REVIEW under the pseudonym of *Imo*. Born Jan. 23, 1885, he was early left an orphan by the death of his parents; and was

brought up in the orphanage of Worcester, Mass. In 1896 he came with his brother, Arthur, to the Juniorate at Ottawa, whence he entered the Oblate Novitiate at Lachine, taking the habit Aug. 1, 1902. Here pulmonary disease, so fatal to the other members of his family, declared itself; and after an illness of several months he passed peacefully away Jan. 17, 1904. He had the happiness of pronouncing his final vows *in articulo mortis*.

His loss is the more keenly felt as he was a young man of unusual talent and promise, with a spirit joyous and elastic to the last. He leaves a brother, A. Labonté, O. M. I., the sole surviving member of the family, who is completing his theological studies in the North West. For him, as well as for the numerous friends of the deceased, THE REVIEW wishes to express its heartfelt sympathy.



## Athletics.

### HOCKEY.

On Friday, Feb. 26th, the College Hockey team travelled to Hawkesbury to play an exhibition match with the fast seven of that thriving town. Though the Collegians hoped to give their opponents a hard run, not even their most ardent supporters expected them to defeat the experienced representatives from the Lower Ottawa. So when College left the ice victors by a score of 3 goals to 1 there was great joy in the 'Varsity camp. For College, Lamothe in goal, played a remarkably strong game, stopping every shot that came his way; and it was only by the greatest luck that Hawkesbury tallied a single point. Brennan and Collin played a strong defense, the former performing some stunts that struck the eye of both opponents and spectators in a most forcible manner. Bawlf at centre and Capt. Ebbs as rover played and skated their covers off their feet. Halligan held down right wing with all the ability of an experienced player, whilst Cosgrove performed equally well at left wing. The best of feeling prevailed throughout the game, and College are already looking forward to the day when they can revisit Hawkesbury.

## ETIAMS 3, UTIQUES 4.

Such was the score at call of time when the much-heralded Philosophers game was over. The game was played at Rideau Rink on March 7th, the feast of St. Thomas, the patron of Philosophers. From early morning there was a suspicious stir about the two respective camps ; and when Referee Brennan blew his whistle at 9.30 sharp an ominous silence fell upon the expectant thousands who lined the sides. The Etiams or seventh form representatives took their side with a grand flourish of trumpets, and the sixth form, silent but confident in their ability to triumph over their more learned adversaries, took a position at the other end of the arena. And then, ye gods, what hockey ! Never was so exciting and ably contested a game witnessed in Ottawa before. For half an hour the contestants struggled, and at half time the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of the younger disciples of Zigliara. The Etiams started in to enliven matters and scored two more goals in quick order. Then the Utiques took a brace and scored two more goals and so ended the match, 4 to 3 in favor of the junior students of St. Thomas. The teams and officials were :

## Etiams.

|             |   |   |        |   |   |
|-------------|---|---|--------|---|---|
| L. Gauthier | - | - | Goal   | - | - |
| O. McDonald | - | - | Point  | - | - |
| J. O'Gorman | - | - | Cover  | - | - |
| R. Halligan | - | - | Centre | - | - |
| J. Ebbs     | - | - | Rover  | - | - |
| V. Meagher  | { | - | Wings  | - |   |
| H. McDonald |   |   |        |   |   |

## Utiques.

|             |  |
|-------------|--|
| E. Burke    |  |
| A. McDonald |  |
| D. Collin   |  |
| J. Freeland |  |
| R. Byrnes   |  |
| J. Downey   |  |
| J. Mack     |  |

Referee—L. Brennan.

Umpires—W. Ryan, J. Walsh.

Timekeeper—R. Lapointe.

The Etiams attributed their defeat to the fact that their goal-tend was too *skatty*, but Louis claims that it was because the point of gravity fell to (de feet) defeat.

The fair hockeyists who cheered the Utiques said that what Edmund B-rk- could not do in the line of hockey was not worth attempting (and he swallowed it all), but he came to grief when he tried to eat the puck.

The Etiam's cover-point was in poor condition because he is an inveterate *gormand*(d).

Umpire W-l-h's official arm was seen to take involuntary flights skyward, but his intentions were good. "The wish was father to the act."

J. Terra-libra, in a brilliant speech, said that he felt too full for utterance.

That philosopher who bears such a striking physical resemblance to the Angelic Doctor aspires to equal his intellectual qualities also.

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## Of Local Interest.

The University Debating Society held two meetings since our last issue, at which the following questions were discussed :

February 26th.

*Resolved*, "That books are more advantageous for education than travel."

Mr. Jones, '07, and Mr. Donohue, '07, spoke for the affirmative, and Mr. Valilée, '08, and Mr. Brennan, '08, defended the negative. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

On March 4th, a very interesting debate took place on a subject of present interest, the Japanese-Russian war. The question of debate was as follows :

*Resolved*, "That Japan should have the support of western nations in the present war.".

Mr. J. Mack, '05, and Mr. O'Neil, '07, upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Byrne, '05, and Mr. Cosgrove, third form, argued for Russia's claim to western support.

The decision was awarded to the negative.

On February 24th, Rev. Father Gauvreau, M.A., Professor of Chemistry, lectured before the Scientific Society, on the subject of *Phosphorus*. Prior to the fire, the Rev gentleman was preparing a public lecture on this subject ; but, owing to the loss of all his notes, and certain other causes, a public lecture could not be held at the present time. There was a good assemblage of students present however, and all were delighted with the masterly manner in which the Rev. lecturer handled his subject. The lecture was illustrated with some very instructive experiments.

During intermission in the lecture, Mr. J. Mack gave a piano solo, and Mr. Torsenay sang very artistically.

On March 2nd, Professor Grey gave a lecture before the Scientific Society, on *Oliver Cromwell*. The lecture was very interesting, and gave those present many ideas concerning this great man which are very valuable. Some of the members seemed to hold the opinion that Cromwell was much worse than he was painted by Mr. Grey, but the general sentiment at the end of the lecture was that Oliver was not such a bad fellow, whatever the Irish may say to the contrary.

The Gaelic Society, like all other societies, and everything else in connection with the University, was somewhat embarrassed by our recent misfortune ; but neither was it inferior to the other societies in reorganizing and endeavoring to continue the work it was carrying on in *ante-ignens* times. Although it has no permanent quarters in which to hold regular classes as formerly ; yet, through the kindness, and zeal for the cause, of some of the members resident in the city, the Society has held several pleasant reunions. The Gaelic Society owes a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Freeland and Mr. Clarke, for the thoroughly enjoyable meetings held at the residences of the above named gentlemen.

On Saturday, February 27th, in the Basilica, some of our Scholastic brothers were given degrees of Holy Orders by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Brother Turcotte, O. M. I., was raised to the dignity of Deacon ; Brother Normandin, to that of Sub-deacon ; while Brothere Kunz and Stanton, received minor Orders ; and Mr. Ryan, Tonsure.

Were the Etiams defeated ? Utique.

Fl. G.—“Who did that?”

M. W.—“Don'o who.”

Someone says that “Cough up your dough for the banquet,” is a flowe(u)ry expression.

Professor—“I have heard it stated somewhere that, at the time of the full moon, the patients in an insane asylum are more

demented than at other times. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but——”

Jack—“ Well, that's easily explained.”

Prof.—“ How?”

Jack—“ Why at such times they are more *lune*(y).

P.S.—If you can't see the joke, look up your French.

It is stated by someone who has heard him that Gillis is ever singing that lovely piece of verse, “ The Honeysuckle and the Bee.”

The American pool team defeated the philosophers the other day by 45 points. Mac. says the Americans are now open to engagements from all comers.

Mr. O'G. declares that the Gael can rule the world. Doc. says that it is a *breezy* expression.

Students generally were very much pleased with the proposed plans for the new building. If realized, they will certainly be the pride of every student of Ottawa University.

Many of the students while away a few minutes every day after class watching the work of pulling down the old walls, which is now going on under the supervision of Brother Joseph Normand.

### Junior Department.

Taking a retrospective glance over the happenings in “ Kid-dom” since the beginning of the winter term, the Junior Editor beholds, with tear-dimmed eyes, the twilight of uncertainty already settling over several events, and that if these are not noticed at

once and rescued from oblivion, the dark night of forgetfulness will eventually descend upon them. It is, indeed, a pleasure to recount the events of such a successful season, to narrate episodes which, like fragrant flowers and flowery banks, invite the over-worked midget to turn for a while from the dusty road of knowledge to refresh himself. The hockey season has been in every way successful, the glassy surface of the small rink having been the scene of more than forty battles. Every midget had an opportunity of demonstrating how nicely he could wield a hockey stick and how <sup>in guiding the ball</sup> rubber.

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The fact that trophy even  
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the spoils of war, and rightly do they deserve the honor of having their names engraved on the outer surface of the "pewter" mug and of drinking its contents made sweeter still by the measured sounds of "*Hurrah! We're Champions again.*"

The junior league also provided some very good sport, and an authentic account of all the troubles, perplexities and confusion to which it gave rise, would make interesting reading. However, as space is limited suffice it to note that although Captain McHugh was often heard instructing his men to "shinny on their own side," his team came through the season with an immaculate record. When the team's work in the final game became the sole topic of conversation the victors were lead off to the dressing-room and treated to a dish of hot cabbage and a pinch of snuff. To show that the members forgave and forgot the misunderstandings of the past, the pipe of peace was passed around, each one feeling quite happy and contented in the company of his "*old chum.*"

Willie (at the telephone).—Excuse me, Central, it's the door-bell that is ringing.

During the month of January the first team was allowed to live under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the racking tranquility of terrible expectation. On Feb. 6th they were called from their "haven of rest" to hold the fort against the "Canadians," seven broad-shouldered, fierce-whiskered *youths* clad in striped suits, who came determined to teach the "kids" how to play hockey. Long hung the contest doubtful for the Lower Town aggregation, owing to its size, played a wonderful defense game. Though a sprinkling of snow cooled the ardor of the contestants, as a bucket of water thrown on the drowsy youngster in the early morning hours, yet they paused but for a moment to clean the rink, and returned with tenfold fury to the charge. When the hour had elapsed, and, the rink cleared, it became known that the home team had proven its superiority in the fray. The visitors, vowing vengeance on their conquerors, packed up their paraphernalia and waddled away.

Ten days later the return game was played on the Rialto rink. The ice was perfect, and the large crowd that travelled down to Bolton street was certainly repaid for its trouble. For some time previous the "Canadians" had been boasting of the great and many things they were going to do to the Collegians. The former defeat was to be wiped off, and they would send home the wearers of the Garnet and Grey sadder but wiser. But never had they stopped to think of Junior skill and pluck till after the game they realized that hockey is not entirely a game of chance. As "Canadians" stepped upon the ice the sounds of horns, megaphones and tin cans filled the air. A few minnites later the Juniors skated to their end of the rink amid the cheers of their supporters. The master of ceremonies gave the usual sermon, blew his whistle and the great game was on. Then began the desperate struggle, the maddening desperation and utter confusion of battle. The puck travelled with lightening speed from end to end of the rink. Bang ! as it struck the sides and rebounded—whack ! went the sticks as the owners fought for possession—thump ! as an aching head came to a sudden stop as it struck the hard ice. "Storm the goal," shouted Rosey on the tiptoe of excitement. "Lift the puck" roared the "Canadian" coach—

boom ! boom ! went the big bass drum—until all became unintelligible. Grunts of pain, shouts of fury and the triumphant cry of hurrah ! all mingled together to make the night hideous. At last the gong struck and the excited mob made its way to the score-board where in bold hieroglyphics was told the result of the first half. Canadians—3. Juniors—0.

A wave of depression spread over the junior ranks. After a few encouraging words from the manager the "Kids" again took up their positions determined to overcome the opponents' lead, and, if possible, to pull the game out of the fire. The puck was faced anew. In less time than it takes to note it the juniors came down the ice like a thunder-bolt and found the nets, thereby scoring their first goal. Both sides redoubled their efforts, but the "Canadians," their supply of energy exhausted, found their goal besieged, and when the bombardment ceased the score stood 2—3. Astounded and totally discomfited at the sight of a victory now almost beyond their grasp, the valiant "Canadians" fell into disorder while Labrosse sent the rubber singing through the air and true to its course as was the missile discharged by Ajax at Hector, it evaded the goalkeeper's eye and nestled in the nets. This shot was decisive. The home team, pressed harder than ever, were obliged to retreat with the visitors in possession of their fortress, though there was not the loss of a single player on either side. It was truly a night to be remembered. A huge supper was prepared in honor of the conquerors, at which were seated, "as in one great constellation," the big and the little stars of the small yard. Plates of fish, fowl and carrots were destroyed, bottles of pop drunk, and many a pipe "lit up" in honor of the occasion.

On the 12th inst. the Rockland juniors met the first team in Rideau Rink. The visitors were strictly juniors, having left at home the two senior men that had played against the small yard in Rockland. The score at full time was 14—1. and is a fair criterion of the game.

A. SHORTFELLOW.

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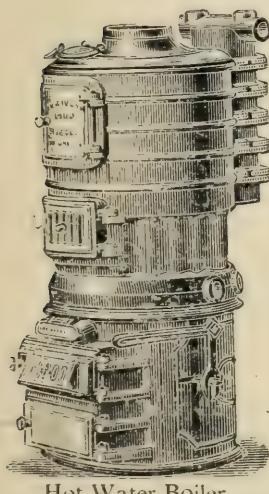
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# CONTENTS.

|                                                | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------|------|
| Ludwig Windthorst .....                        | 381  |
| Our Destiny .....                              | 387  |
| Shakespeare's Brutus .....                     | 391  |
| <b>VERSES :</b>                                |      |
| An April Morn .....                            | 392  |
| <b>ST. PATRICK'S :</b>                         |      |
| St. Patrick and Eire's Day .....               | 393  |
| Pius X .....                                   | 398  |
| Ireland's Saints and Scholars .....            | 400  |
| Canada .....                                   | 403  |
| Music and Literature of Ireland .....          | 405  |
| Columbia .....                                 | 408  |
| Alma Mater .....                               | 410  |
| The Awakening of the Gael .....                | 414  |
| Thoughts on Good Friday .....                  | 416  |
| <b>EDITORIALS :</b>                            |      |
| Letter from Mgr. Sbarretti .....               | 417  |
| Preparations for laying the corner stone ..... | 418  |
| The Man behind the book .....                  | 420  |
| St. Patrick's Day Banquet .....                | 421  |
| Railway rates for Clergymen .....              | 424  |
| An Editor thirty years .....                   | 425  |
| The University of Ottawa Library .....         | 426  |
| Inter Alia .....                               | 428  |
| Book Review .....                              | 429  |
| Among the Magazines .....                      | 430  |
| Exchanges .....                                | 431  |
| Priorum Temporum Flores .....                  | 432  |
| <b>OBITUARY :</b>                              |      |
| Mrs. Perreault .....                           | 435  |
| Miss Kennedy .....                             | 435  |
| Athletics .....                                | 436  |
| Of Local Interest .....                        | 438  |
| Junior Department .....                        | 442  |





CARDINAL GIBBONS, who has consented to deliver address at laying Corner Stone.



# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 8

APRIL, 1904.

Vol. VI

## LUDWIG WINDTHORST.

**W**HE Church of God has known persecution in almost every age: from the days of Nero and Diocletian down to the present religious tyranny in Catholic France, France, her history presents one awful series of colossal outrages on the part of her opponents. Whether hunted into the Catacombs by the Roman Cæsars, or beset by the fierce followers of the Prophet, or attacked from within by the forces of Protestantism, or lastly harassed and dominated over by the infidel governments of modern Europe, the Spouse of Christ has had to contend with the same enemy who Proteus-like disappears for a time only to reappear in a more dangerous and misleading guise. But Christ has not forgotten his promise to be with his Church until the consummation of the world, not indeed in person but through the instrumentality of godsent and apostolic heroes, and consequently the darkest eras of the Church's existence have been illumined by the radiance of her greatest sons. Athanasius, Dominic, Bernard and Ignatius were the champions of a suffering Church, and their voices were raised for Christ when the clouds of error were blackest and the gales of wickedness fiercest.

Turning to our own times and to the humble ranks of the laity, we can point with pride to an O'Connell emancipating a down-trodden Ireland, a Montalembert pleading for a distressed France, a Morino bleeding for a divided Ecuador, and a Windthorst battling for a suffering Germany. The last named we have

chosen as the subject of our sketch, for his memory has been revered by the late action of the Bundesrath of the German Empire in repealing the last of the anti-Catholic measures, the decree of banishment against the Society of Jesus.

Ludwig Joseph Windthorst first entered on the scene of his life-work the 17th of January, 1812, at Ostercopeeln, in the old Kingdom of Hanover. In 1836 at the close of his university career, he was graduated and admitted to the bar of Osnabrück. His judicial knowledge and his eloquence soon led to rapid promotion. Within a few years he became the leading barrister of his native city, and after filling with singular integrity such minor portions as the lay presidency of the ecclesiastical tribunal he was called in 1848 to Celle, as member of the upper division of the Court of Appeal. Meanwhile, on the 29th of May, 1858, Windthorst had entered into the married state.

In 1848, Germany was divided into two great political parties: one demanded that Austria be placed or rather retained at the head of the German Confederation, the other strove to exclude the Catholic power and place the hegemony in the hands of Prussia. Elected to the diet of Hanover in 1849, Windthorst, who now had entered upon his political career, sided for Austria, especially as the Austrian government promised to allow the various States to retain their autonomy. Moreover he contested to the utmost of his power against the members of the German Parliament of Frankfort, who had offered the imperial crown to King Frederick William IV, of Prussia. In 1851 upon the accession of George the Fifth to the throne of Hanover, Windthorst, now president of the Hanoverian Chamber of Deputies, received the portfolio of Justice. He continued to exercise the functions of this charge till the 21st of November, 1853, when the ministry of which he formed part was dissolved. Nine years later in 1862, he again became Minister of Justice, and in 1865 he left the cabinet for the second time to take up his duties as Procurator-General to the Court of Appeals at Celle. The intervening years were devoted to the promotion of Catholic interests at court and at home, while he rendered an eminent service to the Church which resulted in the re-establishment of the Diocese of Osnabrück, and the appointment to the restored See of Mgr. Melchers, former Vicar-General of

Munster and later on the glorious Archbishop of Cologne, who imprisoned and exiled suffered for the same holy cause that Windthorst battled for from the rostrum of the Reichstag.

The time had now come for Windthorst to assume the life role. Hitherto the world had known him for the principal counsellor of George V, the intrepid defender of the independence of his own country against the encroachments of Prussia, and the influential protector of Catholic interests at a Protestant court. But God had marked out for him a more far-reaching and lofty destiny. He was to exchange Hanover for the German Empire, and the portfolio of Justice for the leadership of twelve millions of suffering co-religionists. The former statesman of a Catholic kingdom was destined to become the great leader of a great party, the ablest speaker and tactician of a Protestant Parliament, and what more, the fearless champion of the Church of God, and the white-haired veteran of sixty winters was to bear the brunt of a twenty-year battle with the persecuting Prime Minister, Von Bismarck.

How well he fought, how indefatigably he labored, how nobly he suffered and what triumphs he wrung from a relentless foe, triumphs in the cause of truth, justice and liberty, all this has passed into the history of the Fatherland and brightened the sad pages of the *Kulturpompf*.

Upon the absorption of Hanover by Prussia, Windthorst with the practical good sense that ever guided his action, swore fealty to the Prussian Constitution and, having accepted a writ to the Landtag, was elected first to the Constituent Assembly and later in 1871 to the Reichstag of the North German Confederation. He remained in the last named body until his death, representing the district of Neppen. Following in the wake of the Piedmontese occupation of Rome, the destruction of the temporal power and the unification of Germany with the power in the hands of the Protestants, the Catholics, apart from the purely political group, had organized a party, which was to adhere purely and simply to the established government, while undertaking the defence of the Church and popular rights and endeavoring to solve the social and economic questions of the day. This was the beginning of the great Centre party, which to-day is the leading political and social factor in the Empire. The Catholics of 1871 gave the new party

a perfect organization, so perfect indeed that it has survived the assaults of the Government and will no doubt issue forth victorious from its present struggle with the forces of Socialism. The "Centre" as it was called from the fact that its representatives occupied the middle portion of the Reichstag, was intended for a middle party to stand between and harmonize the Government and the Opposition, and as such it has fulfilled the purpose of its organizers. In order to insure success the pioneer members resorted to the most strenuous measures: each deputy chose some special department of knowledge and directed every effort towards mastering it, so that the representatives of the Centre soon acquired the reputation of being the best informed and most erudite body in Parliament. It was not long before the party had at its command learned specialists in every department of law, civil, canon, and international, history, theology, statistics and the like. The perfect knowledge of statistics proved of the greatest utility, for the Chancellor and his supporters were often very inaccurate in the line of figures, especially when it served their interests to be so. Time and time again, this system of specialization was the means of correcting and humbling the minions of the Government. Windthorst, who had been one of the principal organizers of the Catholic party, soon became its recognized chief.

The Catholic party had hardly sprung into existence before the adherents of the Chancellor directed against it the shafts of ridicule and abuse and the fell weapons of misrepresentation and calumny: they persisted in terming it "a party of opposition, a kind of mobilization against the State itself." Windthorst took up its defence on January 30th, 1872, and his word on that occasion are specially memorable as they give us a true insight into the purpose and workings of the party: "The Centre," he says, is prepared to join in with the other political fractions, should they present an acceptable programme. Yea, in the interests of peace it will go even farther. Let the war, which the king directed against the Church, cease and the Centre will dissolve voluntarily; however, should the struggle continue, the Centre will guard its position not offensively but defensively and withal energetically. On another occasion he said: "The Hon.





HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. J. T. DUHAMEL, D.D.  
*Archbishop of Ottawa, Apostolic Chancellor.*

Loewe pretends that we receive our orders from Rome and that the orders from Rome are contrary to the spirit of the nation. The only injunction we receive from Rome is to obey ecclesiastical authority in religious matters and civil authority in temporal affairs. The Centre is an independent party and its sentiments like its convictions are those of the people. Be assured, Mr. Deputy and all you who are concerned in the matter, that the Centre and the people will continue in the path they have trod heretofore. They have confidence in each other and will soon prove, should they find themselves in the minority, that the minority stood for something when they are firm and solid. . . . .

“But this I would have you understand, that we are not degenerate sons of Rome ; we will ever show ourselves worthy of Rome and the Papacy. Moreover we are not degenerate sons of the Fatherland ; and never will we fail to make the same efforts as you to maintain the interests, the greatness and the dignity of the Empire. We are convinced that our attachment to Rome can never be to the detriment of our love of country, and that the two sentiments mean in our case practically the same. We are the friends of Germany as well as you, we will live and die as such, but also as friends of the Pope and of Rome.”

In June, 1872, Bismarck flung down his gauntlet to the forces of the Church, and on July 4th of the same year an Act of Parliament against the Jesuits told the Catholic world that the die had been cast and that the long-threatened “Kulturkompf” had at length burst forth to disturb the religious feelings of our Empire. In April, 1873, the right of self-government, given legally to the Catholic Church in Prussia, was abolished, and the State arrogated to itself a supreme control that it was to find, later, to its cost, was not in its power to have. In 1873, also, the laws known as the May Laws, four in number, published in May, or as the Falk Laws, from the name of their nominal author, Dr. Falk, the Minister of Public Worship, claimed for the State the education of the clergy up to the very time of ordination to the priesthood, and decreed that nomination to ecclesiastical positions could take place only with a State certificate. “We want to exterminate Catholicism in Germany,” said Dr. Falk one day to the Belgian Minister, “and we shall do that the more effectually by

the extinction of the clergy." The bishops were commanded by government to take an oath to observe without restriction or condition the State laws; diplomatic connection with the Holy See was severed; civil marriage was made obligatory; the religious orders (numbering 9,956 persons) were driven from the realm, with the exception of those engaged in hospital work; all the bishops except three were either imprisoned or exiled. An eminent Protestant official said to a Silesian: "If your Church is able to survive this struggle, I will become a Catholic.

But the German Government was radically astray in its reckoning. The cruel and crushing measures served only to call forth from the German clergy and laity the most unflinching loyalty to the Church and the successor of St. Peter. Bismarck had power to drive bishops and archbishops into prison and exile, to close seminaries and to deprive the Rhine valley of its pastors from the Alps to the confines of Holland, but no power availed to make them take an unlawful oath. In their combined Memoir of Jan. 10, 1873, they exclaimed: "Let them drag us before the tribunals! The grace of God, we trust, will grant us strength to give an unalterable witness to our faith as did our innumerable predecessors in the apostolic ministry in ages past, and to bear with joy the harshest treatment in the cause of Catholic liberty." As to the German laymen, they naturally looked to Windthorst for guidance and grouped themselves in serried phalanx around their glorious leader in the famous Centre; and in answer to the Government's demands, the Catholic champion flung back these memorable words: "You can torment us, you can make our hearts bleed, but you have no power to take from us our faith! When you have closed all our churches, we shall meet in our forests to pray."

From the beginning, the Government had attached to its service the non-Catholic press of the country. These organs did not scruple to misrepresent the Catholic side of the question and succeeded in turning public opinion against the Centre and its supporters. To counteract this Press campaign, the Catholic leaders organized a rival press which did its best to circulate political and religious pamphlets among the common people and thus to keep their minds from becoming inoculated with the poison of the Government journals.

E. J. STRAUSS.

*(To be continued.)*

## Our Destiny.

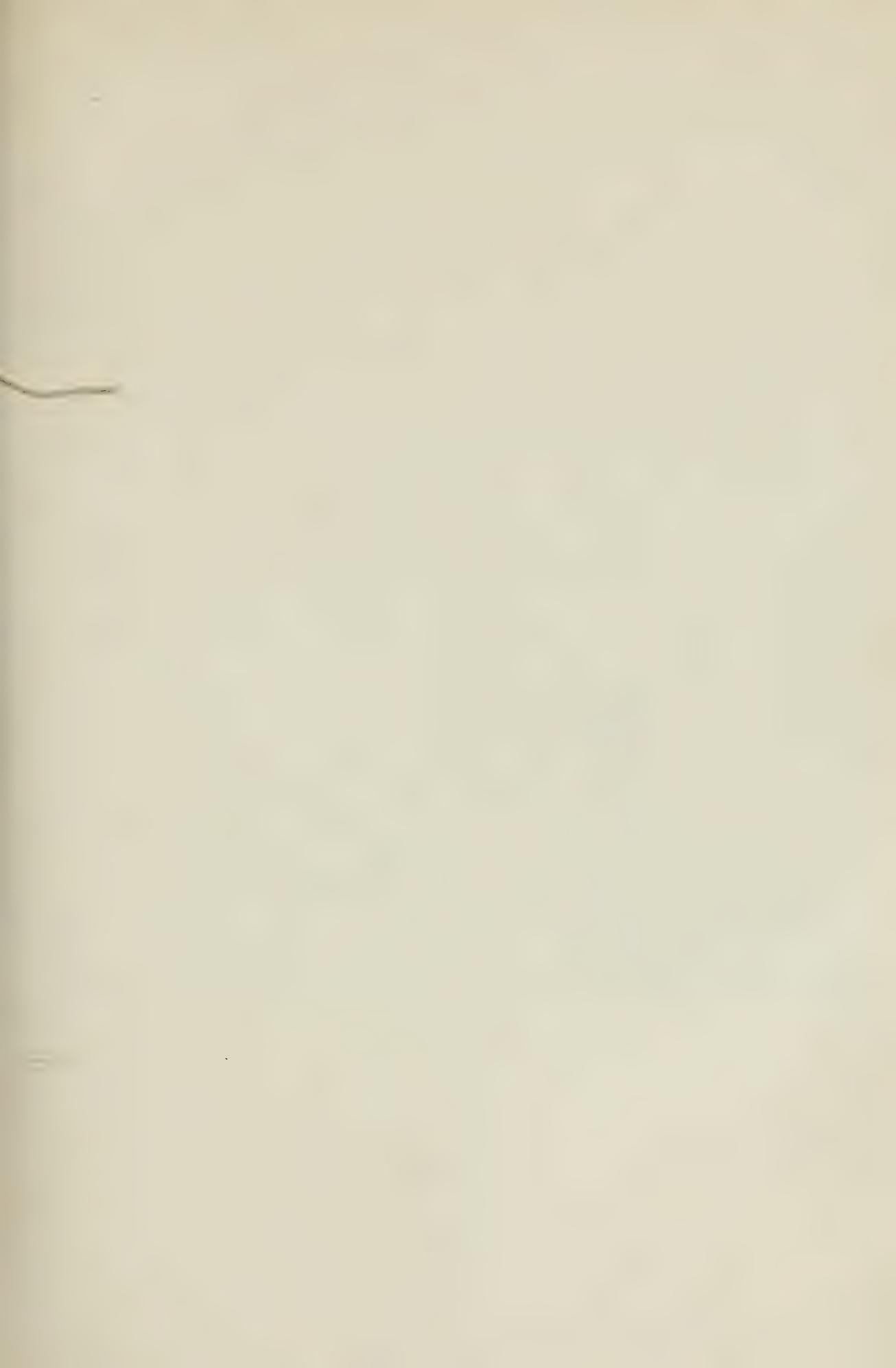
**O**NCE more we have celebrated the feast of our patron saint with an intense fervor of which less warm-hearted peoples are incapable. Our apostle found a high-spirited, warlike race, he kindled in their hearts the fire of divine love, and he obtained for them favors such as were granted to no other race. He sought from God, and promised before his death, that the fruit of his toil would last throughout time, that the Gael should never prove unfaithful to his religion. In the early ages our country shone forth as the star of Western Europe. Her famous universities were the resort of students from all the surrounding nations, and her missionaries bore her learning to England and to Scotland, to Germany, to Gaul, and to many other places. Her cities were the most splendid of the west, and her armies alone withstood the marauding Vikings of the north. Erin was the isle of saints and scholars, but she was to become the land of martyrs and heroes. From the day our great apostle breathed forth his spirit into the hands of its Omnipotent Maker Erin's Catholicism and her nationality have been blended in one dutiful sentiment, in one undying reality. But other nations apostatized, and God has made, and will make, this faithful the one instrument of their redemption. The island, blessed by St. Patrick, which has never been soiled by the trail of the serpent, was destined to serve a noble purpose.

When the adulterous King of England broke away from the church, and brought his people with him, the Irish remained steadfast. Perhaps they remembered an unworthy prince of their own, whose offence, unlike that of Henry VIII, had been punished by expulsion from the land, but who had been reinstated by a people of less delicate morals. Edward VI and Elizabeth inaugurated persecutions; for this chosen people was to be chastened by ages of bondage and slaughter. Under the first two Stuarts, from whom the Gael expected leniency because of their noble Catholic

ancestress Mary Queen of Scots, the fairest part of Ulster was planted with English and Scotch Protestants ; for the destruction of the Irish race was henceforth the determined policy of their invaders. Nevertheless, when King Charles' own people drew the sword upon him our forefathers loyally rallied to his aid. When Owen Roe O'Neill, the only Irish leader who might successfully have coped with the genius and treachery of Cromwell, died before that worthy met him, Erin's blackest foe, the fiend in human form, whose name is to this day an imprecation in the mouths of Irishmen, came nearer to exterminating the race than any of his predecessors could have hoped. The Lord Protector, combining military strength with hypocrisy, obtained the surrender of the various Irish forces that did not go to France, sang hymns of thanksgiving, and proceeded to murder all whom he did not send as slaves to Barbadoes. He massacred the women and children beneath the sign of their redemption and in their churches. Finally he sent forth his notorious mandate ordering the Celt to Connaught or hell. Naturally the Catholics chose the former place, fearing, as they did, a second meeting with their terrible persecutor if they went to the latter. History tells us of the thousands that perished before a merciful Providence struck down this tool of the devil, whom the English cravenly feared and the Irish helplessly hated. When James II's disloyal subjects had dethroned him, the holy island became Europe's battle-ground between the heretic and the faithful sons of the Church ; and Boyne, Aughrim, Athlone, and Limerick testify the unbroken spirit of that race which but a short while before Cromwell had so mercilessly crushed to earth. The martial heroes of great Sarsfield wrung from the usurper a guarantee of religious freedom, a monument to Irish might and Saxon shame, the treaty of Limerick. Then when their exiled manhood were winning laurels, and dying, upon foreign fields, we find our people suffering under the penal laws, the most terrible punishment which any people has ever endured. When—

“ Their dogs were taught alike to run  
Upon the scent of wolf and friar,”

when education was banned, and hell's most ingenious effort made to degrade the martyr race, we find the priests transmitting from





A. O. VON HERBULIS,  
Architect of the New Building.

generation to generation the jewel of faith, which the darkest powers of the infernal regions could not wrest from them. One by one these heroes stole away from their native land, poor and unknown (save as Irish boys), prepared themselves, and returned to teach their people—

“ Among the poor, or on the moor.”

Then, invariably, with their life-blood they dyed the sod of holy Erin. The faith lived on when all else was lost ; and the priests of Ireland, saints and martyrs, human representatives of the great supernatural,—of God himself, won an influence with their faithful people, which they shall never forfeit.

But a more dangerous snare awaited our forefathers, when Daniel O’Connell had burst their bonds, and education was again permitted to them, but in a poisoned form. English schools taught English manners, a foreign language, and even attempted to implant in the minds of Erin’s youth a heretical foreign creed. When our people starved, the tempter held forth gold as the price of their faith : but God was faithful to this people, and kept among them those wonderful Irish priests whom they revered, loved, and obeyed, as only the Celt can. Then it was that one immense part of our mission began to be accomplished. Millions of emigrants left the old land and bore the Catholic religion with little else, except talent, to the great English speaking portion of the New World. To our own Canada came many, whose less fortunate brethren died by the roadside of famine and disease. England herself has begun slowly to return to the faith ; but three-fourths of her Catholic population are Irishmen. At the price of their language, of most of their own national attributes they became the instruments of God to reclaim the Anglo-Saxon race. On this side of the Atlantic they have made a new Ireland in the United States ; but long before that country is wholly reclaimed to the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome, we, the proud representatives of their race in Canada, shall have made our influence felt among the the Protestant portion of our population. This is our task, not that of our co-religionists and countrymen of the Province of Quebec, who are of a different language, different nationality, and different sympathies. An incident in the life of Archbisop Lynch is related, in which he met at one time in Rome four other pre-

lates who had been his classmates in the little college in the north of Ireland where he received his early education. One was the Bishop of Calcutta, India, one was from Australia, another from Africa, while the fourth came from the United States. Archbishop Lynch himself, as we know, found the field of his apostolic labor in Canada. Throughout that "greater empire than has been" our widely scattered race are carrying on a work which raises them to the most noble position which any people may occupy on the earth.

But in the old land our nationality is not hopelessly merged into that of England ; for, under the guidance of Irish soggartahs, our country has revived, and is rapidly developing her distinct nationality, her customs, and above all, her own Gaelic Irish language. The awakening of Eirinn is marked by the decadence of her persecutor in many things, especially in literature. May we not hope that reviving Ireland may yet furnish a home, a fountain head, to those religious orders, the hope of the Church, which have been expelled from fallen France. We have reason to believe that the day is not far distant when Erin, a nation, will govern herself, when Home Rule will be accorded, as a step to something higher ; for surely history has sufficiently demonstrated that not the devil's most dexterous artifices, not his sternest power can turn from their glorious course the inhabitants of Innisfail, the island of destiny. Our race is distinguished by qualities of soul and of body, of heart, of intellect, and of will, which made its countless anointed priests, orators, statesmen, and warriors, the admiration and wonder of men, while even yet the people was trampled in the dust. Our nationality is certainly an extraordinary one, but ever pre-eminently a Catholic one. The time will surely come when the high-souled inhabitants of the Emerald Isle will lead the nations in a more dignified manner in supporting the glory of the Church. To evangelize the world is ever the exalted destiny of the Irish race.

Wm. F. P. CAVANAGH, '06.

## Shakespeare's Brutus.

**M**ARCUS BRUTUS, the son of a father bearing the same name, and of Servilia a half sister to Marcus Cato, has been depicted as a man of many virtues, possessing a character full of beauty and sweetness, and moreover being gentle and upright.

“ What is this that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye and death in the other,  
And I will look on death indifferently ;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.”

Brutus' father having died when he was but eight years of age, he was placed under the care of Cato his uncle, from whom he learnt the maxims of Stoic philosophy. Brutus was held in the highest regard by Cato, and as a reward of his many virtues Cato gave him his daughter in marriage.

Brutus has been drawn into this conspiracy, not in hopes of becoming Caesar's successor, but to fight the cause of justice. He did not like the idea of the Empire being governed by a monarch, although he loved Caesar, and had confidence in Caesar's ability to govern their vast empire.

Brutus. “ What means this shouting ? I do fear the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.”

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it ?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.

Brutus has been drawn into this conspiracy that he may satisfy the people, who would naturally be incensed at the murder of such a hero. Brutus was probably, next to Caesar, the most popular man in Rome, and as he had been Caesar's particular friend, the only one in whom Caesar seemed to place full confidence, the conspirators considered Brutus' remarks to the people would fully justify the assassination.

Cassius. Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
 See Brutus at his house ; three parts of him  
 Is ours already ; and the man entire,  
 Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts !  
 And that which would appear offence in us,  
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

The others, particularly Cassius who was jealous of Caesar's power entered on account of the hatred they bore Caesar.

Brutus, when in public office, refrained from extorting money by bribery or fraud ; yet we see, he charged extortionate rates for loans, and enforced payment with rigid pertinacity. We must judge him according to the customs of his time, although even now such a thing is not unusual.

PERCY R. MARSHALL. '07.

#### AN APRIL MORN.

AN April Morn ! All things rejoice ;  
 Sweet, peaceful bliss reigns all around :  
 All nature's calm save for the rain  
 That gently patters on the ground.

The air is dull ; the sense of sight  
 Can scarce perceive the drops that fall  
 With measured cadence soft and sweet,  
 Obedient unto nature's call.

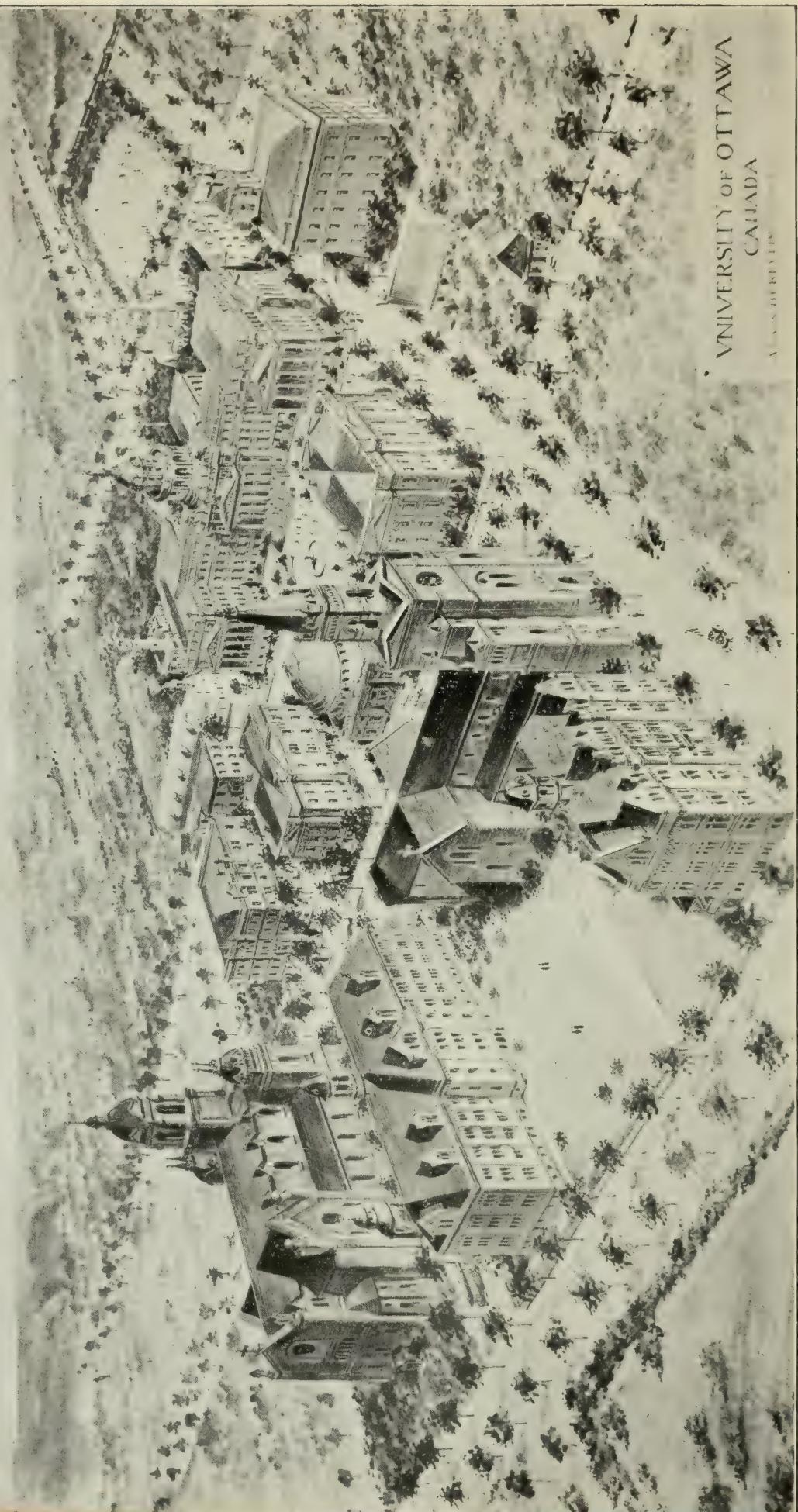
Silence reigns throughout the street,  
 Nor man, nor beast will stir abroad :  
 All creatures seem to feel the spell  
 That binds their thoughts this morn to God.

The sun is hid from mortal view ;  
 A sombre darkness shrouds the town ;  
 The chimney top across the way  
 Seems ever apt to tumble down.

My soul is calm ; my thoughts are turned  
 To Him who framed our mundane laws ;  
 No proof I need : I am convinced  
 That Nature's wonders have a cause.

CANIGH. '04.





UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA  
CANADA  
Architects: G. E. Hart & Son

Plan for restoration of University of Ottawa partially destroyed by fire December 2nd, 1903.  
Each group will be of special kind of architecture and material.



## St. Patrick's



### St. Patrick and Eire's Day.



S the sun rises on our mundane sphere this morning every Irishman hails its beams with a joyous heart ; for this is St. Patrick's day, and in every civilized land the sons of Eire,—the Shamrock proudly pinned over their hearts, are meeting to celebrate her national day, and to revere the memory of her Patrick.

In perfect accord with this spontaneous movement of Irish-men the world over, the students of Ottawa Varsity—their hearts attuned to the grand chorus of Eire's praise, their souls expanding with the fire of the love they bear her ; every fibre of their being quivering in the intensity of their affection for the " Emerald Isle "—,with these sentiments the students of Ottawa have come together to keep this great festival.

But the skeptic—the man of narrow mind will say, " Why do you keep Eire's day ? She is no longer a nation. She has lost her independence. She does not rank as a free country. The keeping of her national day is nonsense."

Truly the observing of Eire's day, to the superficial reader of history may indeed seem a paradox. For, being unable to penetrate beneath the shell of the hard facts related by the historian, he will accept the statements that she is no longer her own law-maker; that she is no more governed by her own representatives in a national parliament ; that a foreign foe has usurped her national rights and robbed her of her independence ; and he will conclude from the narration of these facts that she has lost her nationality.

But the true student of events, who knows how to analyze

statements, who has learned something of the philosophy of history, he knows well that between national rights and national life, between independence and nationality there is a distinction. Independence with its accompanying symbol national rights is something material and may be destroyed ; but nationality—the principle of life in a people—the soul of a nation is not material but spiritual and as such it is as eternal as the existence of the people in whom it is found.

Therefore, it is, gentlemen, that notwithstanding the efforts of the Danes to destroy it ; in defiance of the fact that since the days of Strongbow Ireland has been ruthlessly oppressed and harassed by the Saxon ; in defiance of all that for centuries the powers of hell and the malice of man have done to destroy it, the pulse of Irish national life is still beating, even as it throbbed on the day when Brian Boru marshalled his forces on the field of Clontarf : and as the martyrs of old would say to their persecutors, " You may destroy our bodies but you cannot kill our souls," so Irishmen can exclaim to their Saxon oppressors " You may steal our national rights ; you may rob us of our independence ; but not even by your numbers or your treachery, nay not by the skill of Satan your auxiliary can you destroy our national life." Yes, Gentlemen, that pulse though enfeebled is yet alive ; it needs only the restoration of Eire's rights to quicken it and bring back its native vigor ; the fire of Irish nationality is still burning ; nor will it be extinguished e'en though but one man in all the world be left to proclaim to the nations,— " I am an Irishman."

Meet and fitting is it then that we celebrate the national day of Ireland.

But not alone do we sing the praises of the " gem of the ocean " to-day ; we must also heed the impulse to honor St. Patrick. And why ? Simply because the good Irishman cannot avoid the one and think of the other. The national life of Ireland has received such an impression from the work of St. Patrick that it would be indeed foolish to consider it, apart from him who took it in the plastic state of its pagan juvenescence, and moulded it into that special and peculiar form, in which after centuries, it still presents itself before us.

When Patrick undertook the execution of his divine commission he had no easy task to perform. He came to Ireland. He found the people prostrate in adoration before false divinities ; their leading priests were conjurers ; their commandments were made by a few practiced deceivers. Yet, even in the days of their paganism, the Irish exhibited those lovely traits of character which we find in them to-day ; and the peculiar cast of their nature, so receptive of the true and the beautiful, was indeed a fruitful soil for the planting of the sublime doctrines brought to them by the great Apostle. Yet it was some time before they could be convinced that Patrick was no deceiver. Our saint had to prove his divine commission.

The work went on gradually at first, and ever in the face of the fiercest opposition of the priests and King Larghaire. A few noted conversions were made. Patrick was fast preparing for the decisive conflict. With undying perseverance, unflinching courage and an unshaken faith in the success of his mission, the divine warrior pushed forward in the cause of heaven, advancing even to Tara, the stronghold of the King. He kindled the forbidden fire on Easter morning ; it was the signal for hostilities. The struggle between truth and error began. For three days the conflict raged. The most noted battle in history was not to be won without supreme effort.

Our saintly hero conquered. The people saw and believed.

“ When the waters of Boyne began to bask  
And fields to flash in the rising sun,  
The Apostle Evangelist kept his pasch,  
And Erin her grace baptismal won.  
Her birthday it was : his font the rock,  
He blessed the land, and he blessed his flock.”

The good work was continued. The land was made christian, and so well did the saving truth of our faith suit the temperament of these favored children of God, so well did Patrick accomplish his mission, that, after centuries, we find the tree of faith planted on the hill of Tara, still standing in all the bloom of perennial verdure, its branches stretching to almost every clime, its fruits—millions of faithful catholics, and thousands

of Irish prelates—enriching the storehouse of the faith in every land under the sun.

Yes the work of Patrick, — as enduring as the faith he preached, — perfected the Irish nationality, stamped it with the indelible impress of the faith of Rome, and made it an object of veneration the world over,—the pride of the children of Eire, — the admiration and the terror of her bitterest foes.

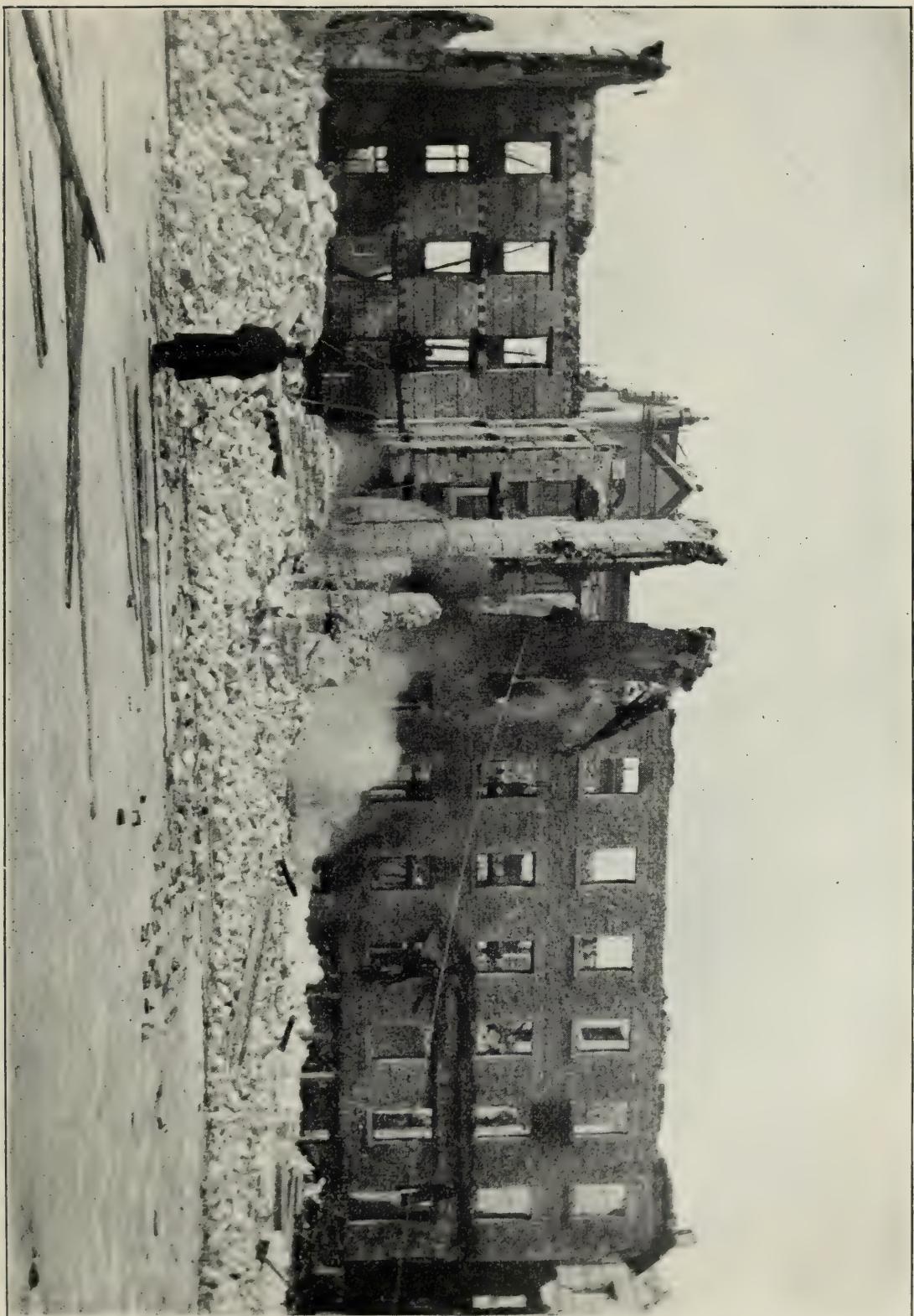
Therefore, gentlemen, when we toast Ireland day, we logically and properly honor the memory of him who made sacred her nationality.

But why do we assemble to celebrate Eire's day? Why do we toast her statesman saint? Is it because it is a time-honored custom to do so? Is all this festive warmth a mere effusion of words, a mere outburst of sentiment? No, gentlemen, our banquet has a deeper and broader significance than simply a momentary admiration of Ireland and her saint.

I gaze round me, and see ranged about this festive board, not only those who boast the happy privilege of being Irish by birth or by descent, I see many who are here not by any right as Irishmen, but by that which is equally to be admired—love for Eire and sympathy with her cause. Yes, I feel safe in saying that all here on this day of rejoicing are Irishmen, if not by nature, at least by affection ; and I believe that if it were given me to behold things incorporeal ; if I could see the sympathies of everyone in this hall to-day, I would find them tainted with a hue as green as the leaves of the shamrock itself.

Gentlemen, Ireland has much to gain from such gatherings of representatives of various nationalities. It will make her ills not those of her sons alone, but of every lover of justice among us regardless of nationality ; it will tend to foster that brotherhood so conducive to our mutual welfare and success in this country; it will swell the army of supporters of Irish rights and liberties. And this is but natural, for is it not the discharge in part of the debt of obligation which the world owes Ireland, who for centuries poured forth her greatest efforts to advance humanity?

My sentiments on this topic, Mr. Toastmaster, are unutterable. If I could express them, if my abilities bore any propor-



Snapshot — Tearing down the Walls.



tion to my zeal, I would raise my voice to such a note of admonition, it would reach the ear of every Irishman the world over ; aye, it would penetrate to the soul of every man on our globe. I would say to the Irishman, " Be a Home-Ruler " ; to those of other descent, " Espouse the cause of justice. Ireland is a suffering nation ; help to restore her rights." I would say, " You who by blood are Irish, be true to the land of your nativity ; you who are not sons of Eire, love that land and work for her even as Patrick, who was not an Irishman, loved her and labored for her."

Therefore, gentlemen, let us heed the lessons which this day teaches. Let us rejoice in the privilege which is ours of joining once again in the choral anthem of Eire's praise ; let us not forget the duty which as men of honor and justice we owe her ; but, when we leave this festive hall this evening, let each of us be resolved that, if he can achieve it, she will, ere another St. Patrick's Day comes round, recover her rights and be restored to her place among the nations.

H. J. MACDONALD, '04.

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### THE SHORTEST DAY.

A little day ran past  
Without a word from me ;  
I thought it ran too fast,  
But that could hardly be,  
Because a little boy next door, they say,  
Found time to speak a happy word that day.

A little day was spent  
Almost before I knew ;  
I wondered where it went,  
And so, indeed, would you,  
If, of a sudden, at the set of sun  
You found how very little you had done.

## PIUS X.

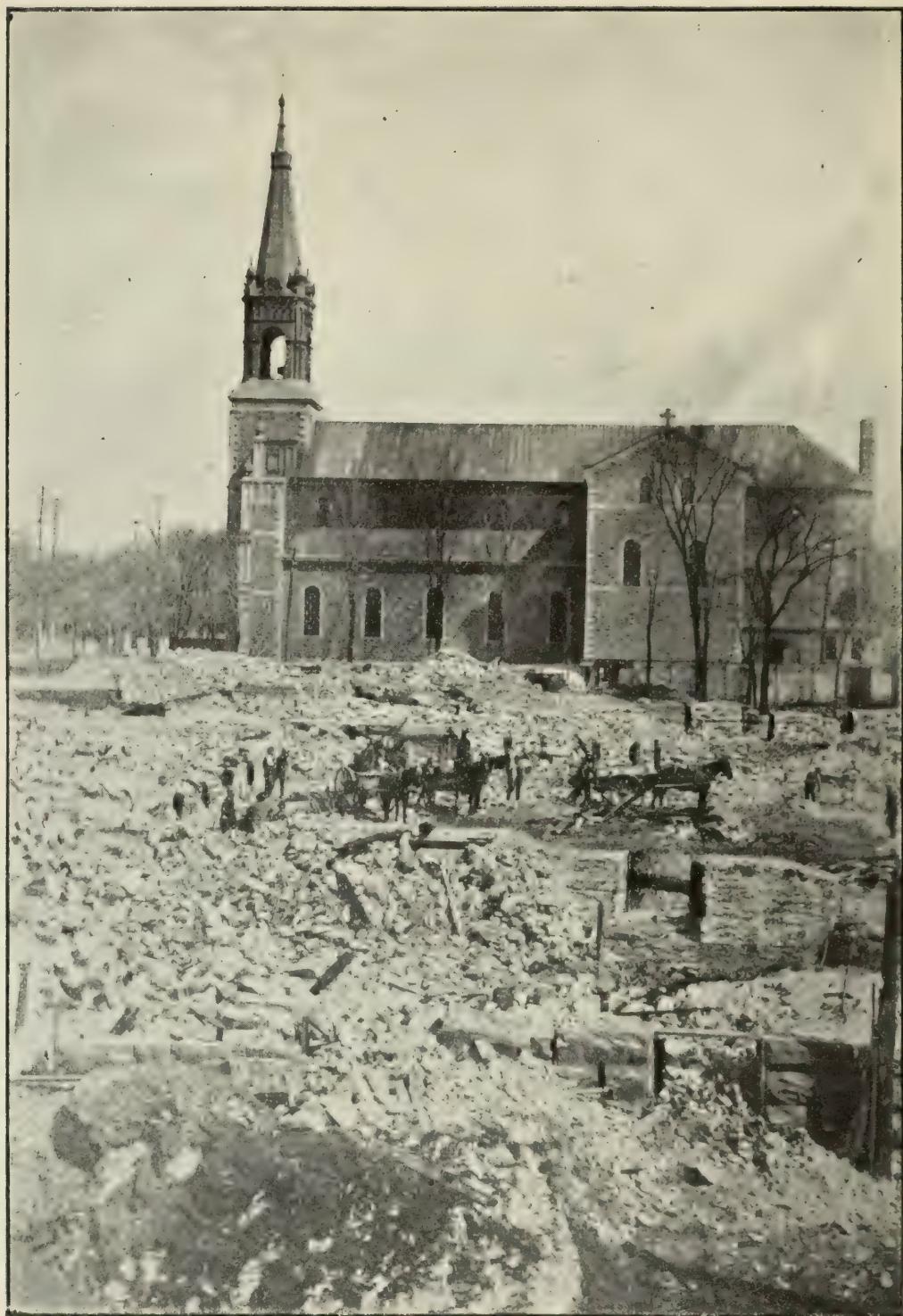
O-DAY we are assembled to do honor to the great saint who first brought the light of faith to Ireland's shores. On this day Irishmen all over the world unite in venerating him who bestowed on their fathers the greatest gift of earth. But it has always been the boast of Irishmen that Ireland, in spite of all obstacles, has retained the faith imparted to it through St. Patrick and has remained true to the Church of which that great saint was so illustrious an apostle. There is no nation on earth that has a prouder record. Towards the Holy See, Ireland has ever been most loyal. It is, therefore, befitting that we should, in the same breath with St. Patrick, give honor to the Holy See and mention with love and loyalty the name of the present head of the Church, the living representative of Christ, Pius X.

When last we met on this occasion, we drank a toast to Leo XIII. Since then we have suffered the loss of that great and venerable pontiff, and all Irishmen grieved most sincerely to learn that this brilliant defender of the faith, this staunch friend of Ireland, had passed from amongst us to his reward in a better world. When Leo began his pontificate the enemies of the Church were confident that they had given it a death-blow. When Leo died the Church was stronger than ever before, and never before had the Supreme Pontiff been regarded with so much reverence and admiration by all mankind. Such was the change wrought by Leo, and then, after his death, the College of Cardinals almost unanimously elected Cardinal Sarto to fill the vacant chair of Peter.

What manner of man is this who has been chosen to carry on Leo's great work? There can be no doubt that the choice is a wise one, for when has the College of Cardinals made a mistake in such a matter? When we examine the known character of the man, the same conclusion is only more forcibly driven home.

The first characteristic we note in looking over the life of Pius X. is his evident genius. He was born in an obscure station





Viewed from Shop on April 4th, 1904.

of life, and now, by his own ability and sterling qualities of head and heart, he has risen to be the ruler of the Church, the guiding star of nations. He has never thrust himself forward, but nevertheless his rise has been as steady as his worthiness is undoubted. This is surely an evident proof of his own greatness, as well as of the essential democracy of the Church.

Until he was chosen to succeed Leo, Cardinal Sarto never occupied a prominent place in the public eye. His position was such that with the larger world he had no close relations. As parish priest, as Bishop and as Patriarch of Venice, his care was wholly devoted to his flock, but in every case he has been remarkable for his zeal and piety, and his amiable character is amply attested to by the love borne him by all with whom he has ever come in contact. His humility is also noted, for all the world knows how reluctantly he accepted his present holy office on account of diffidence in his own power of fulfilling his sacred and important duties worthily.

And truly it is a great burden he has undertaken to bear. The learning and sanctity of the lamented Leo won the respect of even his enemies, and now all reasonable men look to the Vatican for counsel and guidance in the solution of the great political and sociological problems of the day. He will also, no doubt, be called upon to protect the Church from the attacks of her enemies, who are always busy for her ruin. At present the main point of attack is in France, but when the conflict there has ended in the discomfiture of the Church's enemies, as it surely will, it will be continued in some other part of the globe.

Great indeed, then, is the work prepared for our new Pontiff. But who can doubt his ability to carry it through to a successful completion? In the few months since his election, he has issued an encyclical which shows him to be a worthy successor of Leo, and he has already instituted a movement for the complete and general reform of church music, a worthy as well as an arduous task. He has shown his determination to maintain the decided stand taken by his predecessor in regard to the usurping government of the Quirinal, and he will not yield an iota in any matter where the rights of the Church are concerned.

Gentlemen, Pius X. is still young in the Papacy, and his career is yet before him. We, as Irishmen and Catholics, unite with Irishmen all over the world in honoring him to-day. Ireland turns towards him with loyalty and devotion as she has done to his predecessors, and we may rest assured that he will not be unappreciative of her fidelity. May he be long spared to us, and may he prove as great and successful as was his predecessor.

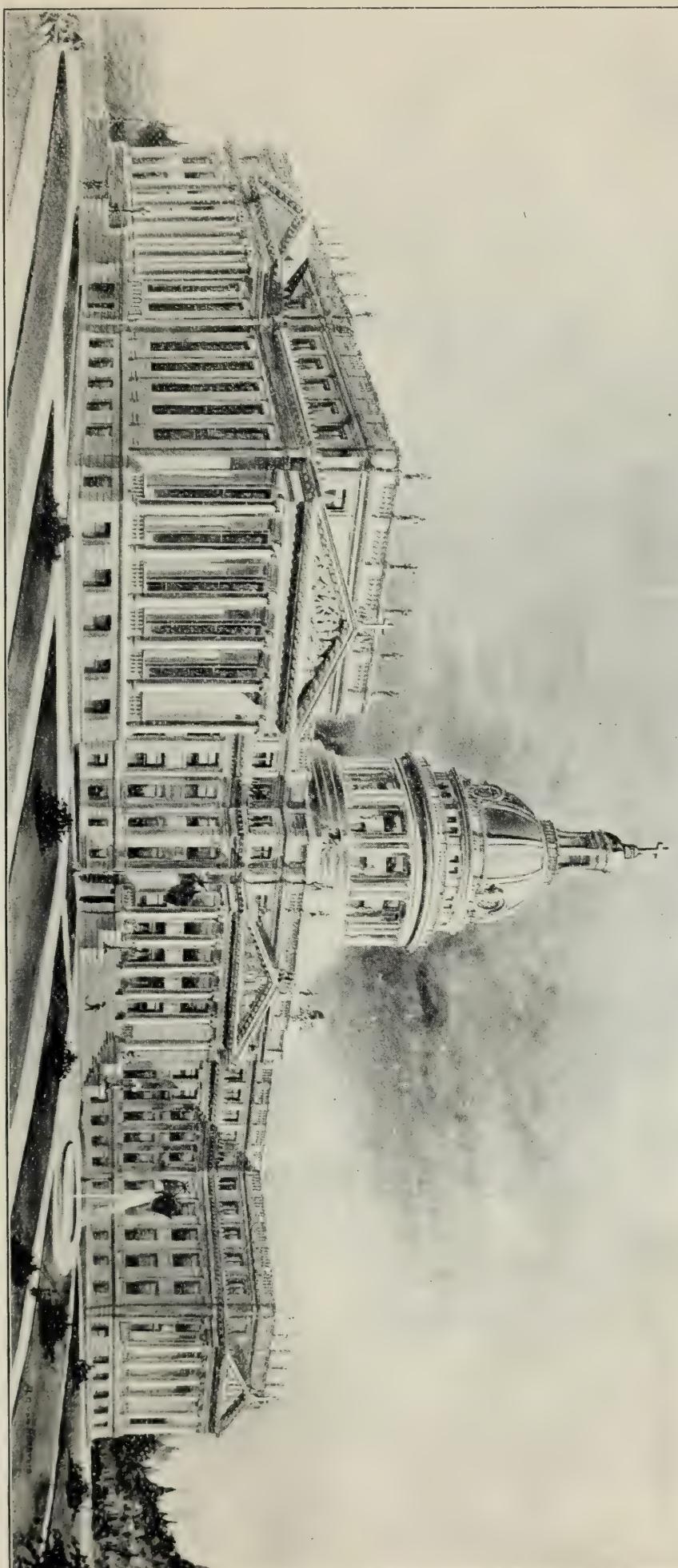
J. V. MEAGHER, '04.

## Ireland's Saints and Scholars.

OU have already toasted the day we celebrate, and we have already honored ourselves by drinking the health of the august Pontiff Pius X, and just now you have called up the memory of that glorious army of Irish Saints and Scholars, who by their learning and piety have shed and still continue to shed a lustre on the Irish race, and who held aloft the glorious banner of Catholic Faith when Christianity was very young and stood trembling in the helplessness of infancy. How Catholic we Irish are after fifteen hundred years ! And you, Sir, have honored me by coupling my name with the toast you have just drunk.

Ireland of old escaped the Roman Conquest. True it is, that Agricola dreamed of invading it, but happily his intentions were never realized. Saved from the proconsuls and praetors the genius of the Celtic race found a full development ; it created for itself a language, a religion, a poetry, as a result of which Irish civilization was second to none in the then known world.

About the middle of the fifth century when the seeds of pagan civilization sowed centuries before in the Western Isle, had matured and were blooming in all their freshness, in all their grandeur, in all their exquisite beauty, there suddenly arrived among the people—a man with a mitre on his head and a crozier in his hand with the cross of Christ upon it. And this man was Patrick who came from Rome to preach the doctrine of Christ crucified to the Irish kings, to the chieftains, to the bards and to the people. And then began that wonderful agency of



### THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA, IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

**Style of Architecture**—Pure classical Greek, monolithic columns with Ionic Capitals. **Material**—White Indiana stone on a Granite Base. **Construction**—Ferro-concrete fireproof. **Site**—Main Entrance on Laurier Avenue. Students' Entrance facing towards Cumberland street. Park in front. **Dome** to be adorned of twelve apostles and surrounded by a cross, while the parapets will be ornamented with statues of Canada's great men, symbolizing respectively Religion and Country. **Architect**—A. O. Vcn Herbulis, of Washington and New York.

An urgent appeal is being made to aid in the construction of this building, which will be a credit to the country at large and to the cause of education in particular.



Christian faith, Christian hope, Christian charity, which has ever since down to the present day formed the national character of the people. They received the faith from Patrick and rose at once into the full perfection of a Christian people. They, at the very dawn of their Christianity became a nation of priests, bishops, monks and nuns. Wherever Patrick preached the Gospel, he founded convents and schools by means of which he enlightened and civilized the inhabitants at the same time as he converted them.

These schools soon became so famous that they were frequented by students from France, Germany and the Flanders as well as from the different parts of Britain. At St. Patrick's Seminary in Armagh, Gildas the most ancient of British writers whose works are still extant, pursued his course of studies as did also St. Agilbert, a Frenchman, the second bishop of the West Saxons. Soon after this Ireland became the Mecca of large numbers of students, poor as well as rich, where the hospitable monks not only taught them gratis, but even fed them gratis. Has such hospitality as this ever been equalled? So well and favorably known did the Emerald Isle become as a seat of learning that a residence there, like a residence now at a university, became almost an essential to a literary career.

But the work of the Irish monks did not stop here. Not content with teaching the youths who came to them for instruction the Irish clergy spread themselves over the greater part of Europe for the sake of combatting paganism and of instructing the unlettered Christians. St. Killian became the Apostle of Franconia, St. Columban of the Swiss, St. Gallus of the Grisons; not to speak of St. Donatus, bishop of Fesuli; and St. Cataldus, bishop of Tarentum; nor of St. Fursey and St. Rupert, who preached the doctrine of Christ crucified, in the forests of France and Germany. In short, Mr. Toastmaster, there is hardly a diocese in the countries above mentioned which does not record the learning and sanctity of several illustrious Irish missionaries who formerly served it.

The most illustrious seats of learning both on the continent and the British Isles were founded by Irishmen. It was the Irish bishop St. Aidan who founded Lindisferne, which enlightened the

northern and midland parts of England. It was Maidulph who opened the famous school of Malmesbury, which diffused Greek and Latin literature, sacred as well as profane, over the southern and western part. St. Columbkill whose name is enshrined among the very greatest saints in the Church's calendar founded the monastery of St. Iona—the great mother and fountain head of all monasticism. The founder of Luxeuil and Bobbio was St. Columban, while in the Alps St. Gall established that far-famed university which bore his name. In a word to the Irish, Europe is indebted for well nigh all the universities of modern times.

Such is a short history of the works of the early Irish priesthood. Has the world ever witnessed their like? What innumerable graces their deeds have brought down on their successors and on the heads of the Irish people. The grace of God infused by them into the Irish clergy has remained with that body of Levites ever since, for it is a remarkable fact—almost incredible—that among the hundreds of learned ecclesiastics which Ireland gave to the Church in 1400 years, not one of them ever originated a schism: while other nations have changed their creed, Ireland remained as firm in her first faith as the rock of Peter. Let this fact be engraved on the heart of every Irish Catholic: let it be proclaimed at home and trumpeted abroad; let it be lisped by mothers to their babes; let it be told by old men; in a word let it be so spread that the whole world shall know it.

Ye priests, born of Irish mothers, ye, Christ's representatives on earth, ye successors of such illustrious predecessors, the glory of Columba, the glory of Columbkill is upon you! Prove yourselves by your deeds, their worthy successors.

The glory of an unconquered race, the glory of a faith so well tried and long defended, the glory of a national virtue which has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world is, gentlemen, our responsibility. What a great inheritance we have—let us guard it jealously. What our forefathers have been let us endeavor to be in the future—a nation and a church without stain. Let honor, patriotism, charity and constancy be our distinguishing virtues, and thus show ourselves to be the noble sons of a noble people.

JOHN E. BURKE, '05.

## CANADA.

**I**N conveying your minds from dear old Ireland to our Canadian home, on this glorious festive-day, we feel confident that we heartily accord with the sentiments of every true son of Ireland. For, on this day, in no other land are the spirit and traditions of the Emerald Isle more befittingly displayed than in this our Canadian Dominion. Here Erin's son, together with his fellow-Canadians, whether Briton, Scot or Frenchman, harmoniously unite in proclaiming the glories of that little Isle and those of her Patron Saint.

And Canadians may justly do so. For, does not Canada possess within her midst an Irish population, which in no small degree has contributed to her welfare and prosperity? Yes, to-day no one wears that little cluster of the immortal shamrock upon his breast with more pride than the Canadian; none chant the Irish melodies on this day more earnestly than he.

Years ago, during that dark period of Ireland's history, there landed on our shores a colony of men, who, sorely oppressed by persecution and famine, deigned to suffer exile from home and country, rather than forsake their religious belief and national courage. Such was the advent of our primitive Irish settlers, whom Canada so generously greeted to her shores and so hospitably provided for. These men sought the protection of a free country, where they might partake of those precious blessings, so dear to an Irish heart, religious and civil freedom. With no other capital than his integrity and vigor, the Irish immigrant strove against severe adversity and privation in this young country. Nor were his efforts in vain, as his present proud position in our national interests testifies.

Since that memorable Irish immigration into Canada, Irish Canadians have ever contributed to this country, a goodly quota of excellent statesmen, zealous clergymen and distinguished professional men of every class. With that indomitable spirit characteristic of the race they are likewise ever advancing the interests

of the Dominion. Here unlike their native fatherland they are free to exercise their rights unmolested, and though staunch Irishmen, are ever most loyal and firm Canadians.

Since the time of Confederation the Irishman's position in our legislation has ever been a most worthy one. In the Senate and Commons he is always well represented. Such names as McGee and Blake need but be mentioned to summon our admiration for the eminent statesmanship of these men; while the distinguished line of our present Irish legislators is unsurpassed.

The Irish cause to-day, has no more fervent sympathizer than our Canadian Parliament, which already has expressed its sentiments in this respect by passing resolutions for Ireland's home rule. The Canadian Constitution is the Irishman's ideal, in fact a similar one is all that he asks for his native fatherland. And here in Canada we have a standing rebuke to that oft-repeated calumny: that Ireland is incapable of governing herself. Is it unreasonable to expect that the Irish can do as much for their own country, as they are doing for this, the land of their adoption? With self-government such as Canada possesses would not Ireland constitute as loyal and as firm a portion of the Empire as Canada? This is the reason why our Dominion has ever advocated the Irish cause, that Ireland may possess the blessings which she herself enjoys.

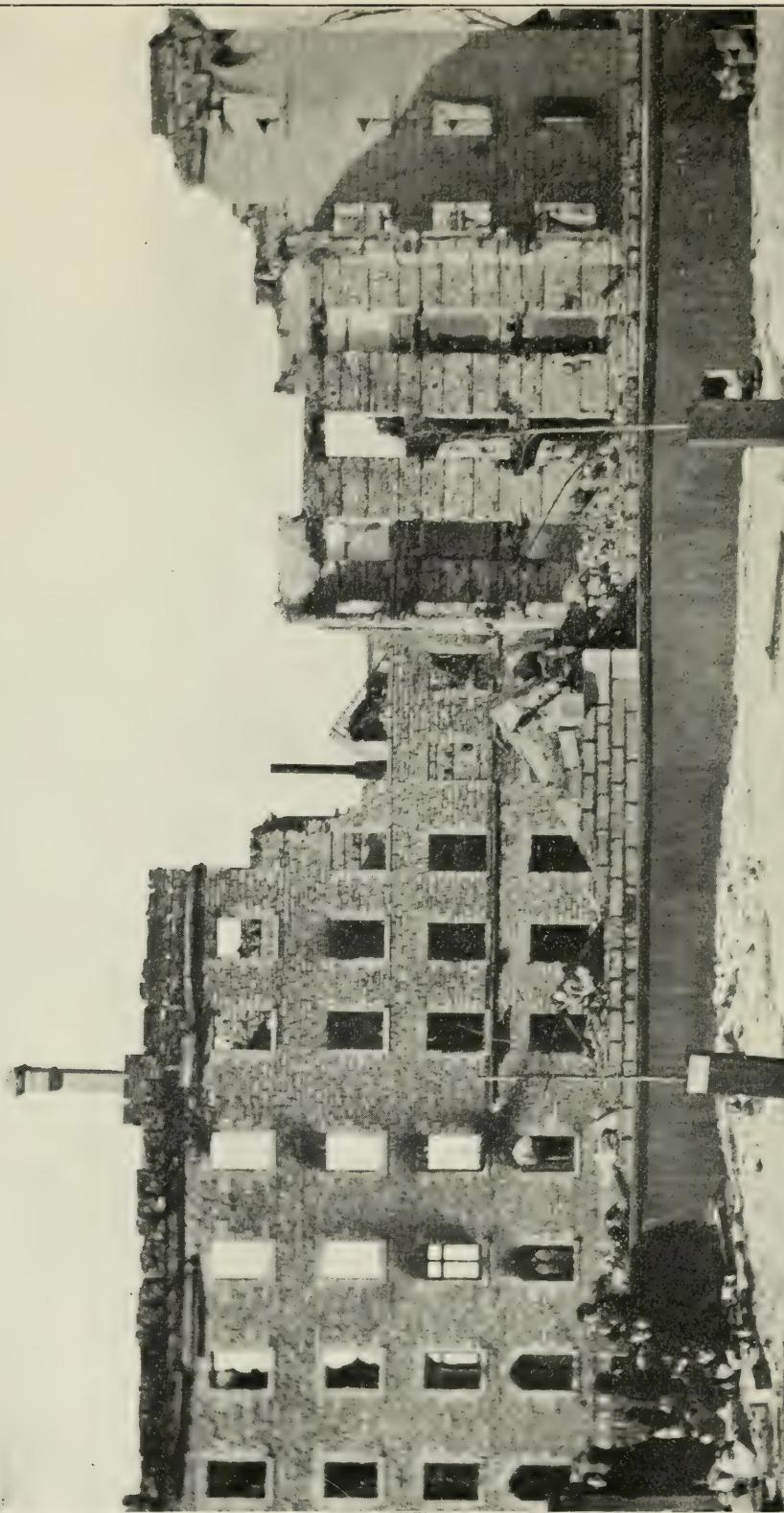
What the future has in store for Canada we are unable to ascertain, but surely her destiny is a most promising one. Her vast territorial extent, her natural resources and wealth, insure for her future generations a magnificent inheritance. Her immense prairie belt of fertile fields and her excellent mode of government, enable us to reasonably look forward to a bright future for this country, with a contented and loyal people.

As Canada has done in the past, so in the future may she ever maintain her unstained record. May her flag ever be the symbol of peace and justice, wherever it waves. May her regions grow in splendor, and a loyal and patriotic people ever guard her glory. Such is the destiny for which we should strive towards this fair Domain, which bears as its emblem the Maple Leaf.

O. J. McDONALD, '04.



Central Building — Ruins of Chapel and Seminary — From Cumberland St.



## Music and Literature of Ireland.

Would that in some slight degree I were fitted to do justice to those renowned fellow countrymen of ours who won for that "dear land of Erin" the much esteemed titles The Island of Song, The Land of Saints and Scholars.

That Ireland is the land of Saints and Scholars is a fact so well evidenced that it has never been denied ; for during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries she was the most learned country in all Europe. Students attracted by her genius flocked to her from all parts of the civilized world to be educated in her colleges, where the language of Greece and Rome, as well as the old Gaelic tongue were studied and mastered. Love of learning has been an Irish attribute from time immemorial, no mind, not even the Athenian had ever a greater thirst for knowledge than the Irish mind. Intellectual vigor, spiritual fervor and ardent patriotism have been and are still the predominant characteristics of the Irish Celt.

And this is the more to be wondered at when we consider the seemingly insurmountable barriers, and the numberless obstacles with which Ireland and Irishmen have had to cope the world over. Yet that "ill-fated Island" can point to such a galaxy of intellectual giants, to such a list of eminent names in every department of learning and in every branch of literature, from the time of Swift down to our day, when the Celtic renaissance is so much in evidence, owing largely to the transcendent abilities of Hyde, Segerson and Yeats, I repeat gentlemen, that such a list cannot be equalled in the history of any other nation.

It is true that Ireland has not produced a Dante, nor a Shakespeare, nor a Cervantes, but looking back through the vista of the last century alone, what a magnificent account has Ireland given of herself in the realm of dramatic, lyric and ballad poetry ; and though few in number the novelists of modern Ireland have given immortal contributions to the world's literature.

And with regard to the eloquence of Ireland, much need not

be said for we know that it is almost unequalled, and her orators will compare favorably with the best that Greece and Rome have given to history.

No more fitting, no grander, and no more ancient title can history give to Ireland than the singular title "The Island of Song." For she stands alone among all the nations of the earth in this respect, that she has for her national emblem a musical instrument, the "Golden Harp of Erin."

It is not denied that Ireland is surpassed by Germany, Italy and England as regards purity of style, depth of expression and that lighter and more pleasing style of music, yet great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples there is not one of these nations, or any other nation that can point back to such a national melody, to such a body of national music as the Irish ; the Irish music is such as lives in the hearts and voices of all the people ; it is the true song of the nation, the true national melody that is handed down from the remotest ages.

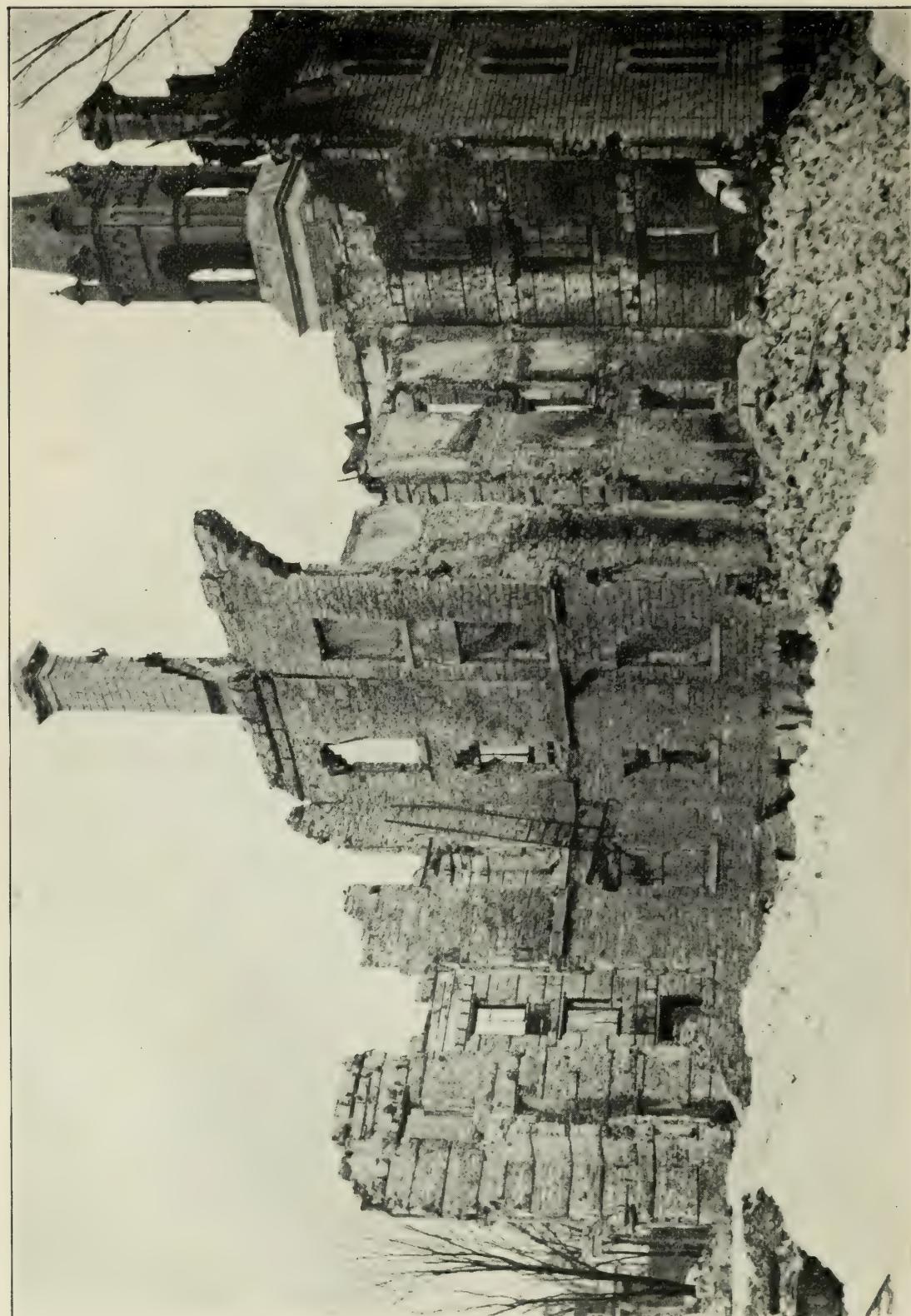
And so when Ireland's poet, Tom Moore, came and found the glory of Ireland eclipsed by that of the past, he had but to seek those ancient melodies which had been handed down by tradition, and interpret the Celtic in which they were found into the language of to-day. Or as he more beautifully expressed it :

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover  
Have throbbed at our lay 'tis thy glory alone,  
I was but as the wave passing heedlessly over  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own.

Yes, gentlemen, it was the music of Ireland that kept the nation's life-blood warm even when that life-blood seemed to be flowing from every vein. It was the sympathy of Ireland's music, the strong, tender sympathy of her bards that sustained the National spirit even when all around seemed hopeless.

And in spite of Henry the Eighth, who enacted a law that every harper and every minstrel in Ireland should be put to death ; in spite of Elizabeth who passed a law that they were all to be hung, (recognizing as she did that Ireland could never be conquered, nor could ever be made Protestant, as long as the minstrels were there) ; and in spite of Lord Barrymore, officially





East Wing—Partially Demolished.

appointed by Elizabeth to act as hangman, (and who accepted his position with much pleasure) ; in spite of all these circumstances, gentlemen, these glorious and immortal bards and minstrels lived on down to the time of O'Carolan the last of the bards.

But a few years later, the greatest of Ireland's modern poets was born, and he immortalized himself as well as the songs of his country in his famous Irish melodies. And gentlemen, where have you ever heard such simple yet such entrancing melodies ? The immortal Mozart is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of that simple melody " *Eileen Aroon* " than all the works that ever came from his pen or from his mind.

Besides the Irish melodies are not only sung in Ireland and by Irishmen ; they are sung the world over, in every land, they are admired wherever the influence of music extends ; and it should not be forgotten to them is also due the fact, that they have softened and prepared the English mind to grant us Catholic Emancipation. But much better is their influence expressed in the following lines :—

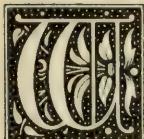
But tho' glory be gone and tho' hope fade away,  
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs,  
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,  
Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs,  
The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains,  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep  
Till thy masters themselves as they rivet thy chains  
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion let us hope that as we— as a nation have the privilege among the nations to hold in our national melodies to sweetest and tenderest strains of human song, so may we as children of that nation and land of song, carry our taste with us into the field of the purest melodies, and that those who sang best upon earth may sing best in the courts of God.

JOHN P. EBBS. '04.



## COLUMBIA.

E are here on this anniversary of our great patron saint, to once more vividly recall his deeds and example, both, noble and ennobling : we are here as Irishmen, filled with sorrow at the recollection of what our ancestors have endured; suffused with wonder at their power of tolerance and fortitude, and finally, bubbling with fiery pride at their victory, their works and the standard raised by them as a criterion for prosperity. Such is the prime object of this assemblage. But these matters have been duly and fittingly treated by the gentlemen who have spoken.

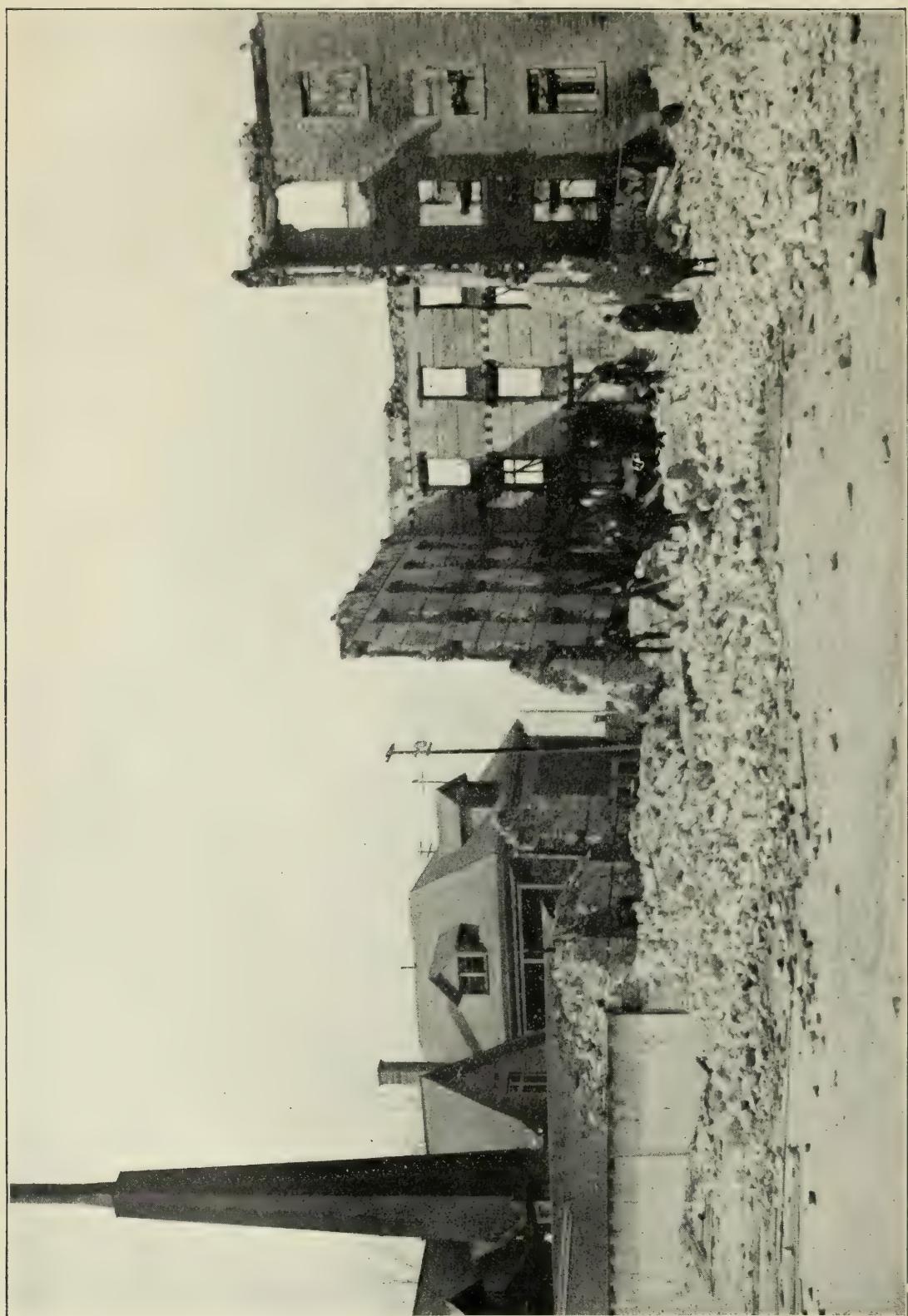
Our worthy toastmaster has proposed a toast to Columbia. "Columbia!" merely a word, but what a word ! And behold our beautiful flag ! Think of the former, look at the latter ! What do they suggest? I' would say, what does any national emblem not suggest to him who is under it and loves it? It arouses in me and I know every other Irish American here an ardent love and feeling of sincere devotion to that country which we are in duty bound to serve.

As we glance over the history of our great Republic, many famous names meet our eye. And, as we look them over, the thought suggests itself—"I wonder if any of those great men were of our nationality?" Surely, we are fond of the noble achievements of our forefathers. So, we find that at all stages of our national career, they have ever been prominent. In its infancy, was there a greater promoter than Patrick Henry, whose power of intellect, uprightness and courage carried all before it? At all times, in government, in courts of justice, in educational matters, on the battlefield, in short, in all that goes to further a country's interests and place her among the leading nations of the world, Irishmen have alway distinguished themselves.

And have we not reason to be especially proud of our ancestry? Consider what our own forefathers did when our country was merely inhabited and that was all. Those who first came there were Puritans, a religious sect whose libertes had not



Academic Hall from Seniors' Yard.



been recognized. They fled to a land of refuge, where they might do as they would, where they might worship God as they pleased. But they alone were not persecuted. Our ancestors were driven almost to despondency by the Penal Laws, with the stipulations and barbarity of which you are all familiar. Some of them, too, fled to this side of the water, anticipating peace and freedom, but were they not in turn deprived by the Puritans of the very privilege which the latter had fled to secure, the sacred right of worshipping and glorifying God as they pleased? Still, they were not disheartened; they persevered, they trusted in the way that their parents had taught them to trust—and have succeeded.

Irish Americans have always been faced with opposition by this Puritan and present atheistic element, people refuse to recognize Catholicism, who impede and prevent any measure for its advancement. But it is an inherent part of Irish nature to persevere, to work with a will, to follow in the footsteps of our progenitors, to accomplish more fully what they have begun and thus to leave our work as a stimulus for those who are to come.

So, it is indeed evident that our predecessors endured and toiled in the interest of their religion, their country and themselves, not with a view of their own generation in particular, but with an outlook for their descendants and thus, it is our duty to do likewise. Shall we allow that indomitable spirit and utter determination which has ever been the characteristic of Irishmen, both in adversity and prosperity, to relax one iota? Shall we drag along through life, conscious of the fact that we are trailing a hitherto pure standard in the dust of sloth and indifference? Let us therefore, take up our burden, bear it cheerfully and loyally, and when our little part is accomplished, give it up to our successors with a feeling that we have done our duty, we could do no more.

Surely, the deeds of our illustrious forefathers, their devotedness to that emblem so dear to us all, only excite and spur us on to greater efforts. Our debt is great for the benefits we have received and are receiving. May we never forget it, and may we ever be mindful of that undying love and tenderness which emanates from the soul of every loyal American for the "Star Spangled

Banner." I feel that we will do our utmost to serve Columbia and help to preserve her fame and illustrious name among nations, for,

" Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears.  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee, all with thee,"

HENRY V. MACK, '05.

## ALMA MATER.

**M**R. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers, and gentlemen, need I say that it is with feelings of pleasure and joy that I arise to respond to the toast—Alma Mater. It has been your happy privilege to listen to the speakers who have preceded me eulogizing in glowing and appropriate terms the Apostle of Ireland, whose feast we celebrate to-day. And, while our surroundings and actions proclaim us true and patriotic sons of Eire, still we must not lose sight of the fact that we are all, irrespective of national feelings, united as becomes the children of the same Alma Mater to honor the Patron Saint of Ireland.

With the students of Ottawa University the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, has now become a cherished and honored tradition, and like many of Ireland's sons, who persecuted and oppressed beyond all power of human endurance, bidding farewell to the green shores of their native land, were forced to seek elsewhere the freedom and liberty denied them at home ; so the students of Ottawa 'Varsity compelled by the destruction of their beloved Alma Mater, and fearing that such a calamity would this year necessitate the non-observance of this great feast, were forced to seek other quarters, in order to follow in the foot-steps of those who have gone before, to pay tribute to Eire's national festival.

Hence it is, gentlemen, that the 17th of March, 1904, does not find us assembled in our recreation hall wherein we were wont for the past 20 years to give expression to the sentiments, which pervaded every true and honest Irish heart on such an occasion as the present. Hence it is that I am unable to point with a

student's pride to the pictures of those who in years gone by were ever ready to don the Garnet and Gray, to defend the honor and reputation of Ottawa College upon the foot-ball field. Hence it is that the trophies emblematic of many a hard and well fought fight with worthy foes, do not loom up before our view to remind us of championships won. But, while we all regret exceedingly the well nigh irreproachable loss we have sustained in this respect, we may still be consoled by the thought, that though such material things are destroyed, the reputation which Ottawa 'Varsity has won for herself as an exponent of clean and manly sport still lives and, I trust, ever will.

What sentiments of loyalty, love and affection rise in the heart of every student at the mere mention of the name Alma Mater ! Would that I could find words expressive of our feeling towards her, under whose protecting roof we have lived these many years, progressing under her motherly guidance, not only in the arts and sciences which in after years will play such an important part in our worldly careers, but also in the development of Catholic principles so essential to a youth's education ; with the result, that when our course is as run and we are thrust upon a cold and indifferent world we will be able to combat successfully the errors of those who seek the downfall of the Catholic faith. Would that words of mine could repay in some measure the debt of gratitude which rests upon us. But, gentlemen, there are times when the heart is too full for utterance and the lips unable to express its emotions. Truly can I say with Tennyson :

“ Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.”

But a few short months ago Ottawa University, the chief seat of Catholic learning of this Province, and second to none in the Dominion as an institution of higher education, was fulfilling her earthly mission with her accustomed zeal and devotedness in total ignorance of the dreadful calamity that was impending. And in shorter time than it would necessitate to tell it, our beloved Alma Mater was a heap of smouldering ruins. The chapel wherein we were accustomed to gather every morning to hear mass, the class rooms wherein we received that instruction so necessary to fit us for our chosen professions in after life, the recreation hall where

we spent so many happy days, in fact, all that we held dear and sacred, in a few short hours lay at our feet a mass of ruins. To-day it would appear to a casual passer by that nothing remained save the bare walls of what was once the pride of every graduate and student. Such however, is not the case, for the good Oblate Fathers with that great zeal and love for the education of youth, which has ever characterized them, with perseverance seldom met with in the face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, immediately procured suitable quarters wherein to carry on their noble work. Hence the debt of gratitude incumbent upon us, who as students are proud to acknowledge such an institution as our Alma Mater.

In view of this sad state of affairs which at present surrounds our beloved University, and which has cast a gloom over the student body which Father Time alone can remove, need I add that it is meet and just that Alma Mater should be toasted to-day. If Ireland has her sorrows so also has Alma Mater. We have but to look around us at those present here to-day to find that some are missing ; we search in vain for two familiar faces whose genial companionship we enjoyed just a few short months ago. Yes, gentlemen, two are wanting to make the enjoyment of this feast what it should be ; two who were at last year's banquet are not with us to-day. And I feel safe in saying that were they present to-day, they would rejoice with us in the celebration of St. Patrick's day, and would I am sure, unite their efforts with ours to make this banquet, one long to be remembered in the history of Ottawa University. It is hardly necessary on my part to say that I refer to Father Fulham and Father McGurty.

Let us travel in thought to the little Oblate cemetery in Ottawa East. There we find two newly made graves which contain the mortal remains of these dearly beloved Priests. Pausing beside the now snow clad mounds, we meditate awhile upon the dreadful instability of life, then inwardly breath a fervent prayer for those whose sudden and sorrowful demise has thrown a mantle of sorrow over to-day's banquet.

By the deaths of Father Fulham and Father McGurty the Oblate Fathers have lost loving and esteemed brothers ; the students the most kind, affectionate and sympathetic of friends.

May the memory of their saintly lives and happy deaths ever abide with us, and serve to keep us always in the paths of virtue and duty.

In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me on behalf of the class of '04, to say that in a very short time, we bid farewell to the dear College home where we have spent some of the happiest hours of our lives. With a thousand delightful recollections of the past crowding our memories, it is now especially that we begin to realize what a debt we owe our Alma Mater, that we begin to feel with a painful keenness how cruel a thing is separation from those whom as professors we have learned to love so dearly, from the students with whom we have been associated these many years, and whose lives have been linked with ours in the bond of mutual love and good fellowship. Truly will our parting be a sorrowful one, but if there be any truth in the saying that we are what our College education has made us, then can we go forth to meet the dangers and stern realities of life without the least hesitation, knowing full well that the training we have received at the hands of our Alma Mater, both from a spiritual and intellectual point of view, will abide by us and guide us successfully over the rugged and dangerous walks of life.

To those who in future years will guide the destinies of our Athletic Association we wish the fullest measure of success, may victory ever perch upon the Garnet and Gray, may the championship which our Athletes so nobly and courageously endeavored to uphold last season find its next home within the new and magnificent buildings about to be erected.

To the other societies which so ably co-operate in the perfecting of our education, and to the REVIEW we also wish continued prosperity. Need I say it is the ardent wish not only of the class of '04 but of the whole student hody that our Alma Mater will arise again glorious and triumphant to carry on the excellent work which has characterized her efforts in the past and finally :

" Let us be patient these afflictions not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions,  
Assume this dark disguise."

R. T. HALLIGAN, '04.

## The Awakening of the Gael.

 HE title of the next toast on the list does not indicate exactly its subject matter. What Gaelic awakening do we mean? Is it that wonderful awakening from the dreams of superstitious paganism, when Patrick spread the light of faith among the Irish? That has been already honored in more than one toast. Perhaps we refer to that glorious period when King Brian Boroimhe awoke Ireland to the reality, that the Danes were trying to make the island of the Gael, Danish and pagan? That glorious morning of Clontarf 890 years ago, when Ireland saved civilization from the Dane, needs no peroration : it speaks for itself.

Yet it has a lesson. For over two hundred years the Gael had been defending his country against the Dane, or, as he is called in Irish, the Gall, that is the stranger. Nevertheless till the time of Brian Boroimhe the Gael never seemed to realise that the fight decided whether the country would belong to the Gael or the Gall.

But the lesson was forgotten. For, less than three centuries later, when the Gall, this time the Norman and Saxon, invaded Ireland, the Gael never thought that this was going to be another fight of races. During four centuries the foreigners lived in Ireland, formed an England within Ireland, and called it the Pale. But alas ! the Gael would not unite. Finally when the Pale was backed by the whole power of Elizabeth, the Gael did again awake. Poet and bard, chief and priest—all united to save Ireland for the Gael. There is no more glorious period in Ireland's history, than from the day in 1591 when Owen Roe O'Donnell escaped from bondage, to the day one hundred years later when Patrick Sarsfield forced the treaty of Limerick from the Galls. That indeed was a century when the Gaels were awake.

But the dreadful night of the penal laws followed. The Gael was in the eyes of his conqueror no better than a beast. Yet during this very time those same hunted and persecuted people, those heroic Christian martyrs produced Gaelic poetry and Gaelic music that should make them immortal.

About this time in the Pale appeared great men like Burke and Gratton. And when the poor Gael was no longer subjected to the iniquitous penal laws and began to get his rights as a man and a citizen, he thought he should imitate his prosperous brothers of the Pale. He would learn English, forget his native and national language, literature, music, customs—in a word cease to be a Gael. This happened of course, somewhat unconsciously. But all during the nineteenth century, Gael after Gael, became a Gall, till at the end of the century, Ireland was the—Pale.

After eleven hundred years of fighting, the foreigner, the Gall, seemed to have at last conquered. What he had failed to do by centuries of fire and sword and penal laws, was now about accomplished. The Gael, while not exterminated was being transformed, evolved into an Anglo-Saxon, and the Gaelic race seemed to have entered the sleep of death, the sleep of inferior races.

Yet signs of an awakening have lately appeared. Irishman after Irishman began to see that he had about lost his nationality, and determined that he would become again a Gael. Poet, priest, statesman, citizen, all are awakening. Only two days ago the world was electrified by the news that John Redmond had temporarily defeated the British Government in their attempt to prohibit Gaelic from being taught to the Irish school children. And to-day in Ireland Gaelic games, Gaelic songs, Gaelic dramas, and Gaelic sermons, will on this blessed feast of St. Patrick, enkindle in the heart of many an Irishman, the firm resolve of becoming, what God meant him to be, a Gael. This, the last, most difficult and most glorious awakening of the Gael, is our toast. May Ireland instead of becoming a few Anglo-Saxon counties, be again a Gaelic nation ! May the Pale be made Gaelic, and the whole country once more the Land of Song, the Land of Saints and Scholars. Is Ireland to be the Land of English Song ? the Land of English Scholars ? No. Ireland must resume her God-given place among the nations.

What then is our toast ? "Not Ireland for ever," for Ireland is an English word and may mean the Pale, an Anglo-Saxon Ireland. Here's to *Eire*. By the prayers of Patrick and the grace of God, may her sons make her again, a Gaelic nation !

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.

## Thoughts on Good Friday.

IS the day of the death of Christ our Lord,  
And the world is as still as still can be ;  
For a sadness o'ercasts the earth and sky,  
Like the darkness that reigned in Calvary.

'Tis the shadow of sin—yet undestroyed,  
Which envelops the world and makes us sad ;  
And because it remains yet undispeled—  
We refuse to rejoice or e'en be glad.

You may say that the Christ atoned for sin,  
By his death whom the demon might not tempt ;  
But his death was in vain for those who think  
That he made them from sin's results exempt.

'Tis with man that the choice must e'er remain  
Since by God he was made an agent free :  
Unpredestined he is to heav'n or hell ;  
And he can if he wish a sinner be.

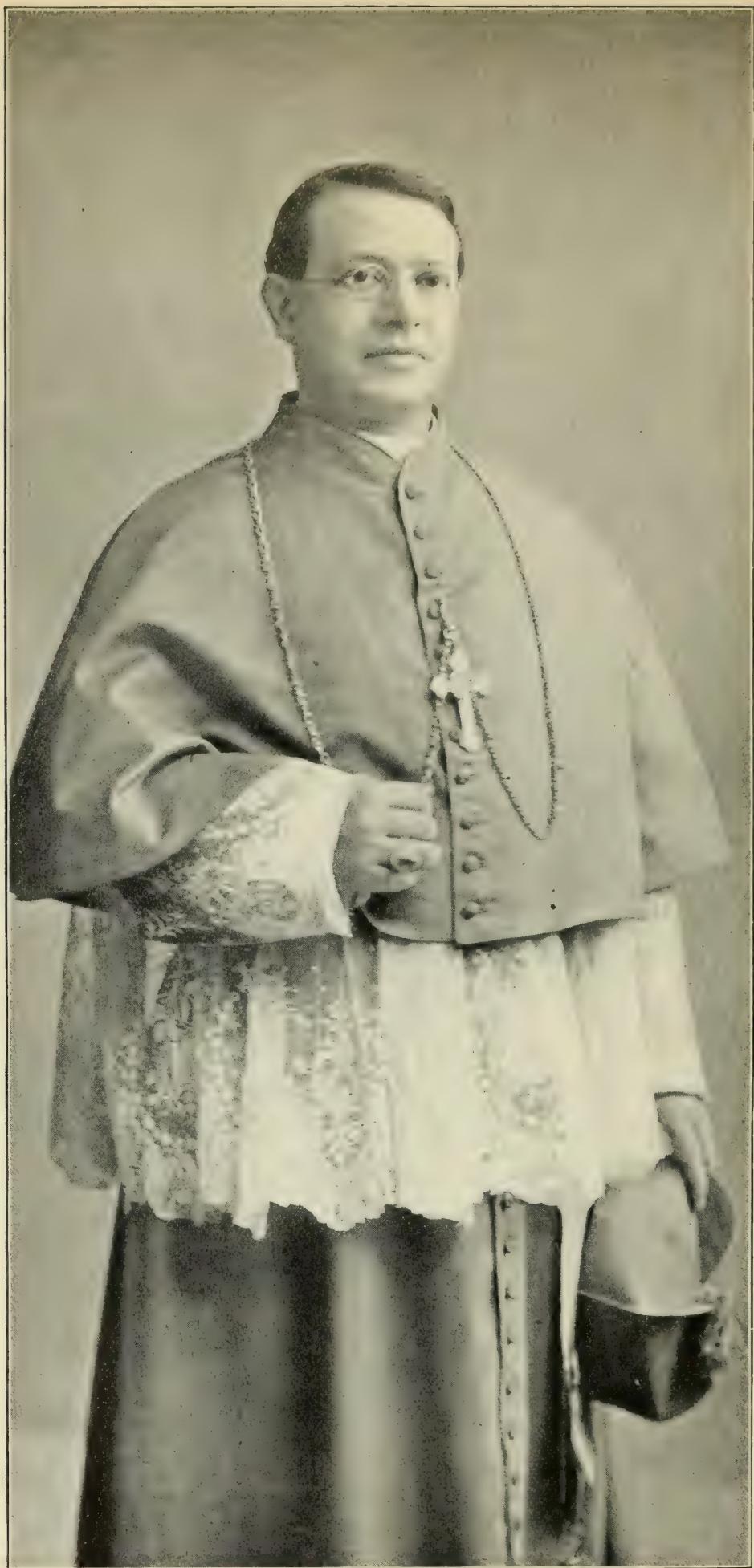
Hence it is in the world that men yet sin  
And a sorrow o'ercasts the earth to-day ;  
For the wicked refuse their God to serve,  
And they turn from their Christ in scorn away.

Yet O Christ ! There are saints who weep and mourn,  
That a God should abaséd be by man :  
E'en the wicked must pause, and trembling think,  
That the "Searcher of hearts" their thoughts can scan

And the world is solemn because of sin,  
For the sinner yet wills to be its slave :  
Oh ! That man may return to Christ to-day,  
And acknowledge the life for us he gave.

'Tis the day of the death of Christ of Lord,  
And the world is as still as still can be :  
For a sadness o'ercasts the earth to-day,  
Like the darkness that reigned on Calvary.





HIS EXCELLENCE MGR. SBARRETTI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. VIII.

APRIL, 1904.

Vol. VI

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#### LETTER FROM MGR. SBARRETTI.

REV. J. E. EMERY, D.D.,

Rector, University of Ottawa.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER.—It is a source of pleasure to me to make known to you a letter which I recently received from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda in answer to a report which I forwarded to him concerning the destruction of the University. His Eminence, although he already sent a message of sympathy through Archbishop Duhamel, requests me to convey to you again the very keen regret felt for your loss by the Sacred Congregation, and to express to you the gratification with which he learned of your labors to provide the means of reconstruction. But what will, I have not the slightest doubt, be particularly gratifying to you and the Fathers associated with you in the work of education, is the

personal interest taken in your loss by the Holy Father himself. His Eminence writes me to make known to the Catholics of Canada, that the reconstruction of your University is expressly desired by His Holiness, who through me as the representative of the Holy See in Canada, invites all who have at heart the vital interests of the Christian education of youth to contribute generously towards this work.

In the sorrow and perhaps despondency which your great loss has occasioned, I am confident that the personal interest of the Holy Father will be a consolation to you and at the same time encouragement to do all in your power to overcome the present difficulties, and to work with renewed energy and strength for the advancement of higher education.

Wishing you every success,

I am,

Reverend dear Father,

Yours very sincerely in Xto,

† DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,

*Apostolic Delegate.*

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#### PREPARATIONS FOR LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

The REVIEW presents to its readers several views of the ruins —souvenirs of a dear old institution which exists no longer, except in the memory of its students and its many friends. These ruins even, have melted away and soon the last traces will be gone. Nothing remains of the old block except heaps of fallen stone. On the different sides of the square loom up more imposingly than formerly, the Science Hall, the St. Joseph's Church, the Juniorate, and the Sacred Heart Church. The workshop and laundry flanked by the Sisters Infirmary, originally intended wholly for practical purposes is indeed doing double work, while offering to the passer-by effects that passed unheeded previously. The statue of Dr. Tabaret in its isolation has become a prominent feature.

The contract for the new Arts building has been awarded to the well-known firm of Peter Lyall & Sons, Montreal, who undertake the whole work. There is a great amount of ornate stone carving

required for the exterior and fine decorating work planned for the interior, in consequence of which, a very complete equipment is required. The time set for the completion of the work was an important condition. The plans had been widely advertised in Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. The successful tenderers, having had considerable experience with large contracts of this kind, and possessing special machinery were alone found to be in a position to rush the work in order to have the main-building ready for occupation by autumn at the latest.

The plans chosen are those submitted by Mr. Von Herbulis, the well-known Catholic architect of Washington, D. C. The design as may be seen from the illustration is pure Greek; the most suitable for a home of classic studies. The other and separate, buildings to be erected later as necessity—and funds—shall dictate, will of course correspond with this central one.

The main entrance will be from Laurier avenue, the Arts building cut showing the view from that thoroughfare. The building will occupy part of the site of the old University and the square on all sides will be laid out as a park dotted with ornamental trees, fountains and flower plots, and traversed by walks. The students' entrance will face on Cumberland street directly opposite St. Joseph's Church, with a park in front. The statue of the founder of the University, Dr. Tabaret, will be removed from its present position facing Wilbrod street, to a central spot in the park facing Cumberland street and St. Joseph's Church.

This is not the time to enter into minute architectural and other details, suffice to say that the building will be fire-proof in the most up-to-date and perfect manner possible; of the best material obtainable, and that it will provide ample and convenient accommodations for class-rooms and all else that constitutes a well-ordered and modern college.

The laying of the corner-stone on Victoria Day, May 24th, promises to be a memorable event. Invitations have been issued to the representative men of Canada and the United States, including heads of sister universities and seats of learning. Cardinal Gibbons has kindly consented to honor the occasion by his presence.

All the old students and friends of the University are earnestly requested to be present on this occasion as the guests of the University. As their addresses have nearly all been lost in the fire, they are asked to correspond immediately with the president, Rev. Dr. Emery, O.M.I., so that he may make, if possible, special arrangements for the transportation and accommodation of the visitors.

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### THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK.

A few weeks more will bring the examinations to hand. While work in the various faculties has been pursued during the past year with all the concentration characteristic of the college man—still we do not hesitate to say that much yet remains to be done, and more activity must be shown by the many who are expected to bear away some trophy as token that their wooing of the College muses have not been without success. We have indeed little faith in the so-called student, who, for the large part of the term has been a stranger to earnest study, who comes into the lecture room merely to "put in appearance," depending on the few weeks prior to the examination time to "cram" down work in a way to procure the required average, work that can only be ephemeral in its result. We can but have little hope of the ultimate success of the partisan of this unsystematic game, still we are convinced that no period gives the seeker for academic honors the same opportunity as that afforded during the final weeks of the course. It is a period when he is in a position to arrange suitably all the material he has been simply collecting heretofore, when he may dispose of it to the best advantage; in fact, it is then that the student fills in and completes a plan of campaign against the formidable host of questions which litter the path to his degree. The REVIEW therefore begs leave to call the attention of its student readers to the fact that the present is the time for action, not a moment is to be lost. It is now the moment to reflect on the best means of using one's knowledge relative to the matters set aside for examinations. That text books have not been memorized, is no reason for discouragement. It is not the individual who knows every word printed by the prescribed author, nor the one who

regards every word in the text as essential, who inevitably succeeds in his examinations. The really intelligent student, far from being content with the dry letter of any one author, resorts to superior resources such as experience, observation, reflection, analysis. "The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read," cannot in reason compete with the "all-round student." The former, not the latter, always fears the examinations. The ideal student studies with interest and judgment the prescribed author and does not fear to go, if he can, beyond the field his text leads him into. However the duty of the hour is to prepare for the examinations. With that capital point in view, everything else that has no bearing on the examination will be laid aside. Nothing is now so important as study and the things which help study. The student, now more than ever, will be found with his books.

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#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The annual banquet given by the students of Ottawa University in honor of Ireland's patron saint was this year held in the Windsor Hotel, on Thursday, the 17th day of March. Although, as before stated in the columns of the REVIEW, the affair could not this year be held as formerly within the historic walls of the University, where so many such happy reunions have taken place, nevertheless it would certainly not have reflected much honor on the Irish students of the College if this time-honored custom were this year allowed to lapse into neglect on account of a temporary inconvenience.

The committee in charge was, as may be seen by a glance at the names submitted below, composed of representatives of many different nationalities, which is but another proof of the esteem in which Ireland's saint is held among all peoples, and also of the excellent spirit of unanimity and concord existing among the students. The toastmaster, on whom so much of the success of the banquet depended, was Mr. J. J. O'Gorman '04, a man who has ever been zealous to promote, among his Irish fellow-students, an interest in Ireland and things Irish. Mr. O'Gorman acquitted

himself of his arduous duty to the perfect satisfaction of every one. The executive committee was as follows:—

|                        |   |   |                       |
|------------------------|---|---|-----------------------|
| Chairman               | - | - | R. T. Halligan, '04.  |
| Secretary              | - | - | J. P. Ebbs, '04.      |
| Treasurer              | - | - | A. L. McDonald, '05.  |
| J. E. Burke, '05.      |   |   | R. T. Lapointe, '05.  |
| R. J. Byrnes, '05.     |   |   | H. V. Mack, '05.      |
| L. D. Collin, '05.     |   |   | J. J. Mack, '05.      |
| J. J. Downey, '05.     |   |   | H. J. Macdonald, '04. |
| A. J. Desrosiers, '05. |   |   | O. J. McDonald, '04.  |
| J. J. Freeland, '05.   |   |   | J. V. Meagher, '04.   |
| L. V. Gauthier '04.    |   |   | J. J. O'Gorman, '04.  |
|                        |   |   | J. C. Walsh, '05.     |

The dining-room of the Windsor was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, in which the immortal green held first place, although the Union Jack, the Canadian flag, the Stars and Stripes, and the Tricolor were also in evidence. The tables were laid out in all the profusion of white linen, flowers and china. The students filed in to their places and were followed by the guests who were ushered to seats surrounding the toastmaster at the centre. Pretty soon the repast commenced. Course followed course amid the rattle of dishes, the hum of voices, and the strains of sweet music rendered by the orchestra in the corner, kindly provided for the occasion by that great friend of the students Mr. B. Slattery ; and it was not long before even the hungriest son of Erin was satisfied.

Then began the speeches and songs and toasts. The monotony which is a natural consequence of much speech-making, no matter how excellent, was relieved by songs representative of the different nationalities present. "My Own United States" was sung with excellent effect by Mr. Torsenay ; while Canada's national anthem "The Maple Leaf Forever," was rendered by Mr. Halligan in his usual artistic manner. Several Irish songs were sung by Messrs. Halligan and Maguire, and the musical program ended by all singing heartily Ireland's national anthem, "God Save Ireland."

The speeches in response to the toasts were universally con-

ceded to be as good as any which have ever been made in a St. Patrick's Day Banquet, although they were necessarily curtailed by shortness of time. After making a few preliminary remarks concerning the greatness and universality of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the toastmaster introduced the toasts by asking the company to drink to "St. Patrick and Erin's Day." The response was made by Mr. H. J. Macdonald, '04, one of the men who so worthily represented Ottawa College in the Intercollegiate debate against McGill in Montreal last fall.

Following the toast to "St. Patrick and Eire's Day" came one which is very characteristic of any gathering held by Irishmen. "In every Catholic banquet," said the toastmaster, "one toast is sure to occupy an honored position on the list—the toast to the Pope, our Holy Father. This toast has a special significance to-day Ireland's Day—Ireland, most faithful of the daughters of the Church; and it is still more fitting at this banquet since we are honored by the presence of the Pope's delegate and anointed vicegerent. To Pius X., then we drink, Pius already the favorite and admired of the world, Pius whose proudest title is worthy successor of Leo." Mr. J. V. Meagher, '04, in a much appreciated speech, responded.

Then followed the toast to the "Land of Saints and Scholars." Mr. J. E. Burke, '05, the other College man who upheld the honor of Ottawa University against McGill, made a very eloquent speech in response to this toast.

The toast to Canada followed and was replied to in a very pleasing speech by Mr. O. J. McDonald, '04. "The Last of the Bards," was responded to in a speech remarkable for clearness and terseness by Mr. J. P. Ebbs, '04. "Columbia," was replied to by Mr. H. V. Mack, '05, and he paid a very graceful tribute to his native land.

The *pièce de résistance* of the day was the *Soggarth a aroon* toast by Rev. James P. Fallon, O.M.I., '96. In a comparatively brief speech he eloquently described that most noble of men the Irish sogarth.

Following came the "Alma Mater" speech by Mr. R. T. Halligan, '04, a most apt speech and well rendered, after which the toastmaster, Mr. O'Gorman, spoke a few words about that

great Irish movement at present in progress in Ireland, the "Awakening of the Gael."

The toasts to "Our Guests" was very ably responded to by Rev. Father O'Boyle, O.M.I. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was obliged to leave before the close of the banquet, and gave the students a very instructive talk before departing. His Grace the Archbishop also did not remain till the end, but before going he treated the company to a most entertaining address. There were many other guests present whom all would have been pleased to hear, but time was limited, and accordingly the banquet like all good things was under the necessity of coming to a close.

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#### RAILWAY RATES FOR CLERGYMEN.

The *Catholic Record* in an editorial some weeks ago, put up the following strong plea:—

"We have received from several quarters complaints that the railway companies have refused of late years to issue tickets to the clergy at a reduced rate, as was done in the past. We fully agree with our correspondents on this subject that the companies should reconsider their action on this matter. The clergy of all denominations are expected to attend the sick at all times and at great personal sacrifices, and to hold divine service, no matter what difficulties may stand in the way from bad roads, snowdrifts and other causes. Their remuneration is frequently inadequate, and often there is no remuneration whatsoever, as they must attend the poor equally with the rich. We are certainly of the opinion that in a Christian country every facility should be afforded to enable the clergy to fulfill their duties in this regard at as little cost as possible to themselves and to their people."

"By virtue of their peculiar duties in behalf of the most distressed part of humanity, clergymen are subject to a heavy burden, one too in which promptitude is of the utmost importance. But to show that this is not a privilege claimed exclusively for the clergy, the editorial continues:—

"Theatrical performers whose exhibitions are frequently of evil tendency, even to the corruption of public morals, are allowed to travel at a fare one-third less than God's minister, who has often to go about to correct the evils which these companies have caused by their performances. We know that there are instances where priests have to spend \$100 or \$200 on railway fares during the course of each year, in order to attend their missions properly. Considering the large sums spent in this way would it not be even to the



Another view of the Western Portion.



advantage of the railway companies to invite patronage by giving "cut rates" to such good customers? They do this for commercial travellers and the same for those who transport a large amount of freight over their lines, and why should they not do so for clergymen, particularly for those who live along the railway line, and who make frequent use of the line in the performance of their duty? Even on business principles the railroad ought to allow some fair reduction in this case."

Indeed it seems to us that clergymen are as much entitled to mileage, to passes, and to reduction in rates as are persons who with guaranteed expenses in legislative or official work, are required to travel much and far in the interests of the public. Surely the attitude of railways which take advantage of their necessity in which clergymen are constituted by their duties, and which make no allowance at all for their benevolence is shortsighted, unfair, if not in some cases inhumane, and therefore, should not be tolerated in an enlightened community like ours.

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#### AN EDITOR THIRTY YEARS.

The REVIEW is glad of the chance to say a word of praise for our Catholic press. The difficulties and obstacles which beset this department of journalism have wrecked more than one hopeful and valuable enterprise in this field. The successful ones are however, not few and richly deserving of admiration. Among them we find the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*, whose editor Dr. Cronin, has lately completed his thirtieth year of continuous work on the paper. The event has brought out an unanimous expression of good wishes and gratitude all over the country. "Thirty years ago" observes the *Intermountain Catholic*, Rev. Patrick Cronin took up the work which others surrendered. They surrendered because failure marked every footprint in the sand of the old *Catholic Union*. The day that Father Cronin took charge of the editorial desk some good angel nailed a horseshoe to the door."

"Father Cronin is dean of the Catholic press..... For vigorous, caustic comment, give us Father Cronin. And again for something written that one wishes to remember, give us Father Cronin."

"Editor, preacher, poet, teacher and admirable citizen," says the *Daily News* of Buffalo, "Father Cronin has the respect and

confidence and esteem of the city to a degree accorded to few men, and he deserves it all. The best wishes follow him as he continues his work and the prayers of the people that he may be able for many years to come to heed the apostolic injunction and in many directions 'adorn the doctrine of God.'"

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## Library of the University.

The authorities of Ottawa University desire to extend their most sincere thanks to the generous donors of the 779 volumes received for the Library since the last issue of the REVIEW.

The University of Toronto has sent 112 volumes, and its distinguished Librarian, Mr. H. H. Langton, a former citizen of Ottawa, has collected besides 180 volumes.

The Petit Séminaire de Ste. Thérèse's handsome contribution contains most excellent works, among which a set of Bossuet's.

Besides other valuable books, Rev. C. J. Poulin, a former pupil, has donated the Migne's Course in Holy Scripture in 28 volumes.

His Grace, Mgr. C. O'Brien of Halifax, has kindly sent his own works, and three precious and rare volumes : *Origenis opera omnia*.

Blackie & Son, Limited, Glasgow, Scotland, 27 volumes.

A Friend, Ottawa, 4 volumes.

Rev. Fr. Th. V. Tobin, Chattanooga, Tenn, U.S.A., 41 volumes.

R. Roy, Esq., Ottawa, 5 pamphlets, 5 volumes.

Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Chrysler, Ont., 1 volume.

University of Toronto :—

University Duplicates, 112 volumes.

Prot. Fraser, 41 volumes.

Dr. Arthur C. Hendrick, 7 volumes.

Prof. Hume, 4 pamphlets, 1 volume.

Prof. Van der Smissen, 109 volumes.

H. H. Langton, Librarian, 12 volumes.

Educational Department, Toronto, 1 volume.

Petit Séminaire, St. Marie du Monnoir, P.Q., 64 volumes.

A Sister of St. Ann, Lachine, P.Q., 43 volumes.  
Rev. J. C. Poulin, Clarence Creek, Ont., 48 volumes.  
American Book Company, New York, 1 volume.  
Rev. J. H. Rabeau, St. Lambert, P.Q., 13 volumes.  
Petit Séminaire, Moutréal, P.Q., 50 volumes.  
W. L. McKenzie King, Dep. Minister of Labor, 3 volumes.  
Petit Séminaire, Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, 173 volumes.  
His Grace, Mgr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax, N.S., 12 vols.  
Dr. S. E. Dawson, King's Printer, etc., Ottawa, 2 volumes.  
Sisters of Providence, Montreal, P.Q., 1 volume.  
Rev. L. P. Gravel, New York City, 2 volumes.  
Virtue & Co., Toronto, 2 volumes.

The following circular will interest the readers of the REVIEW:

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,  
LIBRARY.

January 11th, 1904.

Dear Sir,

At a meeting of the Library Committee it was resolved to extend to the Catholic University of Ottawa, every assistance possible in restoring their library recently destroyed by fire. Besides contributing all the available duplicates in the University Library, the Committee decided to appeal to members of the Faculties of the University and its allied institutions to give whatever volumes they can spare from their private libraries. The University Library undertakes to forward to the University of Ottawa all books offered for this purpose. Contributions will be received up to the end of January and transmitted as soon as possible thereafter with a list of the donors.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. LANGTON,  
Librarian.



## Inter Alia.

“ If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,  
 I rede ye tent it ;  
 A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,  
 And, faith he’ll prent it.”

Think for yourselves, gentlemen. The chameleon is an interesting creature, but not a model to be followed. The bearings of which remark lies in the application of it. The chiel has his feelings, and though willing—like Barkiss—is loath to express them. Think for yourselves, an it please you. Which, also, is significant of much.

Yet it remains true that Providence provides brains, but man must use them.

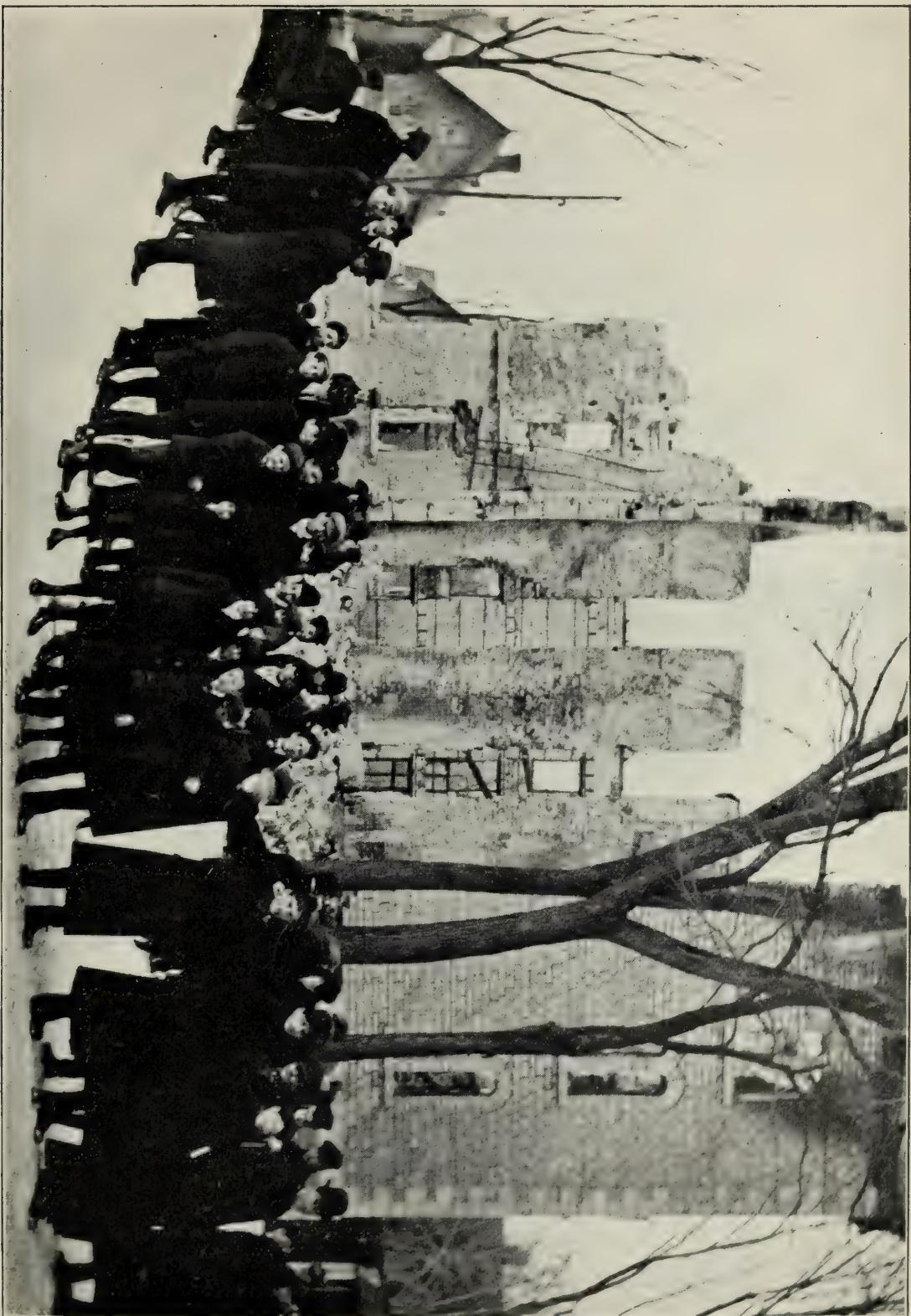
Send a horse to the water, ye’ll no mak him drink ;  
 Send a fule to the college, ye’ll no mak him think ;  
 Set a craw to the singing, and still he will craw :—

Verily : “ though ”—but Latin were more polite : translate it, an ye list, “ *Si contuderis stultum in pila . . . . . non auferetur ab eo stultitia eius.* ” (Prov. xxvii, 22). Which is significant of more.

That the mind, during a course of study—the study of one author—should become “ subdued to what it works in, like the dyer’s hand ” is one thing. The chameleon is nature’s “ lightning-change artist ” and, as such, admirable. The wilful, intellectual chameleon is a moral opium eater, and is quite another ; which is mixing of metaphors, for which the chiel is prepared to do penance.

Who will “ rush in where angels fear to tread ? ” Not the chiel, let who may, venture. Whereanent ? “ Music, the least important of all the adjuncts of Divine worship.” Why not a choir composed of students ? Echo answers “ why ? ” The chiel presumes too far, perhaps, in asking. He presumes no further. But he has his feelings.

*Revenons à nos moutons :* Back whence we started. Think for yourselves : Whether it be essay or debate, the same rule



Interested Spectators of the Work.



applies. Don't fear to think "originally." You cannot. "There is nothing new under the sun," not even ideas. But let the idea take colour from your mind: an idea is of the nature of a chameleon, and has the right to be so. Your mind is not, and has not. Not to put too fine a point on it, this is enough. Possibly too much. The chiel apologies; but—is he to enjoy no privileges? He is the mildest mannered villain that ever cracked a joke or set a penance. "You have my leave to depart."

THE CHIEL.



## Book Review.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS: A story of modern times and old fashioned prejudices, and how the latter are overcome by equally old fashioned honesty and manliness. A thrilling love story runs through the whole book, and it is told in a most interesting manner.

Benziger Bros., are the publishers.

THE FATAL BEACON, by F. Von Brackel, and published by Benziger Bros., is another very interesting love story whose scene is laid in a little Village of Germany. It furnishes a couple of hours entertaining reading. The style is simple and suited to the theme.

"THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD."—Very real and with that touch of sadness which fills the life of the "Young Color Guard."

Mary G. Bonesteel gives an interesting sketch of some of the happenings which made up the days events during the period of the American Cuban War. The characters around whom the story is woven are attractive, while the heroic ones are fascinatingly so. The book is pleasant reading and leaves a wholesome memory behind it.

The "STRONG ARM OF AVALON," by Mary T. Wagggaman, is a cleverly thought out and well written historical tale of the days when the State of Maryland was undergoing her baptism of blood

and fire. The old missionary in the person of Father Maurice, the little boy Giles, son and heir of the "House of Avalon," are characters beautifully portrayed and around which a wonderful fascination exists. The little heroine in the person of Deborah Wade, a charming young girl of Celtic Jewish origin, presents a most thrilling picture of a child Nature. Published by Benziger Bros.

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## Among the Magazines.

A very interesting article in the *Catholic World* for March is "The English Bible upon the Reformation," wherein the Rev. George Beid of the St. Paul Seminary, shows that Catholic vernacular translators of the Bible existed before Wyclif's time. The April number of the same magazine furnishes a very able article by M. J. Hurson, on "Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D.", the distinguished American reviewer, controversialist, publicist and philosopher. Another article of perhaps more present interest is entitled "Mission work in Japan," by A. T. P. Coleman.

The Easter *Donohoes* offers two noteworthy articles entitled "Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary," by Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., and "Gladstone's cousin and Her Adopted Daughter" "The Chair of American History in the Catholic University," has already received much notice in the press. In a contribution entitled "The Mission of the Risen Christ," the reader is treated to reproductions of Paul Albert Bernard's marvellous symbolic paintings for the Franciscan Hospital in Berk-sur-mer. This study by Anna Seton Schmidt will bear more than a second glance.

*The Messenger* covers a vast territory and covers it well. The writer of "The Nation Evil of Divorce," in the current issue, sacrifices himself to the utterance of truths which are of vital importance, which, however, the general public will not respect in practice much less discuss seriously. M. M. Malloch on "Thackeray" gives us the substance of the first biography of this great literary worker. The several other topics are dealt in a manner uniformly refreshing and sprightly.

## Exchanges.

We quite agree with the *College Spokesman* that "the exchange column should not be used for the interchange of compliments." The exman's task is one of pleasure mixed with more or less pain. We would wish to do justice to the many journals which monthly reach our table, but time allows us merely to glance at many of these, while space will not permit us to give a lengthy review of those we do read. It has been our policy to commend our fellow workers in the field of journalism, in as much as they have done well; while at the same time we feel it our duty to point out where with more diligence they might have done better.

The Boston College *Stylus* is the first exchange to claim our attention this month. "In College Education and Matrimony," the author takes issue with some learned (?) pedagogues who would increase the sale of marriage licenses by shortening the college education. We fear that a longer college course is more necessary in the great republic to the south, that men may know the duties and obligations of the married state. "How Reddy got into Central," is well written, but the plot is long since worn threadbare, and should only be used when time will not permit us to stray into the fresher fields of fiction.

The *Xaverian* is a college journal of high literary merit. In the March number it has done its little to throw the search light of truth on the pages of history. The article entitled "The Apostle of the West" is a scholarly defence of Archbishop Tache, a character rightly loved by all true Canadians. In "Measles and Politics," the author brings home the all important fact that parliament is not a good training school for judges. "The Last Farewell" proves that the *Xaverian* has contributors who possess the rare trait of telling a story well. The April *Xaverian* is just in and is the *meatiest* one yet.

We rejoice with the *Laurel* that the Marquette statue has at last been brought from the cellar and given a place of honor in

Statuary Hall. Surely among all its noble companions it is hard to find one more worthy of honor than the pioneer missionary of the west. We would remind the writer of the "Eastern Question" that the same spirit which relegated the Marquette statue to obscurity is the back-bone of many of Russia's actions. Catholicity has seldom found a fiercer foe than Russia—nay not even in the tan-skinned Jap.

*Queens' University* has a frontispiece which is a temptation to the exchange man to use his scissors. Do you not consider it worthy of mention in your contents, gentlemen?

The March number of the *Viatorian* contains an article entitled "Irish Melodies" which is worthy of perusal.

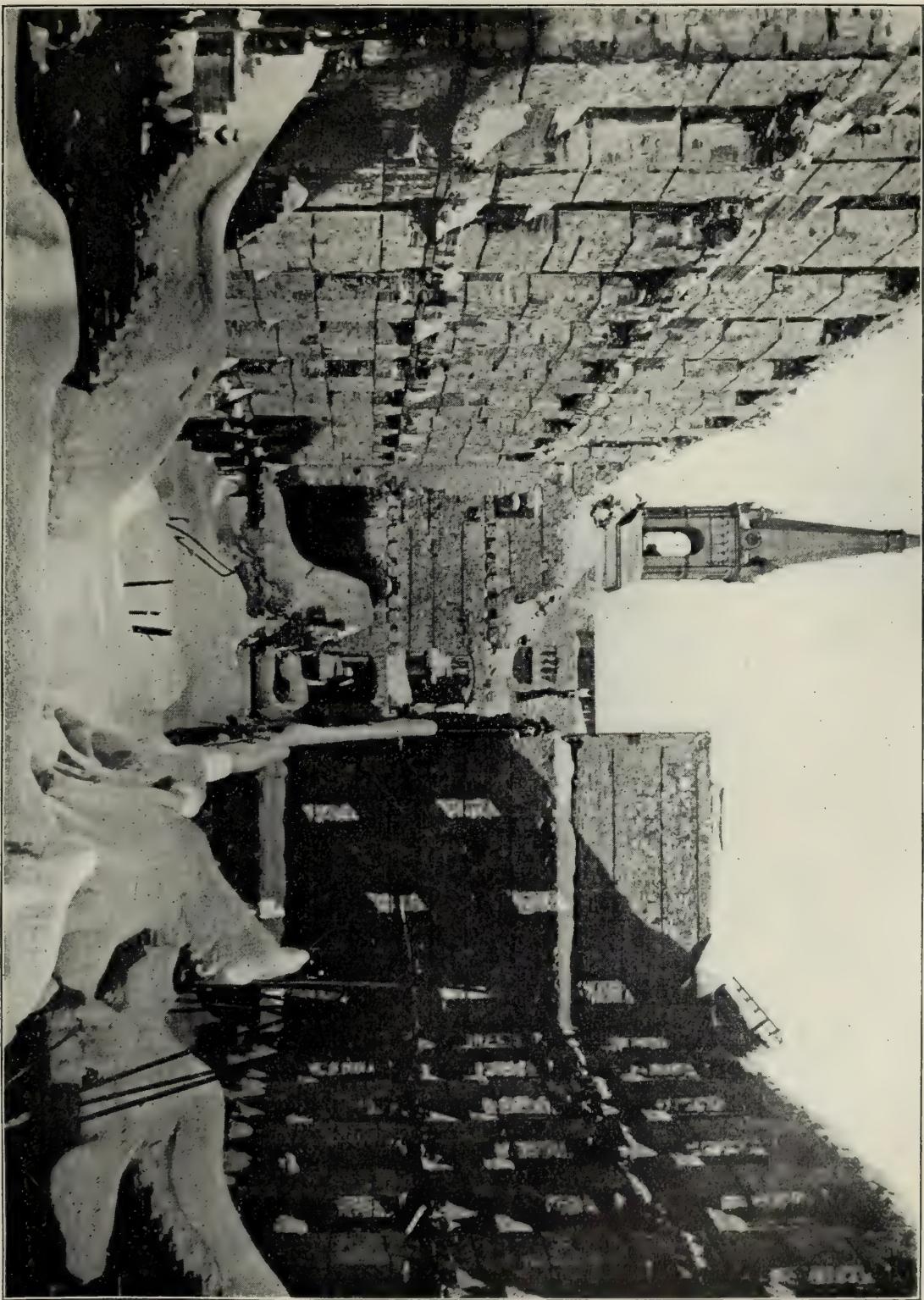
A "pieceful" hour at St. Clara is doubtless responsible for all the good things in *The Young Eagle* each month. There is gossip such as the girls love—lots of it, and also plenty of other good "pieces." After a first glance at "The Exchanges" and a hasty look at some of the "poems." we sought solace in the company of "The Academics, '04s," God bless them. That able old rogue "Frederick the Great," next holds our vision. A few pieces more and a turn of the *studio* makes us regret that our own pages do not give more tokens of "The Voice of the Brush;" but we console ourselves in the Japanese proverb "Live under your own hat."

We are very grateful to the exchanges which give friendly notices of the REVIEW.

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### Priorum Temporum Flores.

It is with pleasure that the REVIEW notes the appointment of one of our graduates to the position of Judge in the High Court of Ontario. We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. F. B. Anglin, the recipient of this distinguished honor. The present Judge is the son of the late Hon. Timothy W. Anglin, Speaker in the House of Commons under the Mackenzie Government.



Looking into the Ruins from Western End.



He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1865, and later received his education at this University. Mr. Anglin was called to the bar in Toronto after a brilliant final examination taking honors and a medal. He at once entered into partnership with the late D. A. Sullivan, author of many legal works and a member of the law faculty of the University. His practice grew in consequence of ability displayed in several well known cases and he was entrusted with a large amount of Crown business. This year Mr. Anglin has been one of the Separate School representatives on the Board of Education.

By reason of Mr. Anglin's worth as a lawyer, his high character as a citizen and a man, his appointment by the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, meets with general approval.

In this connection the REVIEW wishes to add its voice to many tributes paid Mr. J. D. Donohue, of St. Thomas; Mr. J. J. O'Meara, of Pembroke; and Mr. J. L. Dowling, of Ottawa; who were elevated to the Bench at the same time as Mr. Anglin.

W. J. Collins '04, a happy scholastic in the Oblate Novitiate at Lachine, reports that just before Ash Wednesday he had a visit from Messrs. Letang, Dooner, Harrington and Hurley, who are pursuing their theological studies at the Montreal Grand Seminary. Will has been kind enough to supply the following items.

Among those receiving Holy Orders at the Christmas Ordination in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, were the following former students of Varsity: "Tousure—A. J. Morin, '02. Minors—L. E. Staley. Subdeaconship—J. R. O'Gorman, '01; and J. T. Warnock, '01. Those raised to the priesthood were J. G. Dulin (Alexandria); J. A. Meehan, '00, (Kingston); J. F. Breen, '00, (Pembroke); M. Patrick Galvin, '00, was ordained at the church in Ennismore, his home, by Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro'.

Philip A. Landry ex-'07, after making a course in the University of Vermont Pharmacy Department, is now in the employ of J. W. O'Sullivan, a leading druggist of Burlington. He was last fall a member of the University eleven, playing the position of full back.

José Gonzalez has enlisted in the American cavalry stationed at Fort Ethan Allan, Burlington.

Eugene Seguin, '00, Commercial, has been appointed Paying Teller in the Bank of Ottawa, at Shewanigan, Que.

Arthur Fink, '04, Commercial, has accepted a position in the Branch Office of the Bank of Ottawa at Lachute, Que.

The following letter explains itself :—

Your favor to hand. As graduate of Ottawa University, and an ex-editor of the REVIEW, I will be only too happy to give you any little assistance, which is in my power to grant, and which at the same time will add to the interest of the College journal.

Three of the graduates of 1900 were raised to the holy order of priesthood in December last, Rev. P. J. Galvin, J. A. Meehan and myself.

Father Galvin is now stationed at Peterboro, Father Meehan is curate at Gananoque, while I am secretary to his Lordship Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke.

Three ex-graduates Revs. J. W. Dulin, P. J. Kelly and R. A. Shanahan were also ordained priests at the same time. Revs. Dulin and Kelly were students at the Grand Seminary. Rev. Father Dulin is now curate at Glennevis, Alexandria diocese; while Fr. Kelly is curate at Trout Creek, Peterboro' diocese. Fr. Shanahan made his philosophical and theological studies at Rochester, (St. Bernard's Seminary) and is now attached to the Bishop's Palace in Syracuse, N.Y.

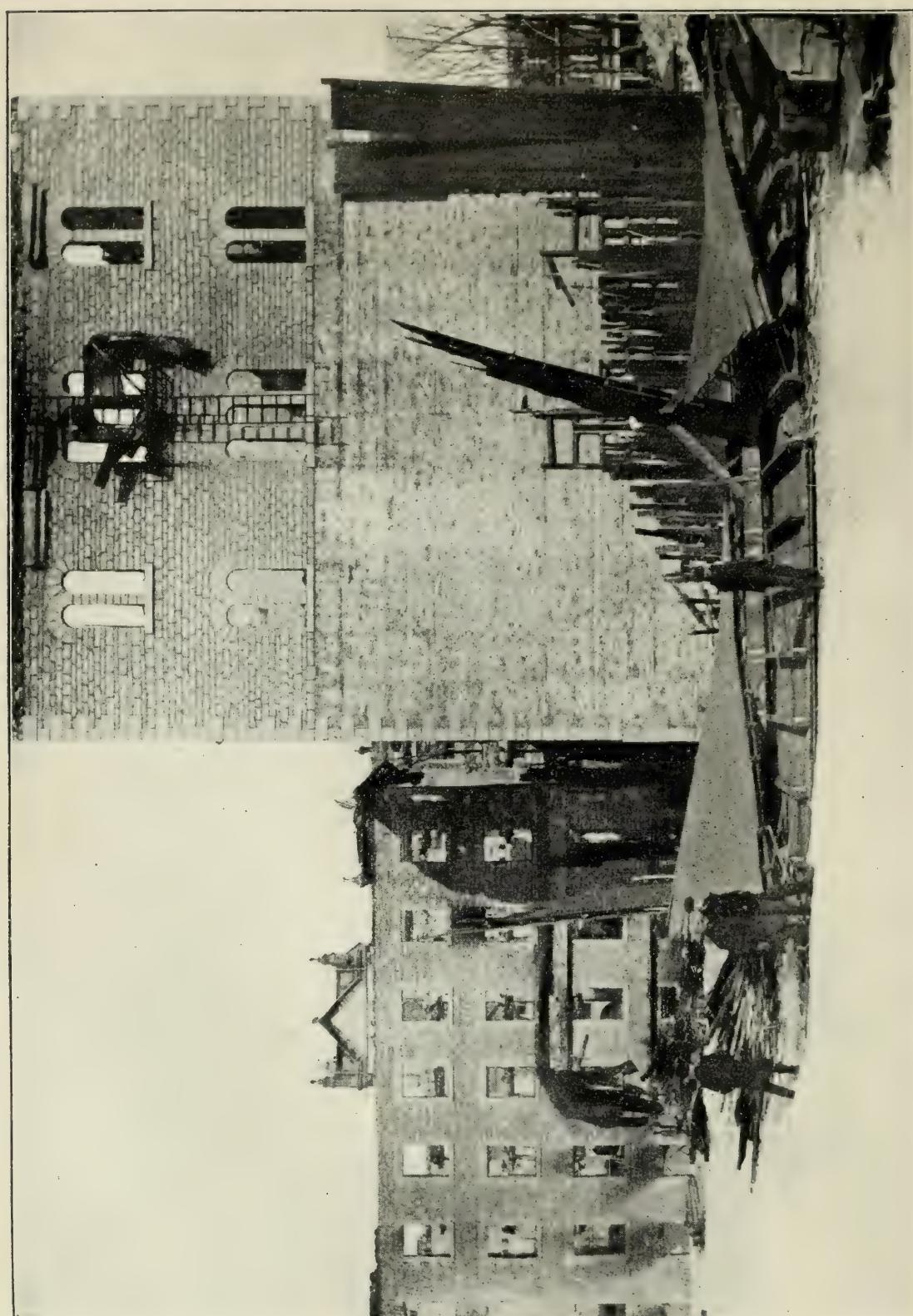
Rev. T. S. Albin, a graduate also of 1900, and a student at the Grand Seminary, was ordained September last at Grand Rapids, and is now curate at Alpena, Mich.

Rev. M. J. O'Connell, another graduate, is a student in St. Bernard's Seminary.

Mr. M. A. Foley, another graduate of '00, is engaged in the hardware business with his brother in Syracuse.

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my subscription to the REVIEW. My address is Bishop's Palace, Pembroke.





Alas ! The poor old Handball Alley.

If I can be of any further assistance to you in any way, kindly command me.

Wishing you every success.

I am, yours,

J. F. BREEN.

Mr. Armand Lavergne, of the class of '98, was elected member for the County of Montmagny, at a recent by-election. Mr. Lavergne, M.P., has the honor of being the youngest member that ever sat in Parliament. The students join the REVIEW in wishing the youthful member of Parliament a long and successful career in the service of his country.

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## OBITUARY.

### MRS. PERREAULT, OTTAWA, ONT.

It was with much regret that we learned of the rather sudden departure from this life of the late Mrs. E. E. Perreault of Ottawa, on March 18th. Deceased was prominently connected with the various charitable works of her parish, and ever rendered generous assistance to the needy. With Willie and Hector and the bereaved husband, the students deeply sympathize in their great sorrow and loss. R.I.P.

### MISS KENNEDY, FALLOWFIELD, ONT.

The student body extend their heartfelt sympathy to W'm. Kennedy of the matriculation class, who has suffered the loss of his sister, who died at Fallowfield, on April 1st. Deceased was ever admired for her sterling character by all who were acquainted with her, and deep sympathy is felt for the bereaved family. R.I.P.

## Athletics.

### HOCKEY.

For a number of unforeseen reasons it was impossible to complete the hockey series this year ; but the Executive decided that Mr. McDonald's team had a sufficient lead to guarantee his ultimate victory. His seven were consequently awarded the championship and hockey picture.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF O. U. A. A.

It has always been heretofore customary to hold the annual Athletic Association meeting for the election of officers on Easter Monday. This year, however, as a number of students went home for the Easter vacations, a quorum could not be obtained ; and the meeting was postponed until the 16th. Considerable interest was manifested in the proceedings and almost every member was in attendance when the President, Mr. R. T. Halligan, called the meeting to order. The treasurer, Mr. H. J. McDonald, read the financial statement which was found satisfactory and adopted. Then Mr. T. Sloan, in a clear, well-prepared statement gave an account of the work accomplished in the different Athletic departments for the year. After the adoption of this report the president reviewed the work of the Executive for the past year. Referring to the disastrous fire which destroyed the College buildings in December last, he paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Fathers Fulham and McGurty, the two unfortunate victims of the conflagration.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was next called for and after an interesting contest, the following gentlemen were declared elected :

Hon. President—Mr. B. Slattery.

President—Mr. A. L. McDonald.

1st Vice-president—Mr. R. O. Filiatreault.

2nd Vice-president—Mr. J. B. McDonald.

Corresponding Secretary—Mr. Thos. Sloan.

Recording Secretary—Mr. H. Donahue.

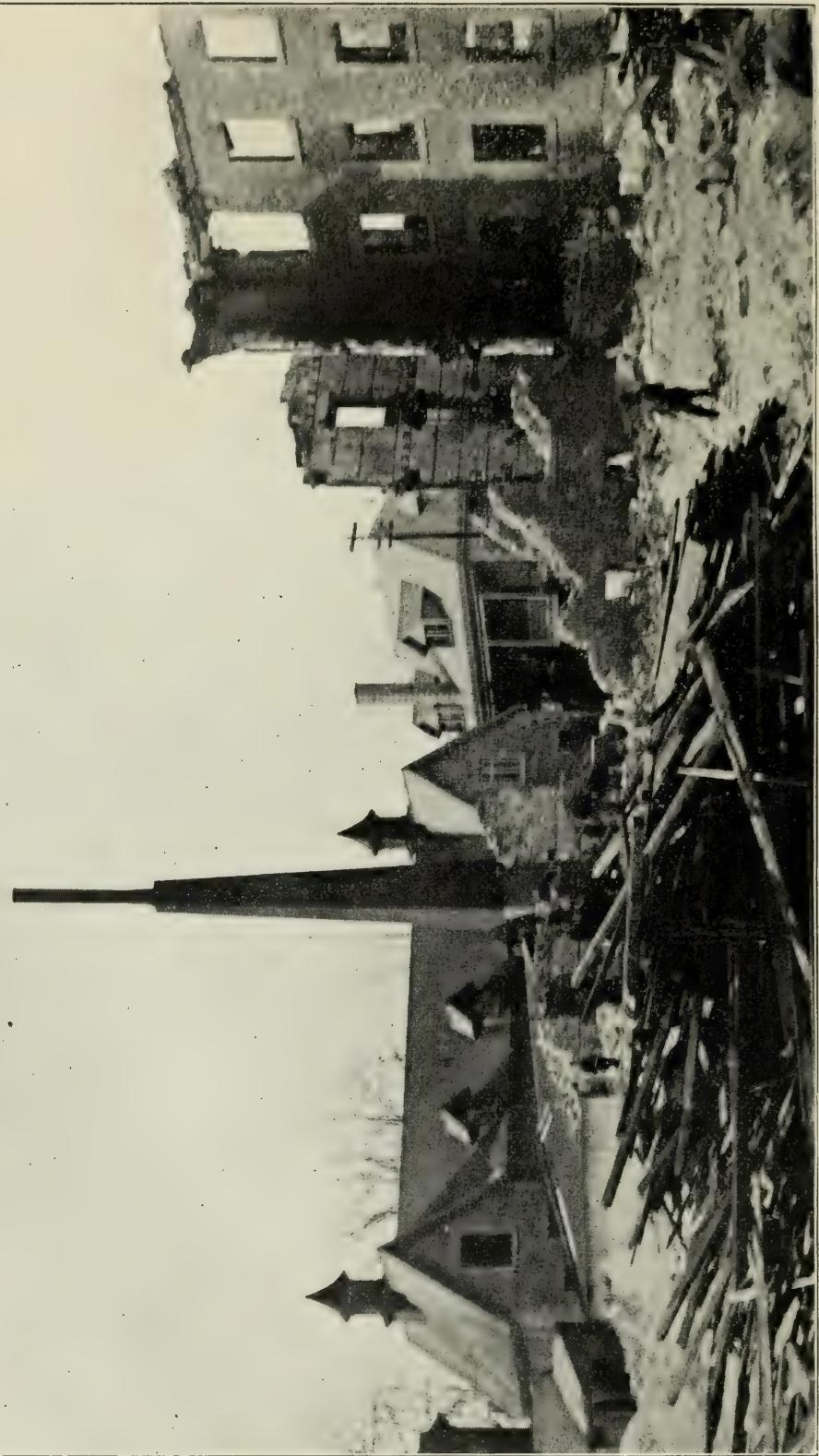
Treasurer—Mr. J. E. Burke.

1st Councillor—Mr. J. Lonergan.

2nd Councillor—Mr. H. Murtagh.



Shop, Sisters' Residence and Western Portion of Ruins from Seniors' Yard.



After wishing the Association every success for the forthcoming year Mr. Halligan vacated the chair in favor of the newly-elected president. Mr. McDonald thanked the members for the honor which they had conferred upon him and promised to do all in his power to further the interests of the Association. In return he asked for the unanimous support of the boys in whatever the new Executive might undertake. Only by the united efforts of the members and Executive could we achieve success worthy of the past glories of the "Garnet and Grey." He praised the retiring Executive for their disinterested and unselfish conduct in dealing with Association matters throughout the year. He assured these men that they would always be gratefully remembered by all true lovers of sport with whom they came in contact during their several terms of office.

The President then called upon the Director, Rev. Father Ouimet, who wished the new Executive every success and exhorted the students to remember their motto "Ubi concordia, ibi victoria." Then with a vote of thanks to the retiring Executive and a good old V-A-R--the meeting was brought to a close.

The new Executive have decided to hold the annual spring foot-ball games, and Mr. J. B. McDonald was appointed to look up likely material for four teams. The captains chosen for this year are Messrs. Kennedy, Lonergan, Filiatralt, and A. L. McDonald.

Mr. H. F. Donahue has been chosen manager of the baseball team, and as the game is likely to boom in this vicinity this year, we predict a successful season for the Varsity nine. As there are a number of vacancies on the team this year every player should turn out at once in order that the very best College team may be put on the field.

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## Of Local Interest.

On March 24th, the University Debating Society held the last debate of the season. The subject discussed was as follows : "Was the United States Government justified in interfering in the Panama affair?" To defend her action in this connection the United States had two of her own countrymen, Mr. Torsenay, '06, and Mr. McCarthy, '07. On the negative were Mr. Boucher, '06, and Mr. Murtagh, third form. The decision was awarded to the affirmative. This terminates the regular debates, held by this society, for the season ; but, as formerly, the society will end its work for the year by the annual Prize Debate. This promises to be as interesting as these debates usually are. The students who are to compete are men who have long been connected with the Debating Society, and who have distinguished themselves as able debaters. The subject to be discussed to the advisability of Canada possessing full treaty-making powers as contributing to the Imperial defense. Messrs. J. Torsenay, '06, and C. J. Jones, '07, will uphold the affirmative ; while Messrs. R. T. Halligan, '04, and R. J. Byrnes, '05, will support the negative.

On Thursday, April 14th, an excellent lecture was given under the auspices of the University Scientific Society in St. Patrick's hall, by Rev. J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D., of the University. The theme was "Ancient Rome" ; and with the aid of a splendid assortment of lime-light views thrown by a lantern operated by Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., director of the Society, the audience was enabled the better to accompany the reverend lecturer on his tour through the eternal city. In connection with almost every view, Father Sherry related some important historical fact, giving in many cases details that are not easily obtainable, except by a person who, like him has had opportunity of long personal research and study in Rome itself. Many of the slides also represented modern Rome and the great art galleries which people travel from all parts of the world to see. Mr. H. J. McDonald, president of the Society, presided and introduced the lecturer. A number of songs were sung by Mr. J. Torsenay and Mr. C. Maguire, Mr. J. J. Mack

accompanying. Rev. Father Lajeunesse gave a few interesting remarks on the continual change going on in the world, as suggested by the ruins of ancient Rome depicted on the screen and described by Father Sherry. He thanked the audience, on behalf of the Society, for their encouragement in attending and expressed the gratitude of the Society to St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association for having placed the spacious hall at their disposal. Professor Grey of the University, moved a cordial vote of thanks to Rev. Father Sherry for his lecture, which was most heartily endorsed.

The new mode of living, so different from their former quiet, orderly, studious routine of daily duties, which the Fathers have been forced to adopt since the fire, does not appear to be very conducive to their health. There are a great many of the Fathers who have not enjoyed good health since it has been necessary for them to change their habits of living. Many of them have been in hospital, while others have not been so seriously attacked. The residence of the Fathers on Daly avenue has been particularly unfortunate, there scarcely having been a time at which there was not at least "one vacant chair." We are glad to see Rev. Father Gervais, Rev. Father Kirwan and Rev. Brother Binet so fully recovered from their serious illness.

The demolition of what the fire left standing of the College walls is now complete; and at present nothing is left erect in that immense block where once stood the main University buildings, except the statue of Rev. Father Tabaret, the Sisters' house, which is now the University headquarters, and—the "industrial building." The clearing away of the ruins is proceeding rapidly. Many of our students and Fathers are very fond of watching this work going on. There seems to be an attraction, especially for those who are immediately concerned, to see turn out of the masses of jumbled material, things which formerly figured in the daily life of every one. Nearly every person is looking for a souvenir of the fire, if possible, some personal effect or some object with which he has been familiar. The fact that a gold watch little damaged was found the other day has given zest to a search for such articles

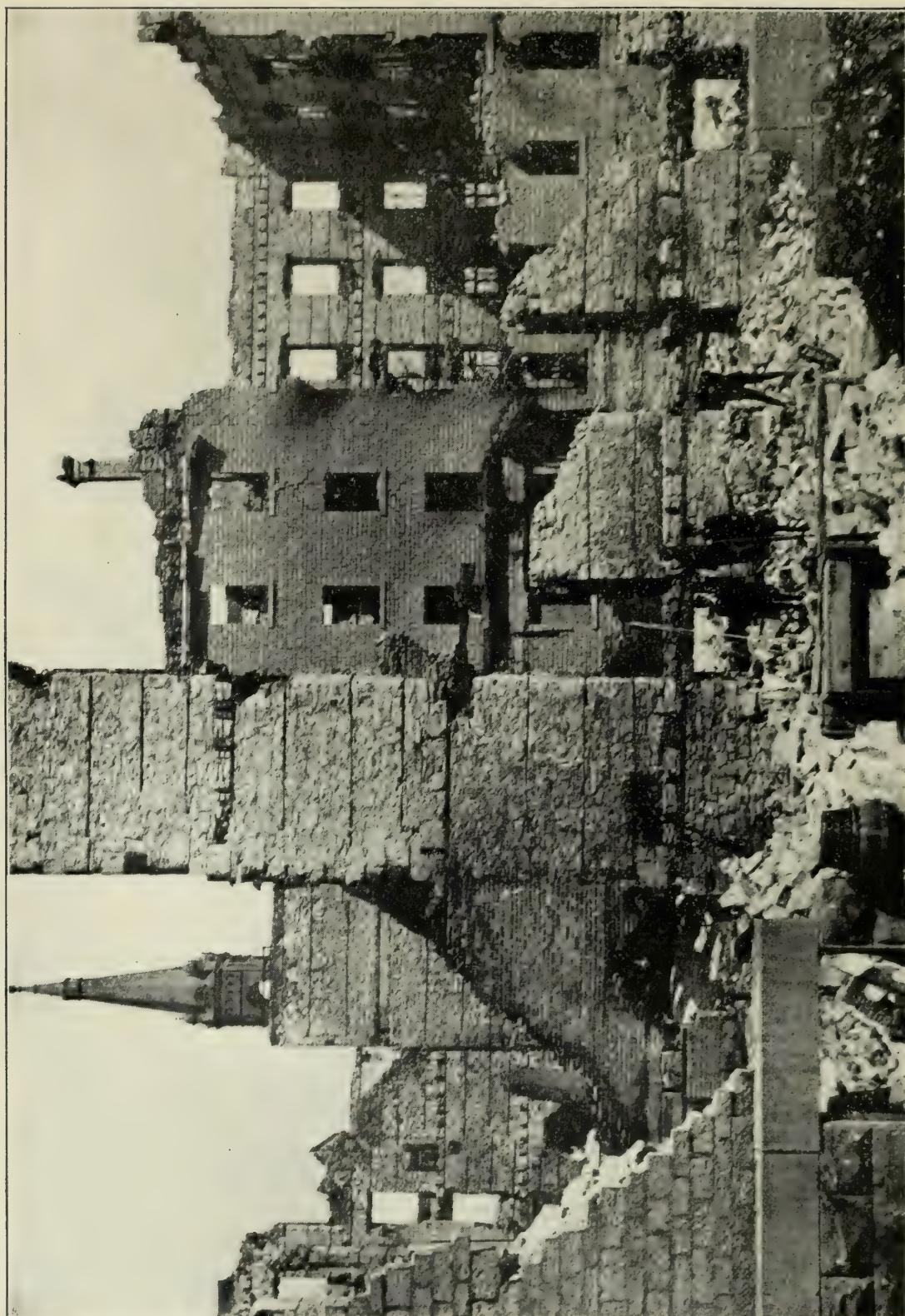
The excavations going on at the site of the old refectory holds probably the most interest for us students. It brings us back to breakfast on that fatal Wednesday morning in December, to see turned up by the pick and shovel a spoon, a fork, a knife, or broken china. Warped desk-irons, iron bedsteads twisted out of shape, skates, and all sorts of metallic and inflammable articles are of frequent occurrence, and even such very perishable things as paper, books, etc., are sometimes found little injured. The corner stone of the new building, which will occupy the site of the old, is expected to be ready to be layed shortly.

A great many of our students who live within short distances of Ottawa took advantage of the Easter holidays to spend a few days at home.

"I hope my father has been seized with a *remittent* fever" said our funny man the other day when the prefect handed him a letter from home.

On Saturday evening. April 16th, the French Debating Society held the final *séance* of the season. An extremely interesting program was arranged and carried out with due credit to those who took part. Mr. Raoul Lapointe, '05, President of the Society presided. In his opening remarks he eloquently referred to the work of the past year as the most successful in the history of the Society, pointing out the obligation which rests on those of French extraction, to conserve and cultivate their mother tongue. He dwelt with some fervor on the work of Archbishop Langevin in upholding the rights of the French Canadians in the North-west, while reminding his hearers that they have a similar duty devolving upon them. Piano solos by Messrs. DesRosiers and Séguin, were much appreciated. Mr. Séguin's rendition of "The Palms" with variations deserves special mention, and stamps the young player not only as one of the foremost amongst us, but as one who with study may become an artist in the truest sense of the word. A duel by Messrs. Belliman and St. Jacques was executed in first class style. Mr. H. Lamothe contributed a couple of pretty vocal selections. A declamation by Mr. D. Collin was much





From Waller Street. Walls partially demolished.

appreciated. Scenes from the "*Mariage forcé*," and "*Le bourgeois gentilhomme*" of Molière were acted in a highly creditable manner. A duel in figures by two little boys, O. Gibault and A. Fontaine, was the cause of much laughter and applause. One of the most interesting numbers on the program was a declamation contest, which gave every evidence of ability on the part of the contestants, while it evinced the solicitude with which the Society promotes the talents of its junior members. We think that this special work of the Executive deserves particular mention, as one well calculated to be an adjunct of a Debating Society. Mr. Rène Morin took first place, thus procuring the medal to be awarded at the end of the year ; Mr. W. Barrie came second and carried off the prize awarded by Rev. Father David, O.M.I. ; and Mr. H. Legault won the Secretary's prize for third place. The margin between the various contestants was very small, and each has every reason to be proud of the manner in which he acquitted himself. A few well chosen remarks by Rev. Father Fortier, O.M.I., and Rev. Father Jeanotte, O.M.I., Superior of the Junioriate, brought the meeting to a close. The entertainment was a treat, and was well calculated to mark the close of a year, in every sense successful. The Executive of the Society deserves every congratulation for the success of their work of the past year. Executive of the Society :—

|                |         |                                 |
|----------------|---------|---------------------------------|
| President      | - - - - | Raoul Lapointe.                 |
| Vice-President | - - - - | Douat Collin.                   |
| Secretary      | - - - - | Louis Gauthier.                 |
| Councillors    | - - - - | { Oliver Dion.<br>Avita Seguin. |

The bell that marked the hours of study and other appointments in the University of Ottawa before the fire, was unearthed from the ruins lately. It was all broken to pieces. These will make quite interesting souvenirs of the old days. Seeing the state in which the bell was found, not much hope is entertained of discovering any remains of the late Miss Danis, who is supposed to have perished quite close to where the bell hung.

Professor in Zoology,—“O'G—dy, what is the difference between you and the monkey ? ”

Tom.—“They are too numerous to mention.”

The REVIEW is greatly beholden to the Rev. Fathers La-jeunesse and Gauvreau, for the excellent views of the Ruins reproduced in this number.

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## Junior Department.

The Junior Editor is happy to be able to present a group-picture of their Hockey team. These young adepts of our winter sport have cut some surprising stunts on the ice this season. Besides its part in the local league the Junior seven have puzzled the pucks with more than half a dozen outside clubs, winning in every contest except one. The total of goals scored during the season—Juniors 52, opponents 18—shows that the supremacy of the former was never seriously endangered.

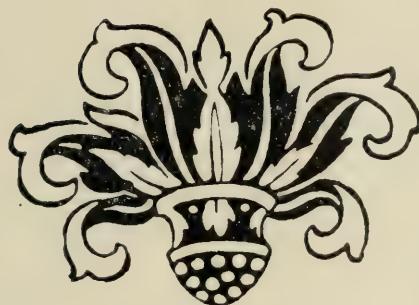
The recent conflagration has brought out the fact the Junior athletes have many good friends and well-wishers. Several of these have already forwarded very tangible proofs of their sympathy. As the result of a communication from Rev. Fr. Tourangeau, O.M.I., a former prefect, the department now possesses a splendid new outfit for spring games. The recipients highly appreciate the kind tokens and the Executive of the J. A. A. takes this opportunity of expressing heartfelt thanks to the Rev. donor and to other generous friends.

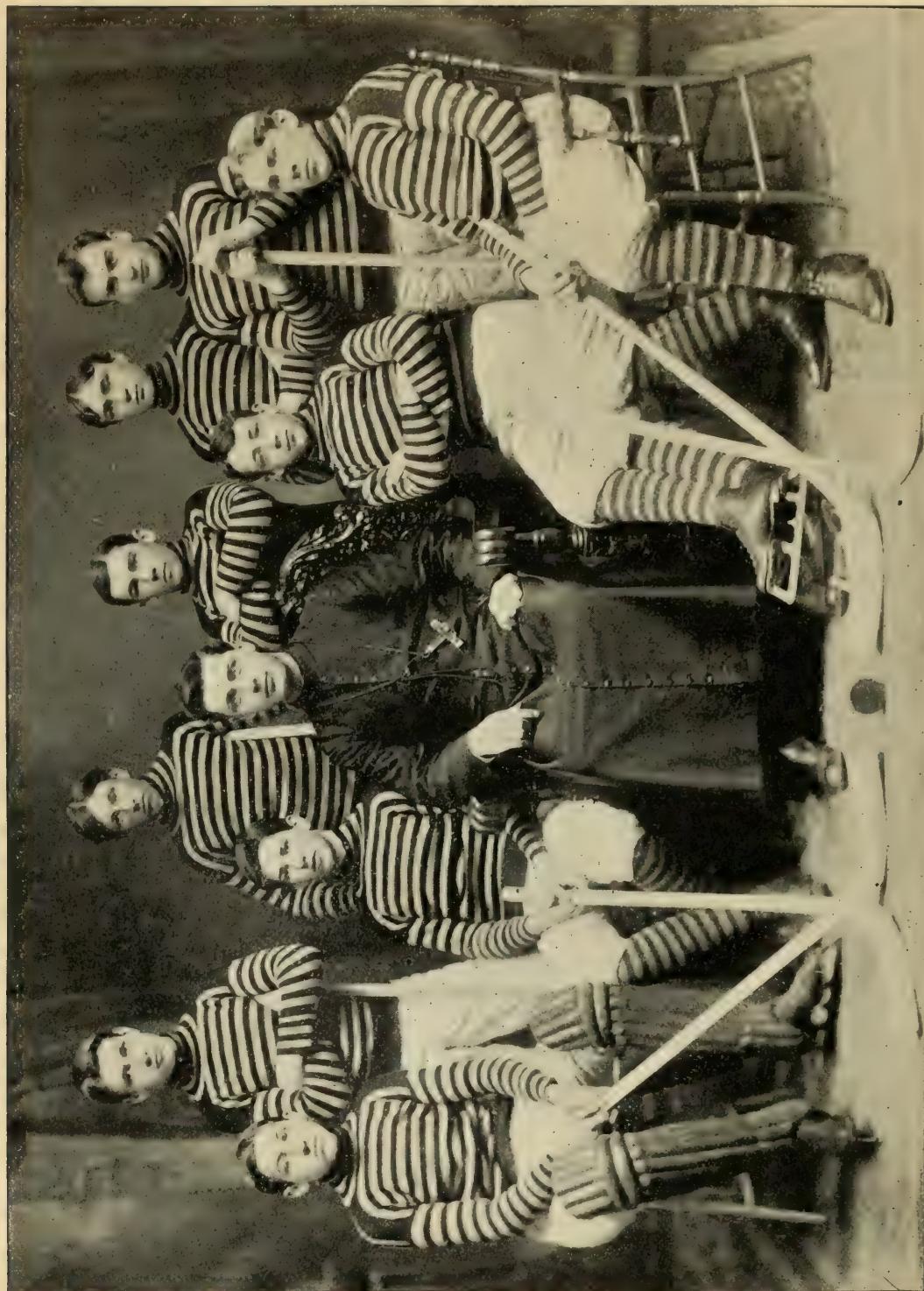
Master J. Labrosse, the devoted president of the J. A. A., has left for his home in Vankleek Hill, where he has accepted a position in the town branch of the Bank of Ottawa. The Juniors join the Editor in wishing him success.

"King" Costello, M.D., made a short call at the "Junior Camp" during the month and received the congratulations of the members upon having passed such brilliant examinations in medicine at Queen's University. The genial doctor is a former president of the J. A. A.

Spring poets have already begun to get troublesome. During the last week the number of poems received has been so great that the Editor was forced to seek the aid of the other members of the staff to help to classify them. For the future no spring poet need apply for space in this department.

A. S.

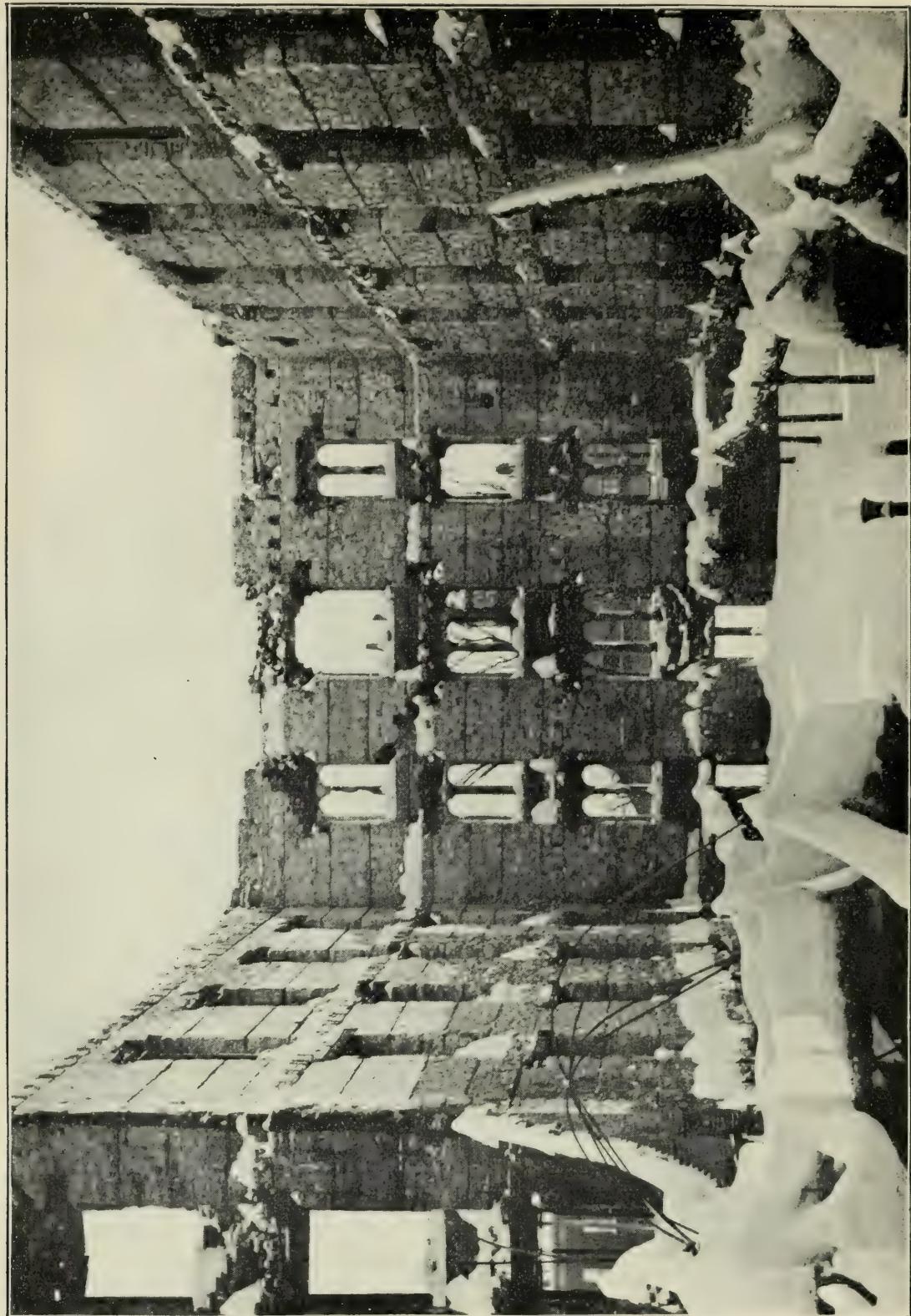




1903—JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM—1904.

S. Dion. G. Dunne. E. Berlinguette. H. Macdonald. P. Valiquet. Revd. J. B. Boyer, O.M.I. I. Laetrosse. E. Byrnes (Capt.). J. Shields, A. Gamache.





Where Actors of bygone days delighted large Audiences

# CONTENTS.

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|                                             | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>VERSES :</b>                             |      |
| Spring .....                                | 445  |
| Philosophy in America .....                 | 447  |
| A Varsity Man in Rome .....                 | 454  |
| Modern Fireproofing .....                   | 459  |
| An Arab Legend .....                        | 463  |
| Ludwig Windthorst .....                     | 469  |
| Mainly About Books .....                    | 476  |
| A New Canadian Poetess .....                | 480  |
| <b>EDITORIALS :</b>                         |      |
| Does Japan Need Sympathy ? .....            | 483  |
| The Late Sir Henry M. Stanley .....         | 484  |
| Honoring the Oldest Senator .....           | 486  |
| The corner stone laid—Souvenir Number ..... | 487  |
| Inter Alia .....                            | 488  |
| Book Review .....                           | 489  |
| Among the Magazines .....                   | 491  |
| Exchanges .....                             | 492  |
| Athletics .....                             | 493  |
| Of Local Interest .....                     | 494  |

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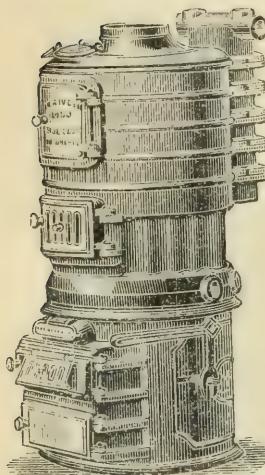
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# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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No. 9

MAY, 1904.

Vol. VI

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## *Spring.*

**D**OWN in the country of seasons,  
As sages are wont to relate,  
Four rivals contend for dominion  
Over the kingly estate.

Summer so sweet and so smiling,  
Crowned in the city of June,  
Promised to all men and nations  
Comfort—as her great boon.

But, alas ! for fickle promises,  
For the sun of power was felt,  
And throughout all towns and cities,  
Her peoples' brows rolled sweat.

Then autumn in all her beauty,  
Clad in green and gold,  
Entered the royal palace  
And bid them her beauties unfold.

That all her faithful subjects,  
Might feast their eyes thereon,  
And see in her glorious promises  
That justice sat on the throne.

But she robbed the trees of their foliage,  
The leaves she scattered wide,  
Chill rains and haughty whirlwinds  
Made one long for the fireside.

Down in his snowy chariot,  
King winter came riding fast,  
And rivers flowing peacefully  
He caught in his icy clasp.

A jolly old king this winter,  
But he carried his pranks too far,  
For his subjects rose in rebellion,  
And from power fell his star.

Who is it that comes riding,  
Along in such queenly state,  
Flounting her beautiful banner  
At the Palace of Seasons' gate.

The birds sing loud in their carols,  
Warm breezes as they pass bye,  
Whisper to tiny budlets  
That Princess Spring is nigh.

The sentinel sun in the heavens  
Awakens the sleeping throng,  
And valleys and hills and meadow  
Place their richest garments on.

Welcome a thousand welcomes,  
We shout from our hearts to-day,  
Long may you reign in triumph,  
Thou lady Queen of May.

May your path be strewn with roses,  
May the heavens forever smile,  
May the birds sing sweet melody  
Upon you, all the while.

W. J. R

# Philosophy in America.



THE present essay is an historical rather than a critical summary. It is an attempt to present and explain the prevalent philosophical doctrines rather than to judge them.

The first period in the history of philosophy in America, is the colonial (1607-1765). It was a period when struggle for existence precluded much philosophical speculation. "Prius esse quam philosophari." One philosopher at least was produced, Jonathan Edwards, (1704-1758). In all this time the Southern States practically did nothing intellectually. Ten years before the Declaration of Independence there was but one printing press in all Virginia. Of the middle states Pennsylvania alone was important as a centre of culture. Indeed, towards the middle of the eighteenth century it eclipsed New England and retained its pre-eminence till the nineteenth. But during the early colonial period, it was the Puritans, who, by their faith, moral vigor and untiring energy, really formed the root of the American nation. From 1629, in all their establishments except Rhode Island, education was obligatory. Harvard was founded in 1636, and was controlled by ministers. It set up a printing press, three years later (under religious censorship). Many works of Puritan divines were published. Consequently it is to New England that we must turn for what philosophy there was during that period.

Two men alone deserve mention, Franklin and Edwards. Benjamin Franklin was a genius with a philosophical spirit, but not properly a philosopher. He is a fitting representative of the eminently practical nature of the times. It may be remarked that even the surnames of these men, Benjamin and Jonathan, proclaim them to be of Puritan stock.

Edwards' first work "Notes on Mind," is something like Pascal's *Pensées*, though needless to say of vastly inferior importance. It is very suggestive however, and shows a thinker. Many scholastic doctrines are found in the book. Edwards is an

idealist. He defends the Calvanistic doctrine of determinism by the following argument : It is impossible that what is by its very nature indifferent to any determined choice, could *spontaneously* become determined. This, it may be remarked, is admitted by Thomists, who base on it the necessity of the determining intervention of God in every voluntary act (*premotio physica*). The great merit of Edwards' work was that it awakened speculation. The chief characteristic of his and contemporary philosophy is its subordination to the Puritan theology ; this indeed kept up a tradition of sound philosophy but lessened the freedom of speculation.

With the revolutionary period in America history begins the era of Scottish influence on philosophy. In 1768 John Witherspoon (a descendant of John Knox) was called from Scotland to be president of Princeton. He introduced Scottish philosophy into America. The Puritan spirit which was essentially religious had no sympathy with the prevalent English deism and French scepticism which were attacking the Christian idea. So Americans utilized the Scottish "common sense" school to defend religion. From the beginning of the century it was the dominant philosophy in the United States—a position it held, at least in the educational institutions, till the sixties, and even to-day it has many partisans, especially in the denominational colleges.

The first writer of importance is L. P. Hickok, (1797-1888) president of Union College, Schenectady. His aim is to establish solidly on demonstrative and rational bases, the philosophic conceptions which revelation supposes. Though he has some Kantian ideas he upholds strongly a sane realism, and believes in a perfect accordance between the subjective and objective world. His works on Rational and Empirical Psychology and Rational Cosmology, are, according to an able critic, the most original, complete and important movement that American thought had till then (1854) given birth to.

When in 1868, one century after Witherspoon, John MacCosh (1811-1894) like him, assumed the presidency of Princeton, Scottish philosophy in America was giving way to German and evolutionary systems. MacCosh wrote strongly against German idealism, attacking it with the common sense argument. He is

principally famous for making Princeton from a college into a real university. Harvard and other places quickly followed the example, and soon America had like Europe some real universities.

What MacCosh did for Princeton, Noah Porter (1811-1892) did for Yale. The latter is perhaps a greater philosopher. His "Human Intellect," (1868) has been pronounced one of the most profound studies of the subject that had till then appeared in America. His work on moral philosophy is also an important one. While he rejected the conclusions of the Kantian philosophy, he admitted that it had the merit of forcing the human mind to a greater study and to a critical demonstration of the practical, necessary, reasonable, and fundamental principles of knowledge.

Other writers, of less importance, have upheld and still uphold this same sane Scottish philosophy, but while it is still secure in Protestant denominational colleges, the great universities have discarded it. It has done good service as a safeguard to faith and morality and has exhibited as well, considerable speculative progress.

Germany next to Scotland left its mark and influence on American thought. In 1800, there was hardly a German book in Boston ; forty years later, there was hardly an educational person in this intellectual capital of North America, for such it was then, who could not speak fluently about German literature, music, and philosophy.

"German thought was introduced to United States in two ways : indirectly, through the writings of French eclectic philosophers, and more so by those of such Englishmen as Coleridge, Carlyle and Wordsworth ; directly it was imported by American scholars, and by the numerous students, who, beginning in 1815, inaugurated the regular exodus to the German universities."\*

According to Emerson, the infiltration of German ideas began to make itself felt in New England in 1820. The "Trancendental" movement is a singular one to those who consider that Americans must necessarily incline to realism. It was to New England what

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\*Translated from "La Philosophie en Amerique," an able work just published by L. von Becelaere, O.P. (New York : Eclectic Pub. Co.)

romanticism was to Europe. It had extravagances and sentimental enthusiasms, but it caused great intellectual awakening.

The Transcendentalists believed in innate ideas, and followed a vague mystical idealism. Their philosophy is now extinct and remained to posterity chiefly in the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882).

Emerson though a great thinker, and perhaps the greatest American writer, has no philosophical system properly so-called. He was an intuitionist, a mystic, and a student of Plato.

Emerson was an evolutionist of the worst type. He said the reason man was making so many discoveries about Nature, was that the material elements in him were thinking. Animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc, of zinc. In justice to Emerson however, it must be remembered that the greater part of his writings may be read without danger to faith while they have always an invigorating intellectual and even moral effect.

It may be mentioned that some Transcendentalists tried to form an ideal community at Brook Farm. Of course it failed. Nevertheless this is interesting as it shows that they were sincere in their convictions. But the real importance of transcendentalism was the intellectual vigor it gave the country. It woke up the Americans to the philosophical convictions prevalent in the early nineteenth century, but the nation, being very young, produced consequently something rather juvenile, in the attempt to digest these principles.

The influence of German idealism did not die with the Transcendentalists. There is a contemporary school of American idealists that deserve some attention. W. T. Harris (b. 1835) the editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*—a review that did much in its day to strengthen German idealism in the country—may be considered as the founder of the present school. Though rather a Hegelian, he has always upheld a personal God, an immortal soul, and liberty, and claims that Hegelism, properly developed, leads to these doctrines.

Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is another of the principal representatives of idealism: “The world of facts is an illusion, its truth is a spiritual life.” His view of the world, he himself has said, is analogous to the scholastic doctrine of possible beings, existing as

ideas in the mind of God before creation. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that he has a great esteem for mediaeval philosophy though he differs from it radically. There are a great many other contemporary idealists, including Dr. Watson in our own country. Royce considers that at John Hopkins University there is arising a new school of logicians, one of whom Mrs. Ladd Franklin, has, according to the same authority, given the most successful reduction of the theory of the syllogism, that have ever been proposed. If such be so, and we doubt much, then America has given to the world its first great female philosopher !

The number and influence of these men (and women) shows that the Americans, though preferably practical and experimental, can also lend themselves to pure ideal speculation .

But idealism, at its best, could never vie in popularity with that realistic philosophy—evolution. Three times as many copies of Herbert Spencer's works were sold in the United States as in England. Evolution was popularised on this side of the Atlantic chiefly by Youmans (1821-1897), the founder of the Popular Science Monthly. John Fiske (1842-1901), is the most important American evolutionary philosopher. He considers evolution as certain as the Copernican astronomy. He makes God an *anima mundi*. His style is good.

It would be tedious to mention all the upholders of this hypothesis. The strength of the movement may be inferred from the fact that influenced even Catholic philosophers. Father Zalm, S.H.C., wrote a book advocating the theory that the body of man evolved, or could have evolved from low inanimate life, his argument being potential creation. Hostility in religious quarters induced him to withdraw the book.

On the whole American biologists have been evolutionists. Of late, however, evolution seems to be on the decline. It would be unfair to class the greater number of American evolutionists as mere materialists.

During the last twenty-five years in the United States there has been a very characteristic and important philosophical development—Experimental Psychology. The special interest in this subject was derived from Germany. The men most celebrated in this development are not so much trying to overturn the old

psychology as to prove *a posteriori* what has been proved *a priori*. It is a big attempt to learn something more about the nature of the soul, by experimental methods. There are now about forty "psychological laboratories" as they are called in the American universities\*. Professor Ladd of Yale, James of Harvard, and Hall of Clark, are the chief founders and representatives of this school. The last named, Dr. Hall, developed another branch, "Infant Psychology." He made a complete study of the child before it enters school. A considerable amount of interesting literature has recently appeared on this subject. Psychological pedagogy is now being studied with great interest in the United States, and no doubt much good will be accomplished. This is a question of vital importance to the United States, where last year alone \$130,000,000 was spent on education. Consequently it is at present the most popular and promising branch of philosophy in the United States.

This brief summary would be incomplete without some words about Catholic Philosophy in America. Catholic belief cannot accommodate itself to every sort of philosophy, so-called, since it supposes a certain number of rational principles as a basis.

Before 1873 there was scarcely any Catholic or scholastic philosophy taught in the United States. That year however, some Jesuit Fathers, Hill, Clark, Mings, inaugurated in the University of St. Louis, a course of scholastic philosophy in English, and published some English text-books.

Orestes A. Brownson (born 1803 and converted to Catholicism in 1844) had, till his death in 1876, considerable influence on American thought. He was sort of an eclectic and ontologist. He was rebuked by religious authorities for some of his teachings though never officially condemned. He submitted to the rebuke and always remained Catholic.

With the accession of Leo XIII, in 1878, came his personal intervention in favor of scholastic philosophy. America like the rest of the Catholic world followed his regulations. Since then we have had some American scholastic literature. The Dominicans, Kearney, Higgins and Kennedy have commanded attention

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\*There is a chair of Experimental Psychology at the Catholic University of Washington.

by their work; some of the Christian Brothers likewise. The "Philosophical Essays" of the late Brother Azarias, are rather important, while an "Elementary Course of Christian Philosophy," by Brother Chrysostome of New York, is used as a text-book at McGill. Thomism is taught in all Catholic colleges and universities, where it is essential for a degree in Arts. It need hardly be mentioned that it is required as a preliminary to a course in theology. However, Catholic colleges do not devote as much time as others do to the study of the history of philosophy; lack of time being perhaps the chief reason as Catholic post graduate courses exist now merely in embryo. If the Catholic University of Washington realizes the ideas of its founders, it ought to be the centre for Catholic philosophy in America.

An essay of this sort would be incomplete without a consideration of the relation the American spirit bears to philosophy. It is incontestable fact of history that civilizations remarkable for the predominance of the practical arts are not very favorable for the birth and development of pure philosophic speculation. Hence Anglo-Saxon culture and consequently its philosophy has a practical if not realistic tendency. This accounts for the fact that the Scottish Common Sense philosophy, and the evolutionary philosophy were much more popular than have been Jonathan Edwards, or the Transcendentalists. To-day by far the most important, as well as most successful school, is not idealism but *experimental psychology*.

The prompt and spontaneous absorption of foreign philosophy is after the practical tendency, the most important characteristic of American thought. But Americans (aside from Catholics who, as we said before, are in a class by themselves) never belong to "schools." They are too individual for that. They modify everything they absorb. They absorb as we have said not mechanically but spontaneously. Royce, the professor of philosophy at Harvard, says:—"I have taught eighteen years; I have had many pupils; however, I doubt if I have at the present day a single 'disciple.' Those with whom I have best succeeded differ with me all the more." That surely is spontaneous individualism.

However, up to the present, America has depended upon Europe for her philosophical inspirations. There has been, as we

hope to have shown, philosophy in America, but properly speaking no American philosophy.

It is in the great American universities (which number less than twenty) that philosophical speculations find their home. The second rate universities (over a hundred) and the colleges (about 200) do not as a rule take a lively interest in new speculations, many of them hardly study philosophy at all, and even in the few real universities, philosophy is not essential for a degree in Arts. Then there are some four or five philosophical Reviews which exercise considerable influence.

So much for the present. As to the future? Those who profess to know the signs of the times believe that a period of productivity will succeed the present one of assimilation. There is good reason to believe that America is a country of great promise for philosophy.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.



### A Varsity Man in Rome.

HE following letter will be interesting to many readers of the REVIEW to whom the name if not the figure, of John J. Cox, has been familiar on account of his exploits on more than one Canadian Foot-ball field. Since his coming to College, John has been a prominent member of the Varsity team. For three seasons in his position as scrimmager he helped to secure the Quebec trophy, and once the Dominion championship. He was president for a couple of terms of the O. U. A. A. and was one year vice-president of the Quebec Rugby Union. But he was above all a close student, his part in our favorite College game whilst being a diversion from, also showed, in a degree, the practical results of application to his studies. Rev. Father Kirwin, O.M.I., has kindly acceded to the Editor's request to have the reflections, if not the confidences, made by Mr. Cox during his travels, published in the REVIEW.

Collegio Americano, Roma, Italia, April 8th, 1904.

DEAR FATHER KIRWIN,—No doubt, you will think it nearly time to hear from me; but you will understand how a person is

pushed his first year in Rome, as I have had to get up about all my matter myself, on account of not having attended Latin lectures before.

The course of studies, here, is entirely different to what we was accustomed at Ottawa, as, there, the Professors showed a very keen interest in the students work whilst imparting the matter, while here our philosophy Professor walks into the class-room, take his place, pulls out his watch and starts to talk like an automatic machine wound up for the occasion, taking it for granted that every member of the class understood everything he was saying, whether they did or not ; and when time was up, he blesses himself, recites the usual prayers, and walks out about his business. At first, this way of proceeding nearly took my breath away. I thought I could see a faint picture of my finish, being scarcely able to understand him. But when I found on comparing notes that there were others of the students in the same boat as myself, I began to regain heart and to feel confident that the time would come when I would be able to take the lecture alright. A man is supposed to have made very good progress, if he is able to fully understand the Professor and take notes by the end of his first session. While I don't expect to be able to take notes of any account, I have very good hopes of being able to follow him without difficulty, as I can follow him sufficiently now to know what he is talking about. I purchased the Stonyhurst philosophical series in English, and along with the Latin text-book followed at Propaganda, I think I know the matter well enough to pass my first year, having already passed my examinations successfully.

I presume it will be useless to tell you that I am in love with Rome. Here a person finds, outside of his classwork, any number of interesting monuments and other important places to occupy his time and keep his curiosity alive. Of course without St. Peter's and the Vatican, Rome wouldn't be Rome at all, and so we have spent quite a few very pleasant as well as useful hours in these two places. The Vatican where our glorious Pontiff reigns, is the largest palace in the world ; in length it is 1,151 feet, and in breadth, 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and is said to contain 11,000 chambers of different sizes. As regards the interior, I was very much interested in the Sistine

Chapel, the picture galleries, the Stanzi and Raphaell's Loggia. I honestly believe that a person could learn almost as much church history by studying these different departments as he could with books, or at least they certainly made a more lasting impression on the mind. Here are to be found the rarest and most excellent paintings in the world, from the sublime to the ridiculous, or from the kingdom of heaven to the depth of —. In the Last Judgment, Michel-Angelo painted Cesena, who was master of ceremonies at the Vatican, in hell, because he had complained of the indelicacy of certain naked figures on the wall. When Cesena begged Paul IV to cause these figures to be obliterated, the Pope, so the story goes, sarcastically replied : "We might have released you from Purgatory, but over hell we have no power," the picture in consequence remained unchanged.

St. Peter's is, without doubt, the largest and most beautiful church in the world : it not only surpasses anything ever erected by man, but seems even beyond the imagination of the men of the present day. There is indeed something very curious about the building of St. Peter's when we recall the fact, that just at the time there lived the greatest painters, the ablest sculptors, and the most wonderful architects the world has ever seen. The erection of St. Peter's extended over 176 years and cost in the neighborhood of fifty millions of dollars. Besides this, many buildings were levelled for the purpose of obtaining one or two rare pieces of stone. To be sure I had heard and read a great deal concerning the immensity this monument, but to be candid with you its apparent smallness, when I first obtained a glimpse of it, both surprised and disappointed me. But when I went up to it and tried to distinguish the statues and decorations extending along its front, or turned around to survey the great and mighty colonnades embracing the wonderful piazza thronged with people, I began to think this was in truth the St. Peter's I had heard and read so much about. Yet when I entered and roamed about among its chapels, tombs and alters ; particularly when I stood under and gazed up at its magnificent dome, I concluded that the seeing far surpassed all I had ever heard or read, and no doubt is much beyond all power of description.

A few days after our first visit to St. Peter's, we went to the

top of the dome and fourteen of us crowded into the apparently little ball which is supposed to hold at least twenty-one persons. It took us twenty minntes to reach the first balcony on the inside of the dome, where the mosaic figures, which before seemed like little angels now appeared enormous giants, while the people on the ground floor looked like children ; even here we were not more than half way up to the ball.

However, in the immensity and richness of St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's, St. Paul's and St. Mary Major's, as well as a host of other churches are not to be lost sight of by an American, especially as we haven't anything to compare with these places. St. John Lateran's, next St. Peter's, is without doubt the most remarkable church in the world, and in some respects even surpasses it, being known as the true Pontifical Throne. There is little striking about its exterior except its great bulk. The interior is extremely rich in marbles and fsescoes. I think there must be at least fifty chapels in this church and about three or four hundred statues of different sizes, while the ceiling and walls are completely covered with with holy paintings of every sort. Here too are preserved the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul.

St. Paul's Basilica is built outside the city and it may be added, in a part of the country almost a desert. It seems too bad that such is the case, but I presume it was erected more to commemorate the martyrdom of the great Apostle. St. Mary Major was built to commemorate a marvellous fall of snow which in August covered that piece of ground and no other. This church contains the richest chapel in the world known as the Borghese chapel. Everything about this chapel is simply gorgeous with marbles and frescoes. It contains the tomb of Paul V., the Borghese Pope. The church on the whole is one of the most beautiful strictly architectural structures of the city.

On Good Friday we ascended the Holy Stairs which at one time belonged to Pilate's home, and which were ascended and descended by our Saviour. Everyone must ascend these steps on his knees without at all touching them with his feet. There are twenty-eight steps in all, two of them stained with our Saviour's blood. The number of people ascending those, with rapt devotion, was a remarkable sight.

We visited the Forum and the Colisseum several times, so interesting on account of the connection they have with the history of the Roman Empire, and also with that of early Christianity. Still in studying the Forum and the Colisseum, there is a deal more work than pleasure, for which reason I would prefer to spend such time in some of the real old churches where numerous relics and paintings of the many martyrs and saints are well preserved and kept sacred.

The day before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, we had a private audience with the Pope ; and I am proud to say that I had the extremely great honor of pressing his hand, receiving his blessing and kissing the great ring which to Catholics symbolizes the greatest power on earth. It was truly a very happy moment for me as well as for the other students of the college, for this is the first audience the students have enjoyed in many years, and I assure you, it was highly appreciated by every one of us. After imparting his blessing the Pope spoke of the necessity of employing our time well, in order to be able, when we will have finished, to confute heretical anti-Catholic doctrines, which he declared were quite current in our country, and which if possible, should be made to disappear. I thought him the kindest and most fatherly speaking man I have ever met ; he spoke with exceptionable feeling and it was easily to be seen that every word came from his heart. Among other things he asked us to remember him in our prayers to our Blessed Lady, that she may help in performing his duties as Christ wished them to be performed.

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Well, Father, I am getting worn out both physically and mentally, so I had better be signing off. Before closing I wish to express my profound sorrow to yourself, Fathers and students, concerning your terrible loss. I wrote to your very Rev. Rector the moment I had definite news about the fire. I felt awfully sorry to bear of the deaths of Fathers Fulham and McGurty, as for the latter I was exceedingly pained, because I had known him so long and enjoyed his friendship during my five years' stay at Ottawa when he was Brother, Professor and Priest. Knowing what great friends you were, I feel your loss was greater than anybody else's in the College. I have remembered those good

Fathers in my prayers, though doubtless they went straight to heaven. In my letter to Dr. Emery I mentioned that I would gladly help towards a contribution list, and James Golden wishes to inform you that he will gladly do the same.

I presume that everything is going on just as usual at College. I sincerely hope that you will be able to erect a College second to none in the world. With best wishes.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. COX.



## Modern Fireproofing.

**M**ODERN thought at the present time, in the face of the extensive conflagrations that have taken place in what was considered at the time of their construction to be thoroughly fire proof buildings, in the Boston, Chicago and Baltimore fires particularly, is still active in devising with forms and compositions of matter to resist destruction by fire. In all large constructions for commercial purposes there is allowed in their details enough of inflammable material to allow a large but not an ardent combustion in its incipiency, which if allowed to spread without any particular direction being given to it becomes unmanageable, and involves the whole structure, by being fed from the combustible parts of other divisions of the structure. What is called fire walls, and fire proof doors, have played there almost useless part by giving a false sense of security, they have failed in their purpose almost everywhere.

To-day with the scientific advance of the age it is fairly difficult to say what is fireproof, and indeed to the extent that it is considered better to devise means to curb the destructive element in its infancy, and prevent its extension than to construct with a part of supposed firhproof materials and the other parts of combustible details, such as doors, windows, &c., of wood or its substitute equivalents.

Granite, limestone, and other bodies used in construction in their material conditions are known to melt and run like water under the effect of fires as they occur in cities and leave nothing but a mass of slag and other debris, which goes to show that the material left after a fire is only then in a condition to be made into a compound much better fitted to resist fire than when in its natural state, so that the constructor is at his wits end to find something to satisfy the new demand, he is often thrown back on the necessity, of choosing from amongst the many scientific compounds on the market said to be positively fireproof, and perhaps with a great deal of truth, provided it is not submitted to the action of a fire which had been allowed too much headway. Hence the necessity of seeking other safeguards in conjunction with material judiciously chosen, such as brick, concrete, &c., in its various forms, and degrees of fineness in its composition to suit its particular use, such as for walls, partitions, flooring, &c.

The old so-called fireproof material is to-day out of date, and scientific thought is no longer spent on its use in its natural condition, the materials only occupy a very small space in the field of construction where proof against fire is required, in fact, the less the better. Common clay in many of its scientific conditions is one of the best constituents of a fireproof material, you may call it brick in any of its forms, and the condition it assumes when submitted to fire in its preparation, it assumes the nature of the hardest substance, and in the end is almost completely incapable of change by the agency of fire in the ordinary sense of the word in our field of enquiry.

In speaking of the details of construction where wood is ordinarily used, wood pulp properly made and run into moulds or slabs is a surprising body where a thorough study is made of its applicability as a fireproof material, it can be mixed with other bodies which lie dormant until their fire-resisting qualities are brought out by the neighborhood of a sharp fire, and when properly made is not affected by heat or moisture, and is stable in whatever condition it is made to assume.

But all these conditions are of very little use if you cannot give a proper direction to the conflagration in its early moments.

The following suggestions are made to be modified to suit the particular purpose for which the construction is to be utilized.

It is suggested that a building be divided by walls from the foundation to the roof having each division complete in itself, but traversed by the usual means of communication, such as halls, corridors, &c.

In or near the centre of each division there should be constructed a fireproof shaft made with a small cross-section at the base, and increasing inside in area from story to story, to allow the heated gases, smoke and other bodies to escape to the open air without exerting any force, or pressure, and by so doing communicating more of the heat to its walls. With communication with every room in that division, so that on the occurrence of a fire in any room the heat of the fire would by fire plug or other means, at once open communication with the shaft of that division and allow the draft of perhaps an otherwise uncontrollable fire, to exhaust itself through the shaft and save the adjacent rooms from damage, by this means no extensive conflagration could take place, as the shaft would always take the draft from the corridor if the door was open and if not open, the heat of the incipient fire would go up the shaft, and with ordinary effort very little damage would be done. These shafts might be used for ordinary ventilation purposes under regulations for winter or summer use, and to direct the economy of heating in winter by automatic regulations. I have refrained from perhaps clogging the general idea by entering into any scientific details, so as to allow the interested mind room to grapple with the idea as ordinarily known, but I will be very happy to furnish any further explanation as far as I am able, if I will serve a useful purpose.

The incorporation into a fireproof compound of refractory material after it has been submitted to the rigorous action of fire is not new, it has been forgotten as useful material and is now resurrected after years of oblivion. It was used over 70 years ago in making fire brick with fireclay (grease). The Mandan Indians constructed their wigwams, or what was called dirt buildings of concrete of clay and gravel, over one thousand years ago, and covered them with the same. The composition of fireclay is a matter of common knowledge, Stanebridge and Monmouth taking

the lead, with some excellent German and French clays as very refractory, such as the Isle of Bourbon, which is good except in glass furnaces; as the clay is composed of silicia 100, and alumina 34, whereas French bottle glass is composed of silicia 100 and alumina 30, clay of quasi-pure quality, combined with silica is of the most refractory character, provided alkalis, oxides of lime and magnesia are absent. At one time the fireproof body was judged without reference to the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, or the heat of the electric current, but now a-days in large conflagrations in 15 story houses, fancy the staircases or elevator shafts turned into a blow-pipe 150 feet long, with a blast fed by Hydro-carbons; it is irresistible and spreads destruction broadcast. The most solid structures melted like wax and trickled down the incondescent surface. Sprinkling tubes are useless in winter and are not formed to remain always in working order. Cements except when used in large blocks are destroyed in a fierce fire to the extent of rendering the structure incapable of being repaired.

The great study of the time is a positively safe fireproof floor, it must have a section so proportioned in form and material that sag does not take place during the fire; hence its material should not have the property of expansion, and should support 120 pounds to the square foot. In all fireproof construction a filler of a non-hygrometric character should be applied as a surface, incapable of receiving water in its pores during a fire, as it is then destroyed by the fire turning the water into steam and destroying what strength it had been based upon, when its construction was devised.

Porous silica bound with clay when well burned in the form of brick then broken for concrete, are very refractory, and should be used but should be well burned.

The old idea of swimming brick should not be lost sight of in what is called fireproof structures, particularly in the building of safes or other constructions to protect valuables from fire.

In all large constructions such as schools of all sizes, colleges, theatres and public halls or rooms where large numbers of pupils congregate, it is not as was previously stated, as much the using

of fireproof materials as the means of guiding the fire in its inception, and conducting the early blaze and heated air, through a positive channel to the outside atmosphere.

CALORY.

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## An Arab Legend.

**T**HHERE was at Bagdad, in the year 175 of the Hegira, (A.D. 792) a baker named Marouf. He was a man of good character. Living very simply he had no enemies, because he never gave credit, the vice so productive of slanderous and offensive deeds. Moreover he was greatly esteemed being honest and giving light weight only to an extent that would not lack civility to the Genius of commerce.

One evening he was enjoying the cool on the doorstep of his shop watching children who were playing knuckle bones. A stranger coming up informed him of a great disaster that had befallen him. Filled with misgiving Marouf pressed for details, and was told that a ship with a cargo of flour, which he was impatiently awaiting, had incontinently gone to the bottom of the Tigris.

At the news Marouf threw his turban to the ground and shouted so shrilly that the children fled, leaving their knuckle-bones. After which according to custom, Marouf overwhelmed the unlucky bearer of bad tidings with a tumultuous storm of curses skillfully graduated.

The next day seeing he was ruined, Marouf closed his shop and hastened to the Tigris to heap upon it the curses and invectives he had composed during a sleepless night. Thus occupied he wandered up and down the banks till dusk, which only increased his lamentations over his lot as the most pitiful in the world. And as we always depend on some one here below, particularly on those who have been the occasion of our advent to the valley of tears, Marouf did not omit to execrate the days when his father and his mother were born. Not being able to do likewise for his descendants, not having any as a bachelor, he cursed his ancestry back to the seventh degree, and was about to give his

attention to the eighth, when he stumbled and fell heavily to the ground.

The cause of his tripping he found to be a black glass bottle sealed with lead and of unusual shape. Believing that it held some good liquor apt to soothe him in his trouble, he carried it home.

At the sight of his shop, with its shelves ready to hold loaves, but now empty as his stomach, he felt his sorrow revived and in tears he sought his rear shop where he deposited the bottle on a lame table. There he began to weep pitifully and, gazing at the great scales which were hanging idle from the ceiling, he tore out handfuls of hair with such violent and reckless movements that he knocked the bottle over, dropping it to the floor where it broke with a great noise.

"By Allah! Here is the last straw in my troubles!" exclaimed the baker. "I had reason to expect help from the contents of that flask, and my awkwardness should empty it upon the beaten earth. So bitter is this new disgrace that I cannot conceive what is proper for me to do now."

As he finished speaking he was dazzled by a singular light that rose from the floor. The baker noticed to his astonishment that the light escaped from the remains of the bottle, which seemed to exhale a sort of luminous smoke. This smoke by degrees took the shape of a woman of such imposing majesty that Marouf, seized with terror, threw himself on his knees.

Thereupon this woman addressed him in the following terms:

"Dismiss all fear, Marouf, and be assured of my favor. You see in me the fairy Zealmaid, whom the giant Azelma in unrequited love, imprisoned in this bottle about six hundred years ago."

"Madam," replied the baker, "if I'm allowed to express an opinion, I would say that this Azelma, though a giant, was sadly lacking in good breeding and courtesy."

"He was lacking in many other things," returned the fairy, "for he had but one eye and six teeth. But enough of him. Marouf you have liberated me from the prison, and this signal benefit claims a reward. Take that weight from yonder slab and place it on one of the scales."

Marouf did so. That scale borne down fell to the earth while the other rose to the ceiling.

"That weight, Marouf, represents the mass of pains and afflictions which are reserved for you and for every mortal. Consider now the weight of joys to counterbalance it.

The fairy poured upon the empty scale, the contents of a small purse she carried at her cincture. At seeing the size of this purse, Marouf could not control his temper.

"See!" he said "for much evil, very little good, and certainly life is not worth the living, if Mahomet had not taken pains to describe the delights of paradise which must reward our resignation!"

However, he took heart at noticing the prodigious way the purse held out. It was a fairy, like the lovely lady who owned it, and it poured out such a quantity of sequins that the great weight was lifted and the two scales were at length equally laden.

At this point the fairy ceased her liberality and returned the purse to her cincture.

"Marouf," she cried, "hold thyself a happy man since by my power your joys and pains are equally distributed. But have a care not to touch those sequins which I have told you, represent thy portion of happiness. If the unlucky scale rises above the favorable one you will become directly the prey of adversity. With this she clapped her hands. Her body resumed its smoky appearance and disappeared by the window.

Marouf left alone wondered long over this strange adventure. Surely enough, he was owner of a considerable quantity of sequins which he was forbidden to touch. Having some philosophy he realized he was in the presence of supernatural things, the sense of which was above his feeble grasp. Wisely deciding not to weary his head about it he went to bed to have the benefit of sleep. On awakening he learned that the flour ship that he believed lost entered safely the port of Bagdad.

Marouf returned thanks to God, to the Fairy, and went to the Tigris to express there his gratitude in blessings ingeniously graded. He then boarded up the marvellous scales, so that no one could go near them.

Marouf grew so prosperous in his business that the maids of

the neighborhood in quest of husbands who might assure them a life of ease in return for their caresses, desired to share his lot and favored him with wistful glances. This embarrassed the honest fellow somewhat. He feared a choice might arouse jealousy and grieve those on whom it could not fall, wherefore he remaided unmarried. One day however, as he wandered into the country he perceived a slim, frail looking girl, bending over a spring as if seeking to drink from the water itself. Coming closer he became apprehensive of the girl falling into the water. Drawing from his sack a shell of the finest pearl he presented it to her with all the politeness he was master of.

“Madam, the position you are in is not the easiest. You will find it more pleasant to drink out of this cup.”

On hearing this the girl lifted her head. Marouf was so struck with her beauty that he almost dropped the shell. The girl remarked the confusion into which she had thrown this fine fellow and could not refrain from helping the impression.

“I have no need of the shell,” she answered in a tone as sweet as her looks: “You have surprised me at the brink of this fountain, but it was not to quench my thirst, for I was merely looking at myself in the water.”

Marouf replied that the girl had many good reasons to take pleasure in looking at herself, for he had never seen beauty to compare with that of the delightful object before him. He soon learned that this lovely person was called Amina, and that she belonged to caravan which was going down from Edessa to the sea.

“But,” she explained “I got very tired of travelling in this way, and thinking that Bagdad presented all kinds of amusements and riches, likely to delight a girl of good taste, I allowed the caravan to go on its way. Unhappily I lost my mirror in descending from my camel, and I would not have been consoled for its loss had I not encountered this liquid sheet of water, in which I might rejoice my eyes by the contemplation of my reflection.

At this, Marouf felt his heart throb. Penetrated with admiration he said :

“Madam, even to enjoy your own image you are obliged to this uneasy posture. If you should be pleased to approach my

unworthy person, you will find in my eyes two faithful and delighted mirrors, in which you will behold your incomparable beauty concurrently with the incomparable love which it has inspired my heart."

She did as he wished and Marouf having unfolded the happy state of his affairs, she consented to be his wife.

After a magnificent wedding Marouf returned to his commerce —not ceasing to bless destiny for the happiness it granted him in his tender companion. But as night succeeds day fortune changed, and in all he undertook Marouf found himself unsuccessful. Thereupon he thought of consulting the marvellous scales which he completely neglected, since the love he had for his wife left him very little leisure. Great was his surprise on approaching the wall enclosing the scales to find a board removed, but greater still his grief when he perceived the fatal scale lying on the ground and the favorable one, deprived of its sequins, gone to the ceiling.

At the sight he cast off his turban and tore out handfuls of hair amid the heartrending imprecations. Attracted by the noise, Amina hastened to the spot and informed of the trouble broke out into tears in her turn saying, that through curiosity she had taken off the board, and that seeing the sequins which appeared to be useless, gave them to Jewish and Christian peddlers in return for their wares and to stimulate their chat:

Amina going out returned carrying the cloth, ribbons and many precious jewels she had purchased.

"Here," she said, "is what the fellows gave me for the sequins ; put them in the scale ; perhaps it will come down."

The articles were put on the plate but it did not stir. Marouf brought all the sequins he could find in the shop, also without success.

"Alas !" resumed the baker, "Amina, my poor little heart. What thou hast taken in order to make thyself more beautiful and more desirable, what you believed to be the sequins had the appearance of gold only. In reality those pieces of gold represented the joys and the blessings reserved for me. And thy innocent white hands have inconsiderately thrown these joys and blessings to the wind."

"Are they truly flown to the wind?" asked Amina, with a

look of tender reproach. "And dost thou count as nothing the joys I have given thee, O my husband, and those I am still able to give thee?"

He agreed that on this point he had much to be thankful for, but he continued sighing nevertheless.

Then Amina in a resolute tone demanded Marouf to take her up in his strong arms and lift her into the scale.

"Hast thou lost thy senses, my poor little heart!" exclaimed Marouf wildly.

"My mind is clear enough. Dost thou not often repeat that I am the soul of thy soul, the breath of thy life, the living flower of thy garden, the light of thy days. If these compliments, which flatter me and which I never tire of hearing, are sincere, methinks I may substitute myself without disadvantage for the lost sequins."

Though he remained incredulous, Marouf consented to take up the young wife and with infinite care placed in the scale this object as fragile as it was precious. Scarcely was Amina seated than the pan raising the unlucky weight slowly descended and stopped at the level of the other.

Marouf astonished, knelt to thank the Lord.

He had cause to return thanks to Providence, since by it he was instructed in this truth, namely, that there is no adversity which love may not vanquish, no quantity of sequins, however considerable, which can supply the ingenious and tender devotion of a faithful wife, dowered with youth and virtuous attractions.

G. G.



# Ludwig Windthorst.

*(Continued from April.)*

**Q**NLY those, who have passed through the Kulturkampf, can form an adequate idea of the wretched condition of the church in Prussia, when the untimely death of the great Mallinckrodt in 1874, made Ludwig Windthorst the sole leader of the Catholic cause. Truly herculean was the task, that confronted the Catholic chief and the Holy See in the beginning of 1875. True enough, he had a party to stand by him, a party which counted 57 deputies, some of whom were men of great political experience and commanding ability, such as Bishop Kettler, the two Reichenspergers, Peter and Augustine, Savigny Baron Von Schoremer-Alst, but the very make-up of the Centre presented a serious difficulty, which only the skill, tact and self-denial of Windthorst could have overcome. The Centre was and still is a highly representative body including members from almost every station in life, from the titled gentlemen to the humblest workman. And precisely in this cosmopolitan character, as it were, of the Catholic party lay its weakness, for the many distinct political creeds coalesced but slowly and withal only under a master hand into a firm political unit, strong enough to offer successful resistance to the government. Windthorst's task was comparatively easy during the first decade of the party's existence, when the severe and exacting measures, the severity with which the laws were carried into effect, as well as the abuse which the Centre met with on all sides, concurred to keep the members united in the great principles they were defending. But later on, when the down-trodden and despised minority had become an influential and often decisive factor in the inner politics of the State, the difficulty of maintaining harmony and unity was increased a thousandfold, and the simple fact that the party was never divided on any question of importance proves Windthorst's greatness as a party leader. As was to be expected, the leader of the Centre lost no time in entering a vigorous protest against the expulsion of the religious orders and the enactments for the civil marriage.

At the same time he answered the Chancellor's declaration that the Dogma of Papal Infallibility was a menace to the State. His clear and eloquent utterance on that occasion found a ready response in every honest heart. Finding himself baffled by the splendid logic of the Catholic leader, Bismarck proposed the union of the other factions and so hoped to crush the ultramontane minority, but Windthorst equal to the occasion, boldly and vigorously resorted to similar measures, and in 1875 opposed with marvellous energy the expulsion of the religious, whom the storm of 1872 had spared, and the unjust law which deprived the clergy of further stipend. He solicited at the same time, but in vain, the establishment of a Catholic section in the ministry of public worship.

Windthorst's wonderful activity enabled him, while battling for the liberty of the church, to show the same perseverance and sagacity in reclaiming for the primary school and the establishments of secondary instruction the prerogatives of the church ; for like every true Catholic, his personal opinion and conviction was that " religious teaching in the schools ought to be again entrusted to the church, for it is her department by positive right and by natural right." If the first ten years of his leadership met with but scanty success, this circumstance but served to make him the more undaunted and filled him with a holy determination to keep up the struggle until either he or his great antagonist should be forced from the political arena. In his own words : " Finally should all earthly power fail us, we have confidence in Him, Who is mightier than kings and majorities, we have confidence in God, Who will never forsake us."

But with the death of the saintly Pius, affairs assumed a brighter face. Touched by the state of the church in Germany, Leo XIII. essayed a relaxation in the persecution by notifying the Court of Berlin of his accession to the pontifical throne. Negotiations opened with discourteous replies and numberless evasions on the part of Berlin ; with too much confidence and perhaps an exaggerated optimism on the part of Rome. Moreover, though Bismarck had solicited the aid of the Sovereign Pontiff in settling the religious affairs of Germany and had sought him to arbitrate the Caroline dispute with Spain, Windthorst rested not till piece by piece he had silenced the batteries of the Chancellor against the

church and her institutions. In place of the violent *Kulturkampf*, Prince Bismarck now had recourse to disguised and underhand measures, which proved far more dangerous than the open persecution.

Windthorst ever had at heart the civil liberty of the people and so, while championing the cause of the church and the interests of religious teaching, he directed his efforts towards bettering the laboring classes. Indeed, while the the Liberals and Conservatives refused to believe in the existence of the social question, the Catholics led on by their chief, formulated a programme, which made provision for the just revendication of the fourth estate. Their proposed measures were at first rejected : but the rapid march of democracy soon brought the infatuated members to their senses and to a just appreciation of the gravity of the situation. Windthorst was moreover a decided and stubborn opponent of socialism in all its forms, and he clearly demonstrated in the Reichstag that the inner politics of Bismarck was the cause of the incredible progress of the revolutionary party, and that "force will ever prove powerless against socialism, because the atheism of the Liberals and the impoverishing of the masses are the principal sources of the evil." In demanding from the State measures of social protection, he reclaimed for the church her liberty, that she might be in a condition to instruct and better the lot of the poor. The proposed measures of Hitze and Lieber for the protection of the laboring classes were ultimately carried through the lower House by an overwhelming majority ; William II. adopted the social ideas of the Centre and Prince Bismarck, seeing himself defeated in the religious and social questions, was obliged to resign. The programme of the Centre became that of the International Congress held at Berlin ; and the former minister of the King of Hanover, the leader of the German Catholics shared the counsels of the Kaiser.

In political questions, Windthorst displayed an equal activity in restoring harmony to the most embarrassing situations. To oppose the usurpation of Prussia, to defend the autonomy of the States, to revindicate the loyal exercise of public liberty, to take action against the measures of exclusion directed against the Alsacians, the Danes, the Poles or the socialists. Such were

some of his principal political measures. In 1872, he protested against the maintenance of military rule in Alsace, demanding in 1873 national representation for the two annexed provinces. In 1882, he opposed the Tobacco and in 1886 the Alcohol monopoly, which latter was ultimately rejected. But although he had refused his vote to the new military law of 1880 and to the Septennate of 1887, Windthorst never hesitated to throw all his authority into the balance when the dignity and military power of his country were at stake.

Though undoubtedly one of the busiest, if not the busiest member of Parliament, Windthorst found time to extend his exertions to other spheres of action. In fact, whatever concerned Catholic life in the Empire merited his close attention and claimed his fostering care. His influence and that of his friends contributed largely to increase the clientele of the Catholic journals to such an extent, that they soon ranked with the most widely circulated periodicals of the land. But it was on the congresses, held yearly for the purposes of preparing for the elections and of drawing up and carrying into execution a programme suited to the demands and needs of the times, that the indefatigable champion bestowed his greatest care. He was never absent on such occasions and took the liveliest interest in the minutest proceedings. He always spoke at the end of the congress, and his words, eloquent in their earnestness and sincerity, called forth such mighty enthusiasm from the speltbound throngs that nothing seemed impossible to their ardor and zeal. His opening words were invariably : "Praised be Jesus-Christ" and back came the response from thousands of pious listeners : "for ever and ever. Amen." At these reunions, Windthorst never failed to call frequent attention to the important mission entrusted to the catholic wife and mother. In his own words : "Women have a grand mission here below : it is to keep men in the path of truth... Oh ! Women should never cease praying. While the men are battling in the field, the faithful wife should be on her knees at home."

Before passing to the last period of Windthorst's life, it may be well to give a brief sketch of the eminent qualities and virtues and character, that distinguished him from most of his party and combined to give him a distinct and genuine greatness. "I ask

but one thing," said a sturdy workman of Bochum one day, "it is to press the hand of our noble Windthorst; I would die content." These words form a fitting preface. Endowed with the most amiable qualities and with the gifts of genius, Windthorst won the sympathy and admiration of his adversaries. Serious and at the same time spiritual, he ever refrained from giving grave offense to anyone. Though possessed of keen wit and biting sarcasm, he was ever ready to repare the word that might seem dictated by passion. He knew how to gain the youth and how to be on the most familiar terms with the common people. He was beloved because he was unselfish, and many were the occasions on which he gave proof of the greatest self-denial. His chivalrous character recalled the heroes of another age, and at a time when egotism was the forte and self the secret of all striving, he served his country with a disinterestedness that has few parallels in history. Full of zeal for truth, he was tolerant towards all. Without spurning those not of his opinion, he yet remained inflexible when there was question of principle. None knew better than "his little excellency," as he was popularly called, the art of attaining the possible in the midst of the most perplexing situations. Scanty success never discouraged him, flattery was powerless against him: for having once determined upon the end, he wished to attain, he never allowed himself to be dazzled by his first victories; rather he made them the stepping stones to later triumphs. He was undoubtedly astute and ingenious, but no one could accuse him of an act in any way dishonorable. Moreover, Windthorst was a marvellous tactician in parliamentary affairs, and richly deserved the title, which posterity has given him, "the Von Moltke of Parliament." He reasoned coldly and did not provoke his adversary immoderately. His memory was remarkable: he could recall the entire proceedings, including budget figures, of a six hour session and yet he was never known to take a single note. He dominated every question and his word alone often decided the day. Sheridan, Pitt, Fox, Gladstone, and Disraeli lived again in this great statesman, who knew how to make the most of the agitation of the people as well as of the opposition of parties. The ideal he strove after was to make society Christian, the church independent, authority respected and liberty and civil equality

enthroned in their proper spheres. What was perhaps most admirable in the "Pearl of Meppen," as the great Mallinckrodt loved to style him, were his constancy, his fidelity to his friends and his unshaken faith in God. His fervent piety and sincere love of sacrifice were the fonts from which he drew his steadfastness and above all his confidence in ultimate victory. His private life was a model to all, and his great devotion to religion has taken substantial form in the splendid Church of St. Mary's at Hanover, which he built for God and country and to which Leo XIII. contributed a beautiful marble altar.

And now we come to the consummation of this grand life. Space will not permit us to detail at length the last hours of the venerable leader. Death smote him in the midst of his parliamentary labors in the capital of the Empire, for four-score years had indeed bent his frame but could not quench his spirit or cool his ardor. On March 14th, 1891, after a short illness, fortified by the last sacraments of the church and consoled by the papal benediction, with the sweet name of the Saviour on his lips, Windthorst passed before the judgment-seat of Him, Whose battle he had fought for twenty long years and Whom he had served with singular fidelity from his childhood. On his death-bed, Windthorst bequeathed to his party, as a precious legacy, the proposed School Bill and the banished sons of St. Ignatius, for he had not been permitted to complete his life-work. A few months later, the Centre carried the former through the Reichstag, and only a few weeks ago the anti-Jesuit law was repealed and Windthorst triumphed at last over his life-foe Bismarck. In death, Windthorst received the honor that had been denied him in life, and the lifeless remains spoke more eloquently than had ever the living Windthorst in the heated sessions of the Reichstag. His funeral would have done honor to a prince, and Germany irrespective of creed or party, wept and mourned as she had never done before, save for the two good Emperors, William and Frederick. And not only his native land, but the whole Catholic world mourned and prayed for this last of the great Catholic laymen.

Though Windthorst is no longer among us, his spirit still lives, lives in the triumphs of his own dear Centre, lives in the grand Catholic congresses of his own creation, and lives lastly but

principally in the renewed faith and wondrous activity of the Catholics of the Fatherland.

In conclusion, we quote the words of the great Leo, whose aithful son and ally Windthorst had ever been: "To Our very dear sons and noblemen, the Count of Ballestrem, the Baron of Hermann and the Count of Preyssing.

" We understand your just and profound sorrow at the unexpected death of this great man, whose sense of religion, integrity, prudence and other qualities of mind were so particularly recognized by you, who have followed him as a chief in his important mission and who have been associated in his labors and plans as well as in his glory. Encouraged by your assent and supported by your suffrages, he has valiently defended the rights of the church in times of the greatest gravity for all interests Christian and social, and when once he had undertaken in his magnanimity to sustain the cause of justice, he persevered therein until he believed he had acquired and obtained what he had constantly proposed.

" Moreover you glory, and rightly too, that you have had him for your leader. Ludwig Windthorst has never indeed allowed himself to be shaken by the efforts of his adversaries, nor by the transient wave of popularity.

" He has loved his country and respected his sovereign in such a manner, that he has never separated his duties as a citizen from his zeal for religion. So well has he battled against his adversaries by weight of argument and the force of his eloquence, that it could be easily seen that pure love of truth pushed him on to the combat and not the greedy desire of advantage or personal honor.

" His merits have been very pleasing to us. As occasion permitted, we have shown this, whether in the past, or during the present year, when on the anniversary of Our coronation, we wished to bestow a new mark of honor by conferring on him the insignia of the first rank of the equestrian Order of Saint Gregory the Great. Notwithstanding the fact that, snatched away by death, he has been unable to enjoy this mark of Our affection and of Our esteem, we are consoled by the certain hope, which assures us, he has received from God the highest recompense and obtained

that incorruptible glory, than which man can desire nothing happier or more illustrious. You, however, dear sons, keeping in mind the virtues and example of so great a leader, follow firmly in his footsteps, preserve among you that strict concord which he has constantly and carefully fostered in your ranks, and always regard as certain what he ever had engraved on his mind and heart: the more profonadly faithful to God and to the church, your mother, you show yourselves, so much the more wisely will you provide for the prosperity and glory of your country.

"Given at Rome in the 19th of March, 1891, in the fourteenth year of Our pontificate."—LEO XIII, POPE.

E. J. STRAUSS,



## Mainly About Books.

By MAURICE CASEY.

HERE is a notable falling off in the production of novels, and the fiction that now sees the light is of a no very high order of merit. Dean Stanley has well said that a really good book is worth reading three times ; once for the story, once for the thought, and once for the style. Few novels justifying this triplicate perusal are written to-day. The much-vaunted "American short story," has long since gone to seed, or worse. But should the lack of superior fiction drive back the more thoughtful, or, to be exact, the less thoughtless, portion of the multitude of novel readers to a perusal of the standard novelists of the language—the really great story writers—it will prove to be the diametrical opposite of an unmixed evil. I venture to affirm that there is more of what is desirable in a novel—delineation, description, sane speculation, literary style, amusement—in one page of Scott, or Thackeray, or Dickens, than in an entire volume by any living novelist.

In a former issue of those notes, I took upon myself to state that poetry was at a low ebb, and that there was no money to be made by the art. I have before me too friendly letters of remon-

strance. Really I have nothing to retract. What I stated is the truth. Let me refer my correspondents to any reliable publisher, or to the remarkably outspoken sketch of the life of Archibald Lampman, prefixed to the collected works of that poet. A time will come, may it be soon, when poetry will command its price. As a matter of fact, poetry will die when feeling and imagination die, but not before.

Alberto Santos-Dumont's account of his airships, is more interesting than a stock of present-day novels. His first flight, in 1897, was made in a spherical balloon. Here is his description of the experience: "Suddenly the wind ceased. The air seemed motionless around us. We were off, going at the speed of the air-current in which we now lived and moved. Indeed, for us there was no more wind; and this is the first great fact of all spherical ballooning. Infinitely gentle is this unfelt movement forward and upward. The illusion is complete: it seems not to be the ballon that moves, but the earth that sinks down and away." On one occasion he was thrown to earth unconscious. He describes his feelings: "For the moment I was sure that I was in the presence of death. Well, I will tell it frankly, my sentiment was almost entirely that of waiting and expectation. What is coming next? I thought. What am I going to see and know in a few minutes? Whom shall I see after I am dead? . . . . . Indeed I think in such moments there is no room for either regret or terror. The mind is too full of looking forward. One is frightened only so long as one still has a chance." All who have been in a position of extreme danger will recognize the truth of this passage. M. Santos-Dumont is a Brazilian aerostatic sportsman, of small size and great courage, with an overpowering desire for rising in life. His book "My Air Ship," is as lively a bit of writing as heart can desire.

In his recently published "Autobiography," Herbert Spencer's whose life-work, the "Synthetic Philosophy," is already as dead as the Cepidodendron, writes thus: "The usual purposes of a reviewer are, first to get his guineas with the least expenditure of labour; second, to show what a clever fellow he is; third, to

write an amusing article; fourth, to give some account of the book; which last purpose, often practically unattempted." Evidently the practice of the reviewer has not improved since the first quarter of the last century, when poor Gerald Griffin was employed by the London publishers, and used to be sent new books for review, accompanied by the request not to cut the leaves!

A prominent member of the British Liberal party, when at school, was taken by his father to see Carlyle, and was bidden to treasure in the depths of his soul the words of wisdom which would fall from the great man. At first Carlyle was taciturn, and the boy by way of opening the conversation, ventured to say: "I have seen two philosophers to-day, for as we came along papa pointed out Mr. Herbert Spencer in a 'bus.'" With majestic emphasis Carlyle replied, "And have ye seen Herbert Spencer, laddie? Then ye've seen the most unending ass in Christendom." Thomas Carlyle grumbled, swore, and blustered his way through life with a bad stomach and worse tongue. Barring his abuse of worthy men, and a few of his sharp sayings, his works are as good as forgotten. It is probable that twenty years hence both he and Herbert Spencer will be names and nothing more. Their "philosophy" was not worth the paper upon which it was written.

Agnes Repplier contributes one of her thought-kindling papers to the May "Harper's," on that fascinating theme "The Gayety of Life." Hear her plead for cheerfulness: "Hazlitt, who was none too happy, but who strove manfully for happiness, used to say that he felt a deeper obligation to Northcote than to any of his other friends who had done far greater service, because Northcote's conversation was invariably gay and agreeable. "I never ate nor drank with him, but I have lived on his words with undiminished relish ever since I can remember; and when I leave him, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time." Here is a debt of friendship worth recording; because Northcote imparted something infinitely better than either eating or drinking. Miss Repplier continues: "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being

happy. By being happy we shower anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor." The statement that is really eloquent must be true also, and these assertions are as true as they are eloquent, which is saying much. Happiness is the greatest thing in this life, and it is so, I venture to think, because it consists almost wholly in activity. Such is the constitution of our nature, it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

The suggestion made in the press that a monument be erected to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee will, I venture to believe, strongly commend itself to our Canadian sense of propriety. Any such memorial should, I think, be paid for by public subscription, instead of money voted by Parliament. A parliamentary grant would be a too perfunctory proceeding to suit the circumstance. On the other hand, a public subscription would mean that the high talents of the murdered statesman were remembered and admired by the people he served so faithfully. This is not the place to discuss McGee's politics, even if I possessed sufficient knowledge for such an undertaking, the which assuredly I do not. McGee is known to me only by his writings. Like Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Samuel Lover, Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a man of many rare gifts. He was a scholar, an orator, a poet, a historian, a statesman ; and if the deliberate opinions of such discriminating critics as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Alexander M. Sullivan, count for aught, be excelled in each department. The mere mention of building a monument to such a splendid subject should find a ready response in every generous Canadian heart. The Irish especially should take an active part in the movement. A monument when efficiently executed—a proviso unfortunately overlooked in the erection of more than one in Ottawa—not only perpetuates the memory of the person represented, and publicly records his good deeds, but appeals continually to the national mind, and animates all posterity to walk in his steps. The great men who adorn a nation are its noblest property. It behooves their country to perpetuate their name and form, as they have so largely contributed to establish its greatness and glory,

only to honor those who have conferred so much honor on the state. McGee was Irish of the Irish. Had he been Scottish or French he would have had a suitable monument ere this late date. Are the Irish losing that respect for intellectuality which used to form a striking and honorable trait of the national character? I hope they are not, and they now have a fine opportunity of making that much patent to the world by powerfully advancing the project which forms the subject matter of the foregoing paragraph



## A New Canadian Poetess.

ANADA so far has had but few worshippers of the muses ; and it is therefore with pleasure that we welcome a young writer of promise in the field of poetry. This is Miss Pauline Johnson, whose two small volumes of poems, "Canadian Born" and "The White Wampum," have been favorably received by the public.

From her mother Miss Johnson received the cool Anglo-Saxon blood, vivified, however, by the spirit of her father, a Mohawk Chief of the Brantford Indian Reserve. It is this spirit that predominates in her poetry, cherishing sad memories of by-gone days when the redoubtable Iroquois were the arbiters of the land.

And few to-day remain ;  
But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire  
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire  
To be my proudest claim.

In her simple, easy verse, the poetess shows herself emphatically the child of nature. She loves to revel in the primitive scenery of this wild, free land of ours—mountain, woodland, prairie—where the swift stream flows smoothly or is broken with rapids, where the salt sea is whipped into foam by the winds, where the landscape is spread with hues mellowed by the gold of sunset. We quote "Erie Water" to show how well she adapts the thought to the metre :

A dash of yellow sand,  
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned ;  
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand ;  
And, creeping close to these

Long shores that lounge at ease,  
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'-western breeze.

A sky of blue and gray ;  
Some stormy clouds that play  
At scurrying up with ragged eye, then laughing blow away,  
Just leaving in their trail  
Some snatches of a gale :  
To whistling summer winds we lift a single daring sail.

O ! wind so sweet and swift,  
O ! danger-freighted gift  
Bestowed on Erie with her waves that foam and fall and lift,  
We laugh in your wild face  
And break into a race  
With flying clouds and tossing gulls that weave and interlace.

The personal side of her poetry is best displayed when she treats of topics pertaining to Indian life and conditions. To my mind it is a noble trait in her character that she should devote herself to the uplifting of her father's fallen race—so little understood, so much despised, and alas ! so greatly wronged by the white man.

They but forget that we Indians owned the land  
From ocean unto ocean ; that they stand  
Upon a soil that centuries agone  
Was our sole kingdom and our right alone.  
They never think how they would feel to-day  
If some great nation came from far away,  
Wresting their country from their hapless braves,  
Giving what they gave us—but wars and graves.

There is something extremely pathetic in the following description of an Indian Chief :

With eyes that lost their lustre long ago,  
With visage fixed and stern as fate's decree,  
He looks towards the empty west, to see  
The never-coming herd of buffalo.

Only bones that bleach upon the plains,  
Only the fleshless skeletons that lie  
In ghastly nakedness and silence, cry  
Out mutely that nought else to him remains.

These quotations from one of themselves, prove that the Redmen fully understand the sad portion left them of their former grand inheritance. "The Cattle Thief" has a striking passage in this connection, which I cannot omit.

You have cursed and called him a Cattle Thief, though you robbed him  
first of bread—

Robbed him and robbed my people—look there at that shrunken face,  
Starved with hollow hunger we owe to you and your race.

What have you left to us of land, what have you left of game,  
What have you left but evil, and curses since you came?

By a *book*, to save our souls from the sins *you* brought in your other hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Give back our land and our country, give back our herds of game ;  
Give back the furs and the forests that were ours before you came ;  
Give back the peace and the plenty, then come with your new belief,  
And blame if you dare, the hunger that *drove* him to be a thief.

Some ballads, couched in local dialect and pertaining to the whites, are of unequal merit. In political ballads, such as "Give us Barrabas," the poetess has succeeded least.

There is a train of melancholy that pervades most of her verse. This perhaps is due to her sympathy for her peoples misfortunes.

Sleep, sister-twin of Peace, my waking eyes  
So weary grow ?  
O ! Love, thou wanderer from Paradise  
Dost thou not know  
How oft my lonely heart has cried to thee ?  
But Thou, and Sleep, and Peace, come not to me.

I cannot do better than close by quoting a poem on a religious topic, which is very nicely done. It is entitled "Brier."

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

Because, dear Christ, your teuder, wounded arm  
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,  
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,  
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,  
Your hand too weary guiding me aright,  
Because, you walk before and crush the brier,  
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have harkened to  
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,  
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto  
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

M. S.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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## DOES JAPAN NEED SYMPATHY?

It is idle, of course, to speculate as to the outcome of the war between Japan and Russia. The Japanese, far from asking the sympathy they are getting so abundantly, are showing that they are quite able to take care of themselves. They are undoubtedly a wonderful people. The progress they have made in becoming acquainted with all the advanced methods of warfare is simply incomprehensible. The more civilized peoples have gladly acted as their instructors. But may not the pupils outstrip their masters and what may be the consequences for the latter? "It is a cause for serious reflection," says the *Acta Victoriana*, "that Japan which during the last fifty years has absorbed so much of western civilization, should have taken so little of Christianity. That nation has adopted in their entirety the best military and naval systems of Europe, has a large standing army and by a *levée en*

masse can convert the whole male population into an armed force. She has the best modern rifles, the most perfect artillery and directs the deadly torpedo with unerring precision. Those indeed, are products of the most advanced civilization, but they represent its worst features. On the other hand, how comparatively slow Japan is to embrace the basic principle and the advancement of our civilization—namely, Christianity." In this connection it will be of interest to recall some of the observations St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary of the east, had made concerning this people : "The Japanese," he says "are a cunning, intelligent nation, and withal accessible to reason and most anxious to learn. Being naturally very inquisitive, they never tire of discussing our controversial statements and discourses and answers which we make to their many queries. Having a lively desire to learn some new thing, they display the greatest interest in our conferences." The saint touches upon their martial spirit in this wise : The Japanese have a good opinion only of their own nation, and it may be owing to this depreciation of all other nations that up to the time of the landing of the Portuguese they had entered into no commercial relations whatever with any of the other nations. They are not one whit less warlike than the Spaniards." The "Yellow Peril" may be a trifle overdrawn, but when it is considered that the Japanese have lost nothing of their intelligence, cunning and hostility to foreigners, there may be some ground for the statement of Count Cassini, in the *North American Review*, "that were Japan to obtain supreme control in Manchuria, the dominant military spirit of the Japanese would lead them to organize the Chinese into a modern army of such proportions that Europe and America would stand aghast at this menace to their peace and well-being."

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#### THE LATE SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.

On May 10th, death came to Sir Henry M. Stanley, the greatest explorer of his time. His was a stirring life, an example of what may be accomplished by a man of great ability, but of still greater energy. The success with which Henry Stanley made his way may be gathered from the fact that though born in poverty

and placed while still a child in a poor house he rose from one position to another till he was received by the inner circle of British aristocracy, and laden with wealth and honors. Sufficient to note that he was successively cabin boy, clerk, Confederate soldier, Union sailor, reporter and war correspondent. Stanley's enduring fame was secured when in three great expedition between 1870 and 1890 through perils previous that astonished the world, he explored Equatorial Africa. As the result of his discoveries not only was the sum of the geographical knowledge concerning the 'Dark Continent' increased, but the routes which he required years to travel amid innumerable difficulties and great cost of life to his attendants are now threaded by the telegraph and traversed daily by steamer and locomotive. The various hardships which Mr. Stanley had to meet made their mark on his constitution and he suffered long and serious illnesses. Then, too, his successes were not allowed to pass without criticism. Charges were advanced of inhuman treatment towards his native followers and towards the tribes he came in contact with, especially in his last expedition. After defending himself from these charges, the explorer went on a lecture tour through the United States, Great Britain and Australia. On his return he became a candidate for parliament and was elected to sit in Westminster. In 1890 he married Miss Dorothy Tennant, the artist, whose sister is now the wife of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. In 1892 he was knighted. Sir Henry's work is recorded in the following publications: "How I found Livingston, 1872;" "Through the Dark Continent, 1872 and 1885;" "Coomassi and Magdala," "In Darkest Africa," and "Through South Africa."

From the encomiums of Sir Henry that have appeared, we may be allowed to quote the following sentences appearing in the New York Tribune; "He was not a conquest seeker, as Cortez and Pizarro and Drake and Cabot were. In his immortal march through the heart of the Dark Continent, he carried the stars and stripes. But he never once planted that or any other flag in token of conquest. He seized no lands in a sovereign's name. He filled his own coffers with no spoils wrung or cozened from the native tribes. He went in on an errand of pure philanthropy. He fulfilled his mission in that spirit. He came out again with hands

unsoiled by selfish spoils. In such respects he stood alone and unapproachable among those whose doings were comparable with his in the arduousness of their execution and the magnitude of their results."

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#### HONORING THE OLDEST SENATOR.

Veneration for age, observes the Ottawa *Events*, from which most of these particulars are taken, is undoubtedly one of the primitive instincts of mankind, evidences of it being found in history in all countries at all times. That it is a tradition much in honor in Canada, was amply shown on April 28th, when there was practically a convocation of Parliament for the purpose of paying respect to Senator Wark, on the occasion of the completion of his one hundredth year. The Commons, including the Premier and his Cabinet, adjourned to the Senate Chamber, where the colleagues of Senator Wark were already in their places. When the venerable centenarian entered at the main door of the Senate, leaning on the arms of Senator Scott and Senator Bowell, the whole assembly arose to their feet. Amid applause the old man was conducted to the Speaker's Chair where he was presented with an address which was read by the Speaker of the Senate. To this Senator Wark returned a short speech. In his remarks he affirmed his firm conviction that an all over-ruling Providence presided over the affairs of the world, including the affairs of the British Empire for which he predicted a great future, provided a policy of peace is carried out.

The Hon. David Wark is the Nestor of the Canadian Parliament. Born in Ireland in 1804, he emigrated to New Brunswick. He entered the political field, 1843, as a member for Kent in the New Brunswick Assembly, and, in 1851, was appointed to the Legislative Assembly where he remained until the Confederation of British North America in 1867. He was then called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation. He has always been a Liberal and free trader in politics. Along with the address read by Mr. Speaker Power, there was presented to Senator Wark an oil portrait of himself.

## THE CORNER STONE LAID—SOUVENIR NUMBER.

Victoria Day, May 24th, 1904, will be long remembered in Ottawa. It was an ideal day, warm and bright. The chief point of interest was, of course, the site of the New Arts Building. At an early hour crowds of gaily attired people began to gather to take part in the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new edifice. The proceedings began with a pontifical mass at ten o'clock in St. Joseph's Church. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Apostolic Chancellor was the celebrant. Cardinal Gibbons assisted at the throne. The Sanctuary was filled with visiting prelates and clergy. Mass over, the laying of the corner was proceeded with, His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti the Papal Delegate officiating. Here His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons delivered an eloquent address which was listened to most attentively by an audience composed of people of all classes and creeds. Bishop Eward afterwards spoke in French. His Excellency the Governor General of Canada closed this part of the programme. In a speech which was frequently applauded, he expressed welcome for the Cardinal and hoped that the new University would be soon in a position to excell its past great educational record. At the luncheon in the Rideau Rink, there were eight hundred guests. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presided, having on his right His Excellency Lord Minto and His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, on his left His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The toast list elicited several very important speeches. As lack of time and space would not here permit the insertion of the speeches in full and of a detailed description of the splendid function, there is no alternative but to reserve the agreeable task for a later issue. The work of getting out a suitable souvenir number is already under way.

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## Inter Alia.

" If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it ;  
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith he'll prent it."

"Ireland has a right to Home Rule." The chiel, in his capacity of captious critic, asks: "On what grounds?" Further, he would fain have a definition of "Home Rule." Also, of its limits. Kindly believe, oh Sons of Erin! that the Jacobite, Papist, seeks enlightenment, if not conviction. Insular prejudices do not thrive on Canadian air.

First, as to "right." It sounds brutal, but in matters international, might is right; always has been; always will be till—The Federation of the world, otherwise, the Millenium. That is the first principle of International Law. "The second is like "unto it"—self interest. The third: Survival of the Fittest: *i. e.* of the best observers of those two principles. Cynical? True, nevertheless.

But, as to "right"—the question is pertinent: "On what grounds?" "On that of "nationhood?" So have Scotland, Wales,—and the Province of Quebec. No "nation" is homogeneous; it is a question of degree. The "foreign element" in French Canada is not more numerous, or more "dominant" than the "British garrison" in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Quebec, are just as truly "nations" as the Martyr People.

Yes, but Scotland, Wales, Quebec, are "contiguous" to other "nations;" Ireland is an island. So the "right" rests on nationhood, *plus* geographical position. That puts Hungary and Bohemia—to say nothing of our three instances—"out of court." Which seems unkind; to put it mildly. Ireland's claim is as good as that of the Isle of Man, Jersey and Guernsey. Which have "Home Rule." If you must have "parallel cases," let them be parallel.

So much as to "right," which, possibly, is not so simple as one could wish. Next as to limits. Is it to be "Canadian Home Rule?" That, the chiel ventures to suggest, is of two kinds: Federal and Provincial. If Federal, Home Rule is tantamount to independence. Canada is part of the Empire—so long as it is to her interest to remain it. Brutal? No: true. The chiel does not pause to define "interest." Federal Home Rule for Ireland is the first step to Independence. So, at least, British unionists are convinced.

If Provincial, Ireland lacks but little of it. That, the chiel admits, as a bold statement, but he makes it boldly. Each county of the United Kingdom is a miniature Province, with ever-widening powers. The English Councils have control of Primary Education. Scotland's turn, and Ireland's, come tomorrow. Great bodies move slowly, but they move. It is we who are ephemeral; hence our impatience. They are from age to age, and can afford to act leisurely.

There is no right, but might: nationhood and geographical position are not everything. Home Rule is an *x* quantity, ranging from a Parish Council to a Dominion Parliament, and "Rome was not built in a day." There remains but this: "Convince the Dominant Partner." Whereof? That it is to her interest to grant Home Rule. But—"more flies," saith S. Francis de Sales, "are caught with honey than with vinegar."

Wherewith, the chiel ends his first—and last—excursion on the thorny paths of politics. He prefers smoother ways, for if he be acynic, he is no less a philosopher.

THE CHIEL.

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## Book Review.

ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.—HAMLET, 350 pages. MIDSUMMER'S-NIGHT'S DREAM, 220 pages. THE TEMPEST, 226 pages. JULIUS CÆSAR, 240 pages. OTHELLO, 263 pages. MACBETH, 304 pages.

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TANNER'S ALGEBRA. 374 pages. Price, \$1.00.

HULL'S ALGEBRA. 150 pages Price, 50 cents.

## Among the Magazines.

*The Canadian Messenger* for May, contains among other articles, one on the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, which in itself is excellent. Other matter is a story entitled "A True Happening," relative to the Nine First Fridays, which is most interesting, also there is other information easily obtained from its pages and well to remember.

*The Rosary Magazine*, always good, has been pleasing the eye of late by some wonderfully good reproductions from the old masters, more especially scenes in the life of Christ.

One where the Mother and Mary the Magdalen are at the foot of the Cross, and John the beloved is there too, and in the distance are the far off hills of Calvary with just a rift of breaking through the blackest of clouds. A supreme moment one almost hears the words, "Son behold thy Mother." The conception is very reverent, and exceedingly beautiful. The May issue is so very good that to single out any one article would be rather a hard task, and it is hardly necessary to introduce any of the writers, as all are well known to the reading public.

"*The Guidon*" from Manchester, N. H. is characteristic in it's ideals and like her hills, no doubt, shall continue to mantain the same position she has carved out for her future.

Pages 221 to 223 inclusive, contains for Catholic and other girls words of a liberal education. It is hoped that many will have the pleasure, together with the profit of the reading.

*The Good Council Magazine* from Villanova, Pa., comes to us, replete with entertaining stories, written in a clear style, particularly that from the pen of Richard A. O'Gorman, O. S. A. on the gift of spiritual perception. We hope to hear something more from the same writer. The book notes are also good, in fact up to the standard of our best magazines—and that is excellent.

## Exchanges.

The first remark we have to submit to our readers this month, after looking over the different exchanges is, that we feel confident spring is here. On opening our different college journals we were greeted with verses styled somewhat as follows :—Spring ; Thoughts on Spring ; Gentle Spring ; Flowers of Spring ; Return of Spring, etc. And we fear that the fever has claimed some victims even in our own sanctum. We wonder why Spring is held responsible for all these effusions? It was Tennyson, if we mistake not, who wrote :—“In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” and we suppose poetry is the language of love. Q. E. D.

We compliment the writer of the “Editorial Column” in the *Acadia Athenæum*, for his article “College Gentlemen.” We have ourselves experienced the agony of meeting men who posed as college boys—when if one is to judge from actions and words—stable boys would be more expressive.

Students should take a pride in the good of their college and make things unpleasant for one who feels it too much trouble to acquire the habits of a gentlemen.

The *S. V. C. Student* brings with it a pleasant odor from the land of the orange blossoms. Catholic college journals cannot do better than turn the light of research on the pages of history and reveal the lies which have caused the Catholic church to be considered in the minds of many as the enemy of truth. The Spanish Inquisition has been a theme most fruitful of scandals, most dear to the Protestant historian for the easy manner it lends itself to his construction, which is as the *S. V. C. Student* remarks, to represent “the Catholic priesthood enjoying with a fiendish zest the agony of tortured victims.” Even if the circulation of the college journal is not immense, yet such articles as the “Spanish Inquisition” from the *S. V. C.*, causes the student to become acquainted with such questions of history which every college graduate should have at his finger tips.

Mrs. Margaret Grant, A. W. A. F. L. P. O. E. E. Possess your soul in patience dear reader, Mrs. Grant is merely a member of the "American Woman's Association for the preservation of Ethical conditions."—XAVERIAN.

Nothing gives us greater pleasure, in looking over our journals, than to find a writer who is perfectly conversant with the political life of his country. Too many students alas, give to books and sports moments which ought to be spent with the newspaper. Too many students come into the world of action as travellers from a far country. The writer of a sensation in Congress—*Holy Cross Purple*—is perfectly conversant with the deplorable state of affairs in the House of Representatives. He says—"Your representative has become a cog-wheel in the vast legislative cramming wheel, a cog-wheel that grinds along in response to the pressure of the motor forces of party demands—but that is all." And now Representative Bourke Cockran, one of the finest orators of the Republic, has made a stand against this state of affairs, and is attempting to elevate the House of Representatives to the lofty position it occupied in the days of Clay and Webster. Let every paper from the smallest college journal to the largest daily issued, support Bourke Cochran in a work so noble and of such great moment to his country.



## Athletics.

In the spring Rugby Foot-ball series, four teams captured by Messrs. Kennedy, Lonergan, Filiatrault and A. L. McDonald competed. The teams were very evenly balanced and as a result a very fair article of ball was played and some very promising material was developed. On account of the early arrival of warm weather the series could not be completed and the teams stood : Filiatrault defeated by Kennedy ; Kennedy defeated by Longaran ; and the latter defeated by McDonald. In all cases the victor won by a close score, which left the result in doubt until the final call of time.

## BASEBALL.

With the opening of the baseball season College found itself with but one of last year's team available. However a goodly number of candidates for the vacancies came forward and a very well-balanced team was placed in the field for the opening game on May the 12th.

The greatest difficulty for College was to secure a battery, as the old reliable pitcher, Callaghan, was no longer available. For this position Messrs. Casey and McCarthy made good, whilst a very good catcher was found in Jack Freeland. The first game on May 12th, was played on the Little Farm baseball grounds, Hull against the nine from that City, and a very good article of ball was played. The game ended in favor of Hull, but it demonstrated that College had found good material for a strong nine and the team felt that with more practice they could turn the tables on the fast Transportine City batters.

On May 29th, the boys in "Garnet and Grey" again journeyed to Hull. College were unfortunate in that their pitcher hurt his arm in the first innings, and though McCarthy, who replaced Casey, played a very strong game the team was defeated by 10 to 5. The weakness seemed to be in the infield, but we hope to see this remedied before College plays her next game.

Those who played for College in the games against Hull were: Casey, Freeland, J. B. McDonald, McCarthy, O'Neil, Harvey, Halligan (Capt.), Davern, Donahue and Cleary.

## Of Local Interest.

### THE PRIZE DEBATE.

This is the first opportunity which we have had to report through the columns of the Review, the result of the Annual Prize Debate held under the auspices of the University Debating Society in St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday, April 28th. The subject chosen for this year by the Executive was timely and one of current interest in Canada,—"Resolved that Canada should have full treaty making powers provided she pay her share towards the imperial de-

fence." The debaters were men who proved themselves fully capable of doing justice to this much involved question; and the detailed manner in which they handled the subject showed a very careful preparation. The delivery of all the four debaters was acknowledged by everyone present to be exceptionally good. In addition to the students in attendance a large audience from the city listened to the speakers, each of whom had a certain following which applauded whenever he scored a point.

The debaters for the affirmative were Messrs. J. Torsenay, '06, and C. Jones, '07; for the negative Messrs. R. T. Halligan, '04, and R. J. Byrnes, '05. After a consultation the judges, Mr. Chas. Marcil, M.P., Dr. Russell, M.P., and Prof. Grey, decided to award the prize to Mr. Halligan. In announcing the decision of the judges Mr. Marcil stated that he was much impressed with the oratorical ability of the debaters and was pleased with the proof which this afforded of the growth and progress which the University of Ottawa had made since he was a student in the halls of that institution some thirty years before. On the whole the results of the Prize Debate speak well for the material available for the Intercollegiate Debates next term.

Two students were discussing the Prize Debate. One asked the other what he thought of one of the speakers, "Oh," said the second student, "he didn't say anything, it was the way he said it."

Some of the students were endeavoring to "draw out" a professor the other day regarding the likely questions for examination. "You will not know," said the professor, "anything about the questions until the day of examination." "The trouble is," said Harry, "we may not even know then."

Professor in philos. class—"Some men say that man is nothing; for instance people have often said to me '*Niles*.'"

The question that is agitating the sixth form now is where did J. M. get the rubber doll.

Prof.—"Is a woman at her best at forty?"

Jerry— "Not according to my experience."

The following letter speaks for itself, but we did the same when we were learning French.

Ottawa, Canada, May 16, 1904.

M. T. G———,

39 D——y Ave.,

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sir,

I writ to you for give of my news.

I am all right in this times.]

The weather it is very hot by here.

The 24 of this month the first stone of new collège be set. The Fathers gives a banquet for the visiteurs to the Rideau Rink and congé for the pupils.

It is all for this moment,

I am yours pupil,

— — — — —

On Wednesday evening June 1st, the last meeting of the Gaelic Society for this scholastic year was held at the home of the secretary Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, '04. A large attendance was present and a very pleasant evening was spent. The President, Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., after the usual prayers in Irish announced to the member that the minute book and some valuable old Irish books belonging to the society were not totally ruined by the fire, having been found among the debris somewhat damaged but not destroyed. Mr. T. Tobin then read a succinct study of St. Columbcille. The host of the evening, Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, introduced an animated discussion on Ireland as seen by an American visitor. Mr. O'Gorman gave the members some very valuable notes on his own journey to the old country.



